THE SATURDAY EVE ST

Fo lin

Volume 202, Number 52

June 28, '30

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

A Pen for Your Vacation
that is Guaranteed for Life

Like Two Pens for the Price of One—for Pocket or Purse and for Your Desk Set, Too

Parker Duofolds are now offered in four convenient sizes—with Pencils (also convertible for Desk Set use) to match . . . in colors to suit your whim or costume

Parker Duofold is like a feather in your hand . . .

Sophisticated travelers pack only essentials. Select their accessories for dependability. Thus you will find Parker Pens wherever you go from arctic circle to equator—from far east to the far west.

Foreign pens and foreign inks don't meet American standards. So fill your Parker *when you start* and be assured of trouble-free writing while you're off vacationing.

These graceful streamlined fountain Pens are guaranteed for life. Dropped from airplanes above the clouds, they were unscathed. Yet their feather-weight barrels, 28% lighter than rubber, rest lightly in the hand—they write tirelessly for hours. In the pocket they set low—inconspicuously—without bulge.

Fill It When You Start—Again When You Return—That's All

Parker Duofolds hold more ink—17.4% more—than average pens, size for size. From six to eight thousand words to a filling. Enough probably for your entire summer's correspondence *and* your diary!

Parker Pressureless Touch is the delight of every Parker owner. Try it yourself, at any pen counter. The instant the Pen touches paper it writes. No jiggling, no priming—it writes! That's Geo. S. Parker's 47th Improvement—capillary attraction brought to gravity's aid to make fountain pen writing even, tireless, dependable.

And the points—specially hand ground from extra thick gold nibs, they have a velvet softness in writing that makes old scratchy points of the past a relic of another generation. Flexible nibs, if you wish—fine, medium, stub. Select your point to suit your hand, from the wide variety your Parker dealer will show you.

Take your Parker Pen with you. It will give trouble-less service wherever you are.

Your Parker Pen—*guaranteed for life*—doubles its usefulness to you when you buy a Desk Set base. With it we supply the tapered tip that makes your pocket Pen a Desk Set Pen as well. Or if you buy a Desk Set complete, the pen you get includes both pocket cap with clip, and tapered pen tip, too.

Pencils Also Convertible

Parker Pencils—matching Parker Pens, in their flashing gemlike colors—(mandarin yellow, lacquer red, lapis blue, jade green or jet black—and the new de luxe black-and-pearl)—are also convertible.

And Parker's new combination Desk Set holds both Pen and Pencil, *each* convertible for desk or pocket use. Prices $5, $7 and $10 for the pens, $2.50, $3.50 and $5 for the pencils. Desk bases from $4 up.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wisconsin. Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco; Toronto, Canada; London, England; Berlin, Germany.

Parker Pens—and Pencils, Too—
Are "Convertible" for Pocket or Desk Set Use

Parker *Duofold*

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

$5 $7 $10

Convertible Parker Pens and Pencils in matched sets. The new Vest-Parker Pencil, $2.50; Pen, $5. In center, the Duofold Senior Pen and Pencil in black-and-pearl, $10 and $5. At right, the Lady Duofold Pen, $5.

One filling of your Parker Duofold will probably last all summer. Over 6000 words—that's 17% more ink than the average pen its size.

Parker Pressureless Touch

"RIGHT!"

...watches that keep time like Big Ben

THE millions who have *experienced* the satisfaction of owning a Big Ben realize exactly what that statement means. It means accuracy . . . dependability . . . truthful time telling.

Equally popular with men and boys everywhere . . . for work and for play . . . this new model Pocket Ben is smaller, thinner, modern to the very minute. You'll like the rich silvered metal dial, the gracefully pierced hands, the artistically designed numerals, antique bow and crown and the convenient pull-out set.

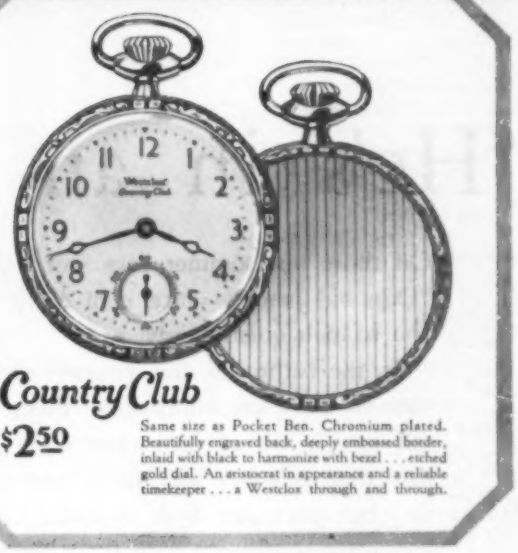
Pocket Ben, finished in lustrous nickel, is a watch that embraces *many* important improvements, *many* distinctive features . . . a watch that you can buy and carry with positive assurance that it will give you a *full measure* of service for which Westclox are world-famed. Pocket Ben is priced at $1.50 . . . with luminous dial that tells time in the dark, $2.25.

There are three Westclox watches, Pocket Ben, Country Club, Dax. Timepieces that are built right . . . run right . . . and stay right . . . backed by a long established reputation for reliability . . . and fully guaranteed.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

Westclox

ALARMS — POCKET WATCHES — AUTO CLOCKS



Country Club $2.50

Same size as Pocket Ben. Chromium plated. Beautifully engraved back, deeply embossed border, inlaid with black to harmonize with bezel . . . etched gold dial. An aristocrat in appearance and a reliable timekeeper . . . a Westclox through and through.

DAX $1.00

A sturdy, durable, good looking watch for knock-about use, and an outstanding value at the price.

"He's in an important conference—"

On those hot summer days when you start to think, "Dear old January—nice, cool Arctic Sea," it's time for you to melt quietly away.

In the bathroom, free yourself of sticky clothes to a state of complete informality. Blend your warm damp self into a tub of cool clear water. Then telephones may ring, relatives may arrive and cows may learn to fly—but *you're not to be disturbed!* You're in a very important conference with Ivory Soap!

At the flip of a sponge, Ivory gives royal dividends —great puffs of foam as light and thick as December's crop of snowflakes. Then your skin begins to feel like something worth owning . . . fresh and smooth and well tailored. And the cross little surface nerves cease twittering. Likely as not you'll shut at least one eye, and stretch out full length. It's a grand hot weather tonic—floating with Ivory in a gentle day dream.

If there's one thing better on a hot summer day than one conference with Ivory it's two of them! For Ivory doesn't irritate even a golfer's sunburned brow. Two or three baths a day simply substantiate Ivory's reputation as a fine pure soap!

. . . kind to everything it touches

99 44/100 % Pure · "It floats"

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President
John B. Williams, Second Vice-President
Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-President and Secretary. Philip S. Collins, Second Vice-President and Treasurer
Fred A. Healy, Second Vice-President and Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1930, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall, Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 10, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 202 *5c. THE COPY* *PHILADELPHIA, PA., JUNE 28, 1930* *$2.00 By Subscription (52 issues)* *Number 52*

THE OYSTER HAS A MOUTH

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

IT WAS last March that Tish, on her way home from church, picked up the Florida picture section of the morning paper and there saw a picture of an enormous fish. It was leaping out of the water, and a tired-looking man in a boat the size of the fish had a death grip on a rod and had torn the sleeve out of his shirt.

Tish put down the paper thoughtfully.

"It is a curious thing," she observed, "how little we know of the depths of the sea. We sail over it; ever and anon we bathe in it. But what does it contain? What goes on in its awful depths?"

"I don't know, and what's more, I don't care," said Aggie positively. "So far as I'm concerned, any old thing can go on."

But Tish was not listening. It is characteristic of her that her logical mind, once seizing on a subject, pursues it relentlessly.

"Again," she went on, "what do we know of the Southern portion of our country? Of the old historic South? Nothing. Nothing at all."

"True," said Aggie, "and plenty goes on there, too, I understand. If you're leading up to Florida, Tish Carberry ——"

Tish, however, had taken up the paper and was again gazing at the fish.

"'Diamond-button tarpon,'" she read, "'making its fourteenth leap.' Unless that's a double-negative picture, that is a real fish, Lizzie. That man got a diamond button for getting it."

"A diamond button!" Aggie said. "What good did a diamond button do him? What he needed was a bottle of liniment and a new shirt. And who wants one diamond button anyhow? If it was a dozen buttons, or even a half dozen, it would mean something."

Tish explained to her that it was a decoration, to be worn like the ribbon of the croix de guerre, but Aggie was unconvinced. Unlike Tish, who is rather radical in temperament, Aggie is a conservative and, in addition, suffers badly from hay fever.

"I'm not going South," she said flatly. "It may mean a diamond button to you, but it only means hay fever to me."

He Got Down on His Knees to Hunt the Thing. He Continued to Use the Most Profane Language, and When Tish Rose in Indignation and the Rest of the Stuff Went on the Floor, He Simply Groaned Out Loud

It was quite clear to me, however, that Tish had already made up her mind to go South. She cut out the picture and placed it in her reticule, and before she left she gave Aggie a little talk on the advantages of sea air on the mucous passages of the nose, and also on the cry of the human skin for the rays of the sun.

"We wear too many clothes," she said. "There are four million pores in the human body, and what do we do with them? Clothe them!"

But Aggie was still mutinous.

"My pores are my own private business," she observed sulkily. And when Tish went on to speak of hours to be spent in the actinic rays of the sun on some sequestered beach, she said acidly that the sun gave her prickly heat, and that, personally, she preferred hay fever.

"I can blow my nose," she added tartly.

Nor was she impressed when, a day or so later, Tish sent us a quantity of literature issued by the railroads, and so on. These showed beautiful islands with palm trees and oranges on them, and a great many people with practically nothing on them at all. I can still see our poor Aggie staring at those pictures, ignorant of what was to come, and declaring emphatically that only her Maker had ever seen her like that, or ever would. But in the end the literature had its effect, and we began to plan to go South.

It was at this time that Charlie Sands paid Tish a visit, and in view of his bitterness since, I consider it well to set down that conversation. He was very low-spirited at the beginning. He said that there was to be a new managing editor appointed on his paper, and that if the boss knew his business he, Charlie Sands, would get it.

"I've been working my fool head off," he said. "I've even been taking Clara out, and if you knew Clara ——"

"Clara?"

"The daughter," he explained. "I've been taking her to night clubs all night and working all day. She likes to go." Here he

groaned. "Go!" he said. "If you'd fasten a pedometer to that girl you'd find she travels about thirty miles every night around a dance floor. Believe me, when and if I land this job I'm going to bed for a week."

Here he yawned and said that that was enough of Clara; that he never had liked her, and that now he was fed up and running over, and bankrupt into the bargain.

"I've got so that when I hear her voice on the telephone I dig in and get the good old wallet," he said.

Over a glass or two of blackberry cordial, however, he relaxed and grew more cheerful. It was then that Tish spoke of the Florida plan.

"It sounds all right," he said thoughtfully. "I can't see a hole in it at the moment. But in the light of past experience I feel that there is a hole, and that you'll get into it. There always has been and you always have."

"Nonsense!" said Tish. "A simple vacation with a bit of fishing!"

"You couldn't be induced to do a bit of bootlegging?"

As Tish belongs to practically all the dry organizations in the country, she met this with silence, and he poured himself another glass of cordial.

"Well," he said, "happy days, and wire me if you get into trouble."

Who could have foretold that when trouble did come, as it did, it would be impossible to wire him? Or to wire anybody?

He was feeling very cheerful when he left, and said that the boss was going to Florida too.

"Be good to him if you happen on him," he said. "He isn't a bad sort, although savage at times. But if you see him, remember the job and cherish him. Make him happy. Feed his vanity. And when you've got him where you want him, mention me."

I confess that this conversation made no great impression on me, being driven out of my mind by our preparations for departure. Tish had decided on a nice island on the West Coast, with a good hotel and near two tarpon passes. There were many other islands about, as we verified by the map in the encyclopedia, and the passes led out into the Gulf of Mexico. In the spring the tarpon come in through these passes to lay their eggs, and later on we met a young man who said he had seen them doing it. They scraped a hole in the beach with their flippers, he said, and then laid the eggs. But while doing so they wept copiously. He had seen a very large one with tears streaming down its face.

"She Will Not Drown, Lizzie," Tish Reassured Me. "With That System She Can Go Down Almost Indefinitely"

One of the first things we did, I remember, was to purchase our fishing tackle. It appeared that for catching large fish it was necessary to have not only a stout pole, as they fight to free themselves, but a strong line and spool, or reel, with which to wind them in. Also that with this equipment went a sort of harness, made of leather and swung from the shoulders, and very much like the things used to carry flags in processions, in that it had a socket in front in which to rest the end of the pole.

The young man behind the counter was very affable. When Tish looked at the line and doubted its strength, he smiled and said it would bring in anything but a whale. Aggie sneezed violently at that, as some time before, while boating in the ocean, we had dropped our anchor and a fluke had caught in the blowhole of one of these great mammals. At first, when we began to move, I recall that Tish had mentioned the velocity of the tide. But it was not the tide, and the whale towed us for miles before finally blowing out the anchor.

"Now, just to show you how strong that line is," he said, "only the other day a friend of mine was fishing off the center of the railroad bridge when a tug came along. Well, that meant raising the center span, so my friend just tied his line there and left it. Pretty soon he heard a lot of shouting, and he looked over. And what do you think? As the span raised, his hook had caught in the belt worn by the tug captain, and there he was, forty feet in the air and the tug going on without him."

"What size of man was he?" Tish inquired.

"Big, heavy man. Must have weighed all of two hundred pounds."

"But of course he wasn't fighting. These fish fight, I understand."

"Wasn't fighting! I can tell you this. That captain almost bit a girder in two, and when they cut him down and he'd swum out, he about ruined this friend of mine. He's getting about now, but he's still on crutches."

Our dear Tish did not trouble to explain, and armed with our purchases, we departed.

For purposes of comfort, Tish had planned that our fishing costumes were to consist of our one-piece bathing suits; shameful contraptions with practically no lower portion whatever, but over which we were each to wear a long skirt for decency in the boat, and a mackintosh when leaving the hotel. And in view of later developments, I must explain that we were to have a boat, but no boatman, Tish having had considerable experience in this line; dating, indeed, from the time at Lake Penzance when she was taking her first lesson, and starting with an unexpected jerk, threw out the instructor. I have never forgotten that incident, as she did not then know how to stop the engine and we were obliged to cruise about at top speed for twenty-one hours, before the gasoline gave out.

Our preparations, however, were delayed by a most unfortunate occurrence. Or rather, indeed, two of them.

About a week before our date of departure, Hannah, Tish's maid, called us up in the middle of the night and asked us to go right over.

"What on earth is it, Hannah?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said tearfully. "She's locked in her room and groaning something awful. Every now and then I can hear her get out of bed and run in and turn on the shower bath, but she won't let me in."

Well, we dressed as fast as we could, and matters were indeed as Hannah had said. The shower bath was running, and apparently Tish was in it, as she gave no heed to my knock.

"Tish!" Aggie cried. "Tish!"

In the end we decided to climb the fire escape and thus gain access to her, and this we did. But I shall never forget our horror when at last we stood outside her window and peered in through the pane. The room was in a state of confusion, and our dear Tish, in practically a state of nature, was half running about it. Even as we gazed she shot with incredible rapidity into the bathroom, and we could hear the shower running again.

We got through the window somehow, and could hear Hannah outside in the hall.

"Here's the olive oil, Miss Tish," she was quavering, "and some baking soda and a lump of ice. If you'd only let me in ——"

It was not until Tish was in bed, her swollen face and portions of her poor body eased with oil and soda, that we learned what had occurred. With her usual foresightedness, she had bought a sun machine in order to inure herself to the actinic rays of the South, and although carefully instructed to expose herself but two minutes at the beginning, had dropped asleep. Toward dawn, under the medicinal influence of a quantity of blackberry cordial, she fell asleep and we stole away. But it was several days before she was quite herself again, and although the weather was cold, she could not don her flannels for some time, as the itching was most unpleasant.

The second incident was most unfortunate, as for a time it appeared that our poor Aggie would give up the trip altogether. It had been Tish's wise decision that, as we intended to be on the water most of the time and as boats were liable to accident, we should all take some swimming lessons. Aggie objected at once, however, and it was necessary to argue with her for some time.

"Water," Tish said, "is a friendly element, not an unfriendly one. A large part of the human body is water; a large part of the earth's surface is covered with water. Without water, where are we?"

"We're right here," said Aggie stubbornly. "Right here on good solid earth, and here I stay."

But in the end she agreed to make the experiment, and although she refused to go into the pool beyond the shallow end, we did succeed in getting her to stoop and wet her shoulders. But the lesson was not a great success for any of us. Even Tish found the buoyancy of water rather less than she had expected, and gave up trying to learn the Australian crawl stroke in favor of learning to keep her head above water.

All in all, I think we were rather discouraged when the instructor departed and we left the pool. And it was then that the second incident occurred to which I have referred. Aggie was behind us, and I had taken off my suit and was standing under a shower when I heard a splash, accompanied by a shriek. As quickly as possible I threw a bath towel around me and rushed out, to see the form of our beloved comrade drifting aimlessly beneath the surface. What was my relief, however, to perceive that she was quite conscious, and that she was holding her nose with one hand while struggling with the other! Tish reached me in time to see Aggie rise to the surface, draw a deep breath, take a fresh grip of her nostrils and submerge again with a look of black indignation at both of us.

"She will not drown, Lizzie," Tish reassured me. "With that system she can go down almost indefinitely."

Fortunately the swimming instructor arrived soon after, and marking by the bubbles which arose the spot where she had last gone down, he rescued her at once. She was none the worse for her experience, although she sneezed steadily for an hour and a half. The only serious result was that she said she was through with water forever.

"Dever agaid," she said, as we stood about her. "Dever. I dod't give a dab if I dever go fishig. Let the fish stay id the water, if they dod't dow ady better. If they did dow better they would'dt be fish."

After a glass or two of blackberry cordial, however, she improved greatly, although she said she was still dizzy from her experience. One of the phases of her recovery was that she insisted that she could not focus her eyes and was seeing everything double. As a matter of fact, Tish shortly after heard her sneezing violently in her dressing room, and found her surveying her shoes tearfully.

"I've got four shoes ad four feet, Tish," she wailed, "ad I'be all bixed up."

Later on, however, she was able to tell her story quite clearly. She said she had stepped on a wet cake of soap at the end of the diving board and had been shot into the water before she could even scream.

Our preparations now went on apace. A day or so later Charlie Sands telephoned to Tish that he'd been talking to the boss about tarpon, and it was heavy work to land one and needed muscle as well as practice. Also he said that the boss would be in our vicinity, and to look out for him.

"And no fooling!" he said. "Remember that he's bread and butter and pay day to me, and watch over him. And if you can't get friendly," he added, "at least keep out of his way. I'd like to feel that he was safe, anyhow. I need him in my business."

"Safe?" said Tish indignantly. "Do you think I intend to damage the man?"

"Absolutely not. But all I ask is this: If you feel an attack of trouble coming on, just leave him out of it. Pick on somebody else. That's all."

But—and I wish him to recall this—neither then nor at any other time did he describe the boss or give us his name. No matter how bitter he may feel, he must do us this simple justice.

II

DURING the next few days we completed our arrangements. Tish shipped down a box of groceries and a case of bottled water, in case, as she said, that we became attached to a large fish and were delayed after meal hours. Also we sent the wool with which we usually knit, during our vacations, the slippers, and so on, for the Old Ladies' Home. And in leisure moments, at Tish's request, we practiced strengthening the muscles of arm and hand, as Charlie Sands had suggested.

Thus, Aggie turned the clothes wringer an hour or so each day, while I ran the lawn mower. Tish, however, living in an apartment, was able to attach a pair of flatirons to her line and, from the fire-escape platform, to reel them in and thus exercise precisely the muscles required.

Unluckily, however, owing to the attitude of the people in the apartments below, she was compelled to do this work at night. They had never quite forgiven the fact that, some years before, during practice with a target in the cellar, she had unluckily sent a bullet up through the floor of the apartment above and struck a card table where some people named Johnson were playing bridge, and where Mr. John[illegible] had just doubled four no-trumps. And after she had done it successfully from the fire escape for one or two nights, that had to be abandoned because a man named Jamieson, trying to get into his apartment rather late without waking Mrs. Jamieson, unfortunately saw the irons hanging there, and feeling rather cheerful, he gave them a shove.

Well, of course they came back and struck him, and he went through a large window pane and fell onto the dog, and Tish said the noise was really something frightful.

The janitor came up to see her the next morning, and he was most disagreeable.

"No," he sajd unpleasantly. "I can't prove it on you, Miss Carberry, and I'm too smart to try. But I don't trust you. Come right down to it, practically all the trouble we've had in this building's been up to you; and that Jamieson woman claims that it was you, and that you

(Continued on Page 116)

"If You See a Handsome Youth Looking for Me," She Called Back, "Give Him Some of That Medicine of Yours and Send Him In to Bite Father!"

LADIES WITH LIPSTICKS

She Picked the Bracelets From Their Jeweler's Cotton, One by One, and Hung Them Over Stanley Benson's Ears

By Katharine Brush

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

LET us begin with Mrs. Johnny Bartlett. In Renwood, Ohio, many episodes began with her. Mrs. Johnny Bartlett was twenty-seven years old and she was the leader of the younger married set of Renwood. "Such as it is," she would have told you, with lifted eyebrows and a little smile.

Mrs. Bartlett was not a local product. She had been a Miss Louise Ellery, of Pittsburgh. This fact was important to her, and upon meeting any new person or persons she always established it straightway. Indeed, the rumor was that upon hotel registers elsewhere she inscribed herself as hailing from Pittsburgh, Penna., to this day. Of Renwood, in it or out of it, she was ever amusedly scornful.

"These small towns," she was fond of saying, "where there're only six or seven other people ——"

It should be explained that this was an understatement, and a grievous one. The population of Renwood was twenty-five thousand; twenty-eight thousand if you counted Renwood Falls and Renwood Heights—and why not count them? Presumably Louise Bartlett, after five years, knew these figures. Presumably she knew that this was no town, but a city, with a mayor and aldermen and all those things. She must have known. But she was not impressed.

Doubtless because of Pittsburgh, Louise was very sophisticated. When she said "Listen to me," young Renwood matrons listened hard. On questions domestic or sartorial, social or moral—on any question, in fact—she was their oracle, and had been ever since the day when, wearing the first live orchids seen in Renwood and smoking calmly all the way through State Street in the car, she came to town. As has been indicated, that had been five years ago. In five years of Louise Bartlett, everyone who wanted to had learned a lot.

There were, of course, a number of people in Renwood who did not want to. The older matrons, for example, far from patterning after Louise, would have you know that they would rather be dead in their graves than be like her. They would have you know also that they pitied Johnny Bartlett—such a nice boy—from the bottoms of their hearts. "Her!" they said, and they had a way of saying it. Her, with her cigarettes in long holders, and her Pittsburgh airs and graces, and her davenport she called a divan, and her hired girl that wasn't a girl but a man, and Chinese at that!

Their derision was loud. Their contempt for Louise, in short, was equaled only by hers for them, which had been its parent. It was said that she had said that they were a bunch of small-town housewives who never had known and never would know what it was all about. This report was not new, but it did not have to be new to rankle. The good ladies of Renwood, to show their utter indifference to Louise Bartlett, for years had laughed at her tirelessly over their telephones. But their daughters and their nieces did not laugh. They were not obliged to; for toward them, and toward such provincial tastes and ideas as she found them to have, Louise was indulgent, kindly, from the beginning. They were young. There was hope for them. All they needed, in a word, was someone like Louise. She would take them in hand ——

The results were immediate and far-reaching. Even the high-school youngsters, knowing Mrs. Johnny Bartlett only slightly and admiring her only from afar, had known her influence that first summer, almost as soon as did those who came directly under it. There was the new way everybody danced at the country club. There were the ash trays that appeared, from necessity, in the ladies' locker room. Hair already bobbed began to be cut much shorter, and wind-blown, the way Louise's was. Hats, and even gloves, began to be worn to the movies of evenings. Bérets, summer furs, liquid nail polish, applejack highballs, treasure hunts, banned books, and the then novel and scintillatingly witty command, "Don't be an Airedale," were introduced.

Even the afternoon bridge parties of the younger ladies changed. There was a great swishing of mesh bags and exchanging of moneys at the end. Hostesses raised by their mothers to serve chicken patties, fruit salad and ice cream and cake, not to mention coffee and rolls, as the light refreshments at such gatherings, now took to serving tea, thin sandwiches, and nothing else. A Mr. Homer Bender, proprietor of Bender's Grocery in the Square, to his surprise was importing and selling, though not pronouncing, pâté de foie gras. Mrs. Bartlett had written it down for him; he had ordered it in writing; he had put it on a conspicuous shelf, and you pointed.

All this in one summer. Nor did Louise's alterations and improvements end there, nor did her authority wane with that or any subsequent season. It was a curious thing. Other brides came to town, some of them from cities, but none outshone Louise, for all their glittering novelty; and none deposed her. She had things to teach even them. Like all wise pedagogues, she replenished and freshened her fund of knowledge from time to time by travel and research; and while Renwood wives from Cleveland and Cincinnati went home and saw their parents, Louise went East or South and saw the world.

In appearance, she was slim and dark, with gray-green eyes. She was not beautiful. She had perfect teeth, a model contemporary figure, long eyelashes, and that was all. She was not in the least beautiful, or even pretty, but by dressing and behaving as if she were, she made you forget it. She had the self-assurance that belongs to beauty, and had it so abundantly that her lack of the right to it couldn't be true. No girl with Louise's sallow face would dare wear the clothes Louise wore. No girl with such indifferent looks would say with every gesture, "Look at me."

People, therefore, didn't believe their eyes. Louise was described as "attractive," as "unusual looking," as "stunning." It was a triumph of illusion over evidence.

She lived in a house on Hilldale Avenue, near the country club, which was where everyone in Renwood lived who could afford it. Louise's house was new and splendid and suburban-looking, somehow more suave, more debonair, than other new and splendid houses round about; and it was significant that it was called Louise's house, not Johnny's. "Let's go over to Louise's and see if they're there." Johnny had built the house the year they were married, but Louise had planned it. Johnny could never have thought up a two-story living room, colored bathrooms, and a dressing room for Louise made of alternate stripes of satin and mirrors.

Louise's house wore awnings in the summer—very gay ones. It had flat wide chimneys on the outside stucco surface, and within there were fireplaces where wood fires burned in the wintertime. Louise didn't seem to mind the awful mess a wood fire made, though any Renwood housewife would have minded. Gas logs were considered far superior, being neater.

In Louise's house, Louise's husband, Johnny, always looked a little out of place, a little aimless. You saw him standing about or straying here and there. He was a middle-sized, well-groomed young man with his hands in his pockets, who was not allowed to leave his vest off on the hottest days or to sit around downstairs in his shirt sleeves ever. Perhaps he would not have wished to do these things in any case, but this was doubtful. He was

said to remove not only coat and vest but tie and collar, and even shirt, at the poker parties he gave when Louise was away.

Men thought him a good fellow and a mighty good business man. In eight short years he had made a success of his father's tin-plate mill—small thanks to old John Bartlett, who had doddered and finally died, leaving things in bad shape. Johnny, only son of old John, had inherited the mill and left college to run it. Now, at thirty, he was already one of the town's rich men. People who didn't like Louise said they guessed he darned well had to be.

For bringing her to Renwood, Louise never forgave Johnny; and often she considered divorcing him. This she did aloud, in his absence, weighing the pros and cons for the benefit of a little circle of flattered confidantes. "I've only got one life to live," she explained to them. "Why should I spend it in a place like this?" They could not answer. They could only agree that Louise's special exotic fragrance was wasted on what, with her aid, they had come to realize was desert air.

That men in New York, in Chicago, in Pittsburgh, in White Sulphur Springs, in Los Angeles and in Palm Beach would marry Louise in a minute if she were free—that, indeed, they clamored, as with one voice, for her freedom—was well known to her intimates in Renwood. Louise had but to make a pilgrimage, however brief, and new barytones and tenors swelled this chorus. It was well known also that matrimonial offers were not the only offers that beset Louise when away. She could have posed for a sculptor of international renown. She could have sung the blues in a Broadway night club. She could have gone on the stage or into the movies a dozen times.

You understood that it was rather this embarrassment of bigger and better opportunities, than the lack of any, that chained Louise to Johnny. She had merely not yet decided whom next to marry or what career to pick. In the meantime, though unsettled in her mind, she was fairly comfortable otherwise. She had two cars of her own, and a swimming pool sunk into the lawn. Johnny was a bore, but not a bother. One could take him or leave him. One could go away and forget all about him, and only recall him, suddenly and pleasantly enough, when one ran out of money. As Louise observed to her intimates, she ought not to do anything hasty. "After all," she said, "I don't want to jump from the frying pan into the fire."

Her intimates were four in number—three young wives, one young divorcee. Louise's crowd, of course, was numerically literally a crowd, including as it did husbands and everybody. But this was the inner circle—this quartet. These were the chosen few whom Louise, for one reason or another, liked best and saw most often. These were the star pupils, the Phi Beta Kappas, of her school.

They met in the afternoons, daily when Louise was in town. There is not very much to do in the afternoons in Renwood, Ohio. If you go to the movies, then there will be nothing to do tonight, and your husband, who wanted to see that picture himself, will be annoyed. You can, to be sure, ride around, stopping in at Deems' for a sundae later. Louise and her foursome sometimes rode around in Louise's low, amethyst sport car, with the top down when possible. Sometimes they rode as far as other towns, enjoying the breeze and the scenery and the complimentary honking of horns and craning of necktied necks as they swept by. On summer afternoons they swam in Louise's swimming pool or lolled in their bathing suits in the waterproof-cushioned chairs near by. Sometimes, summer or winter, they played bridge, taking turns cutting in. They did not play golf. They had given up golf. Louise was bored with golf and had sold her clubs.

All of them were rather bored with everything they did. They often spoke about it. Renwood was so slow and dead. Nothing to do but swim and play bridge, nowhere exciting to go, no one amusing to see except one another. They wondered how they had stood this dreary existence—as Louise said, you couldn't call it living—all these years. They forgot that once it had not seemed so bad. They forgot, or they were abashed to remember.

They were not very busy—these young matrons. They had few domestic duties; none that could not be disposed of summarily in the mornings. They kept maids of all work, one apiece, and strove to teach them to market and plan meals, to mix drinks and turn down beds and cut the vegetables into the shapes of flowers, as Louise's Win Loo did. The maids of all work were local ones who told their friends of evenings that you never in your born days saw the beat. They were forever leaving, more in anger than in sorrow, and the servant problem was featured in the conversation of Louise's circle.

Louise was not very sympathetic. She was rather amused. She said, "If you will try to make trained servants out of your former high-school classmates, what on earth else can you expect?"

Louise was not very sympathetic with young Mrs. Alan Stone—Peggy Stone—whose servant problem was complicated by the fact that she had a child. Louise had no children, and none of the quartet except Peggy had any. "Imagine me as a mother!" Louise sometimes smilingly said. It was impossible so to imagine her, and in the light of this impossibility, maternity was seen to be both unintelligent and quaint. Everyone was a little sorry for Peggy, but, as Louise pointed out, it was Peggy's own fault. "I told her," said Louise, "and told her."

Peggy's child was a daughter, Pink, aged two. She was seldom seen except on Thursday afternoons, when the maid was out and Peggy had either to bring Pink along to Louise's or not come. Over the telephone she would be apologetic and wistful; and Louise, though her eyes turned up despairingly for her witnesses, would sound very gracious in reply: "But of course, dear! Bring her, by all means. She's no trouble at all."

(Continued on Page 165)

"Go Ahead! Be a Chip Off the Old Block if You Want to; I Don't Care!"

Carrying On for Luther Burbank

The Old Cherry Tree Behind the Cottage at Sebastopol

Bertino, the Old Gardener, Still Faithful to His Trust

PHOTO, BY HARTSOOK

Mr. and Mrs. Burbank in 1922

By Elizabeth Waters Burbank

WITH the passing of Luther Burbank there arose in widely scattered parts of the world anxious interest in the plans for carrying on his work. That showed, more than anything else perhaps, what that work meant to people everywhere. Letters received at the home and inquiries made there presupposed assistants who could pick up the threads of the experiments, or records and data on which to proceed. But it was not so simple as that.

Mr. Burbank had, in fact, only two or three gardeners, none of them trained experimenters or capable of more than the most rudimentary efforts at plant breeding; secondly, Mr. Burbank's work had always been done on a scale so big that merely to list the experiments going forward at one time during the half century of his active career would have kept one secretary busy without going into so much as the broadest general description of the nature of each. For example, at one time Mr. Burbank had upward of 200,000 cactus plants, of probably 300 varieties, under observation and being experimented on; some 20,000 trees on the Sebastopol grounds, hundreds of them bearing from two to a hundred grafts for experimental work; he was engaged in the production of a mulberry tree to fill a Japanese order and had hundreds of mulberries from all over the world to watch and cross-pollinate; and he was concluding some important trials of Shasta daisies involving the scrutiny of probably ten or twelve thousand seedlings, doing all his own marking and hybridizing. As I remember his account of that period, these were his major enterprises, though he must have had, as usual, work with hundreds of annuals, shrubs, ornamentals and vegetables that required care and attention.

Some learned visitors one day remonstrated with him because he did not set down detailed notations of individual experiments. He rumpled his hair ruefully when he told me of this protest.

"Records!" he cried. "A flea might as well undertake to write down the number of jumps he makes a day on a healthy dog!"

On the Trail of a Baby Zinnia

IF I HAD needed any spur to increase my sense of responsibility after Mr. Burbank was gone, I should have found it in this anxious interest everywhere in the work, but in the very beginning of that time it was possible only to hold fast. When the gardeners came for instructions then, immediately after their leader was buried under the cedar of Lebanon in his garden, they were given only one direction: "Plant the annuals for seed, as usual, and save everything else as it stands." In that first summer the gardens looked much as they had in years before; there were beds of blue petunias, gladioluses, Shasta daisies, giant and dwarf zinnias, rainbow corn, the flaming combustion plant—an amaranthus—the tall plumes of his new celosia, rows of his last dahlias, plots of delphiniums, columbines, snapdragons, evening primrose and a score of others, as well as small fields planted to sweet corn, tomatoes, artichokes and asparagus. All these were flowers and vegetables on which he had been working at the time of his last illness, and most of them were widely variant in their foliage and blooms, showing clearly to the most casual observer the influence of his work in "disturbing" or "upsetting" their straight lines of heredity in order to afford him an opportunity for selecting those that promised to lead in the direction his experiment was taking.

Visitors to the gardens that summer, and since, found the most interesting variations, in this connection, in the baby zinnias, on which Mr. Burbank had been working only a few seasons. He had developed the old-fashioned zinnia into a giant flower, rivaling the chrysanthemum and the dahlia for size and colors; having finished this, he had turned to the opposite pole and set out to create a tiny sister zinnia—a dwarf. In another four or five years he would have fixed in these plants the quality of size he wanted, as well as fine color, good texture and the power of reproducing themselves as baby zinnias, for always. But his passing interrupted the work.

Five Dollars for a Bud

THE result was a bed of zinnias almost comic in their obvious uncertainty as to just what they were intended to become. Some were small, some large, some finely formed but of poor color, others of excellent color but ragged shape, and so on; but the funniest were the little fellows who were of two minds what color to be and, therefore, had come out part one color, part another and part a blend of streaks of the two. When we found it hard to explain Mr. Burbank's methods, we always led visitors to that bed of baby zinnias, and there the task became easy.

Meantime, both on the home grounds and at the Sebastopol farm, eight miles away, where most of the fruit experiments were performed, the second part of the plan for holding everything as it was, without letting anything be lost, was carried out diligently. In most cases this meant simply that the usual cultivation, pruning and irrigating must be attended to; but there were thousands of plants that required special care, as fertilization, thinning of fruits, pinching back of blossoms, protection of their blooms from bees, in order that there might not be some undue pollination that would interrupt an important experimental process, and particular care in training or bracing or propping trees bearing too heavily for their own strength.

One night in that first spring a messenger came from Sebastopol to say that a big peach tree, bearing three varieties of peaches, had been blown over by a high wind. We did not know at that time much about where the most valuable varieties were growing; anything might be some priceless treasure, although it might, on the other hand, be simply a variety that had long since been sold or an experiment that had been abandoned. Early in the morning, then, I went to Sebastopol, picking up on my way the most skillful tree grafter I knew. We got there to find the peach tree doomed. It had not only blown over but the trunk was badly split and the limbs broken.

I asked the expert with me whether he thought he could save anything from the wreckage.

"Two months ago," he said, "when the tree was still dormant, I could have taken some cions and grafted them into another peach. Now, as you see, the peach is in full leaf—ready to blossom. I wouldn't give five cents for the chance."

"I'll do better than that," I said. "I'll give you five dollars for every bud or graft you take that grows."

Although he was very dubious, I was determined; together we searched until we found young leaf buds that had been delayed in starting, so that they were not yet fully developed. He took these from all the limbs, so that he would get all three varieties growing on the one tree; he budded them with the greatest care, when the right time came, into a thrifty group of seedlings; to my great delight, several lived, took hold, gained strength and began to grow. And of the three, one turned out this year to be a peach Mr. Burbank had indicated, on his fruit records, was one of the finest he had ever developed. We had not carried on, but we had held fast to what was there!

As that first summer advanced we found ourselves in the midst of a series of adventures and discoveries in the gardens. In scattered beds, in odd corners, in pots and old cans, along borders and roads, in nooks and crannies everywhere, astonishing plants came up and spread themselves in the sun and blossomed and perhaps bore fruits, to our increasing mystification. Few of them bore labels, and such labels as there were usually were misleading. I had the key to that apparent enigma. A trained gardener would certainly expect a label to tell the truth, but I had long before learned that Mr. Burbank's labels were mostly unblushing liars. The reason for this was that he, with most plant breeders, had suffered much at the hands of visitors who were not above taking souvenirs—and, with uncanny craft, usually souvenirs of a rare and valuable nature. Slyly Mr. Burbank would label a rare plant, perhaps from Africa or Java, or maybe a priceless specimen of one of his own new creations, "Red cabbage," "Tobacco," or some imaginary botanical name, such as "Gourdus potiorum"—and the unscrupulous guest would pass these by, and steal a Shasta-daisy plant, or a bloom of one of the solanums, or perhaps a cactus fruit that would make him regret his larceny for painful weeks afterward.

The Hunt for Hidden Treasures

SO I WAS not to be fooled by labels. The best that could be done was to watch for and gather such seeds as developed, and store these for another season's trial; to search plant dictionaries for a description and identification, or to invite visiting botanists to help. In this way many unusual and valuable plants were named, one by one, and some progress was always being made. Many of them went unidentified; many were found to be plants or trees or vines belonging to a family familiar to botanists, but themselves so widely variant that they were set down as some of Mr. Burbank's own creations. Once in a while the joke was on me or on the gardeners. We watched one plant that came up in a special bed of experiments with great anxiety and gave it extra care, because Bertino thought he remembered that Mr. Burbank had spoken of it as valuable. It grew rapidly—into a pigweed! We did not preserve it longer than it took to reach for a hoe.

Meantime there were other discoveries made in the greenhouse and the seed rooms. Mr. Burbank had since his youth had a favorite mark for valuable papers, packages or plants—a crude doubled cross—⧺—and when any of his helpers or myself found that, we respected it, no matter how shabby the bundle, how scrawled the envelope, or how apparently meaningless the paper bearing it. In the seed rooms, and on shelves, and in boxes, and hidden away in dark corners, we came on many packets of seeds or corms or bulbs marked with that doubled cross. We got into the habit of putting these in a special box. Presently I found a battered old trunk—one that I recognized as having been brought by Mr. Burbank across the continent when he came to California—and this was half full of packets of seeds and bulbs. Many of these packages or envelopes were labeled or addressed in a foreign language, and I knew that they had been sent by some of Mr. Burbank's self-appointed collectors, of whom he had thousands scattered all over the world and for whom he had the greatest esteem, though he never saw them. They were what he called The Friends I Never Met, and I hope some day to compile some of the letters they wrote to him and some of the answers he made to them, because they comprise a marvelous story of the universal love of plants and flowers, and the efforts put forth to help Mr. Burbank in his work, that everywhere people recognized as having been done in part for them.

Mrs. Burbank and the Newly Discovered Fragrant Calla Lily

Well, in that battered little old trunk that came with him from Massachusetts, there were treasures of strange seeds, and all our mysterious packets and papers and bundles of seeds went into it, until it was full to overflowing. Obviously if Mr. Burbank had lived he would have planted these seeds and made some of his interesting and important discoveries from the resulting plants, but I did not feel qualified to try them, even if I had had the time and the help necessary. But nothing of them was lost, and in time they fell into good hands.

As early as May, the first of the fruits at Sebastopol began to come into bearing, and our busy times became busier. The early cherries were followed by the first plums; presently we were in the midst of the fruiting time and the ground began to be covered with fallen plums and plumcots, early apples and cherries, and the trees to bend under loads of apples, pears, prunes, quinces, plumcots, peaches; the berry vines yielded heavily; only one tree drooped and withered, though it bore valiantly. This was the ancient cherry tree behind the little house at the farm—a tree which had at one time or another nourished the grafts of probably two hundred different cherries. It had once been a splendid tree, but it had been hardly taxed and was growing old. Until that spring it had shown few signs of failing, but finally it began slowly to die. One big limb went that year, others followed, and this spring, as I am writing this, the old cherry is almost dead.

Trees as Gardens

A MORBID fancy might conceive that its collapse was a symbol—that it began to fade with Mr. Burbank's death. But the truth is that it served a long, hard term of life, and I honor the dying tree because its sap nourished at least twenty of the finest cherries Mr. Burbank produced, and these varieties are now growing luxuriantly and bearing each year thousands of tons of fruit in the orchards of America.

Mr. Burbank had always used sturdy and healthy trees as he would use a garden bed—to plant experiments in—and therefore the survey of the Sebastopol farm was a great deal more than the mere counting of the trees. For, with the exception of seedlings and of a few specimens of varieties long since established and perhaps introduced, every single tree in the orchard bore anywhere from two or three to twenty or thirty different varieties of fruit. There was one plum tree with nine varieties ripe on it at one time, and since these varieties were quite dissimilar as to size, shape and color, it was a sight that most visitors gazed on with amazement. Even more startling was the effect when the fruit ripened and fell to the ground, for under one tree you might see large purple plums, gleaming yellows, two or three red ones, and numbers of small blue ones. And this was true of all the other fruits, with the exceptions I have noted.

I had had a long apprenticeship at testing fruits by tasting, but most of it had been done at home with samples Mr. Burbank brought in from the Sebastopol farm, two or three or a dozen varieties at a time. Now, when he was gone, I learned exactly what he had meant when he used to say: "The best fruit taster in the world would bog down before he'd finished one row of trees." Because, in the first place, eating fruit in the orchard, from the tree, is vastly different business from sitting at a table, as in a laboratory, and dispassionately sampling. And in the

(Continued on Page 151)

In the Sebastopol Orchard. Note the Close Planting and Many Varieties of Trees

THUMBS DOWN

By FREDERICK IRVING ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

Oliver Went to the Door and Held it Open. Maureen Shannon and Little Pelts Came In

PARR, the police deputy, settled himself in his favorite elbow chair by Oliver Armiston's desk and selected a stogy from the cardboard box at his elbow. For some time he was lost in contemplation.

Finally he said, "You won't have seen the evening papers yet, Oliver?"

Oliver shook his head. It was not yet noon. He knew, of course, that morning papers are put to bed at ten the night before, and Sunday editions for the hinterland closed on a Thursday. Yet he never could reconcile himself to an evening that impinged on his breakfast. Parr lighted his stogy and drew several puffs; the best puffs, which, unlike the kisses of paradise, are not eternally renewed. He examined the book trough, finally lifted out a volume—a tall, fat dictionary that could stand alone on its own feet. He set it upright in front of Oliver.

"That is a telephone switchboard," he said. "You are the operator."

"Male or female?"

"Female."

Oliver regarded the *pro tem* switchboard.

"That's a very exacting rôle you are asking me to take on a moment's notice," said he. "Do you realize, Parr, the lady acquires a highly sophisticated mental habit? She is listening all day and all night! She accumulates scraps, fragments of picture puzzles. Did you ever think of that, Parr?"

"I'm thinking of it now," replied the deputy casually.

"Is this a hotel?" Oliver asked, a little anxiously.

"An apartment house—fifteen stories and penthouse."

"You overwork the penthouse motif. Thieves and murderers and suicides are like theatrical producers—that is, they are like sheep. If one makes a hit, they all make duplicates. Can't we vary the location?"

"This is a maisonette," said Parr.

"Ah! At last! I've been waiting for a maisonette—or a doctor's apartment with private entrance on the side street."

"This is on a corner," said Parr. "Three stories and basement, with high stoop."

"Basement?"

"And high stoop," said Parr. "Keep that in mind. It may take a trick. Any evening after the dishes are done, you can—could—go by there and see the butler, with his coat and shoes off, sitting in the basement window behind the bars, reading the sporting extra by the light of the street lamp."

"Why the street lamp?"

"To save electricity, of course," said the deputy, opening his eyes with great obviousness. "We come to that—there is an odd thread of thrift woven into the whole pattern. For instance, the apartment house itself takes city steam. Not so the maisonette. It is heated by an old-fashioned furnace, and the ice man comes over every morning to stoke the furnace and carry out the ashes."

"Incredible," said Oliver. "Where is this atrocity located?"

"Over by Kips Bay."

"I once knew a truck driver over there," mused Oliver. "He was an active member of one of the gas-house gangs. He told me it always had been a good neighborhood until the swells moved in and roughed it up."

"It's got worse since," said Parr, chuckling. "This house occupies the site of a building I know well. Many's the time we backed the wagon up there in the old days and moved out a whole houseful, from cellar to attic, and ferried the whole bunch over to the Island to cool off. It gave me quite a kick to go back there this morning. It's a swell joint now—the shine kind, with flunkies downstairs and foyer dinettes upstairs."

"We Found a Flora Kinsel at That Address. It Was Not Her Pocketbook. She Never Owned One With Her Name in It"

"But three stories and basement," protested Oliver.

"No shine about that," admitted Parr. "Back in the 80's there was a fellow named Red Gallagher—it's a good name over there yet. Well, this Gallagher went West. He promised his old mother when he came back he'd buy her the finest brownstone house in town. That was his idea of grandeur.

"Well, when he came back, six or seven years ago, there wasn't any mother—but there wasn't any brownstone either. So he bought an old house—many is the head he broke there in the good old days—and he built his own brownstone. Being a frugal soul, knowing well the cravings of capital for fixed charges, he had them build a fifteen-story apartment, with penthouse, around his brownstone, to pay the ground rent. He sits out on the front stoop on sunshiny days, regretting, like your truck driver, the decadence of the neighborhood. The swells think he is a caretaker. They don't suspect that he is the dour old party who takes them to court when they don't pay their rent."

"You're not going to kill off old Gallagher just when he walks on the first time, are you, Parr?" pleaded Oliver Armiston.

"No, indeed. Gallagher and his old woman are making a cruise! Being thriftily inclined, as I say, he sublets to a young architect—not so young—an architect named Alexander Phiesan Whitter. Did you ever hear of that combination? No, I guess not. He made it up. He was born Jeremiah Cline—good old Irish Cline—he went to court to change his name. He designed this house and put it up—including the three-story-and-basement maisonette—for old Gallagher, and he knew a lot of things about it that old Gallagher didn't."

"Did he take over the old butler, in his stocking feet, and the other servants?" asked Oliver, fingering his white lock of hair. He was getting the picture very vividly, because

he knew his town and its side streets and the people who lived in them.

Parr shook his head.

"No. Red Gallagher staked his servants to a trip to the Old Sod. Whitter moved in an outfit of his own, that slept out. That's part of the picture. Now," said Parr, clearing the desk at his elbow for more room as he glared ferociously at Oliver, "it is 1:10 A.M. Your switchboard is in the lobby behind a grille, to the right of the street door, and you can see everybody who comes and goes." He added as an aside: "It's the shank of the evening for this bunch. There is a certain type of woman who picks the hours from one to three for any rough stuff she has on hand." Parr snapped his fingers for action, camera. Again: "It's 1:10 A.M., Oliver," he said sharply. "You get a flash on the board from Maisonette A. Now let me see you do your stuff."

Parr leaned back in his chair, eying Oliver. He was wholly in earnest.

Oliver put aside a hypothetical book he was reading, glanced at the hypothetical switchboard, and noting the location of the hypothetical lamp that burst into a hypothetical glow, he exclaimed in the voice of a blasé telephone girl:

"Well, look who's getting as common as dirt!"

Some hypothetical person standing by seemed to express curiosity.

Oliver said airily: "Mr. T. Square, who sublets the gold-filling suite on the corner of the house. Hasn't he got a wire of his own, that he's got to wake me up?"

"Eh?" muttered Parr. He sat up as if shot. "Eh? What's that?"

"I ask you why," said the hypothetical telephone girl. "He certainly has a nerve. He's got a telephone trunk of his own, hasn't he? Why put a call through the house mains? Not to save time, surely. To make the call more difficult to trace? Possibly. But I think not. The girl keeps a record of every call—or is supposed to. Why, then? Not to avoid notice, surely. To attract it, I should say, on a guess. Whoever is calling wants to establish the fact that he—or she—is there, in the maisonette, at this hour. See, the girl puts it down automatically on her call chart as she takes the call —— Pardon me, he's getting impatient." Oliver explained to Parr, aside: "The light is flashing on and off."

"Is it?" cried Parr.

"Isn't it?" demanded Oliver.

"Maybe, but how do you know?"

"Simply by using the intelligence the good Lord gave us telephone girls," cried Oliver. "It's of a superior order, I don't mind telling you."

"We Were There in Three Minutes," He Said. "Morel Happened to be at Fifty-First Street"

"Wait a minute," said Parr. He took down his own phone—a private wire to his desk which he maintained here at Armiston's study at all times. He lifted off the receiver and began talking into a waiting ear:

"Was he in the habit of using the house phone, Morel? Go through the chart and see how many calls he put through by the switchboard since he has been there. Then look up his calls over his own wire. And here's something else—ask the girl if the lamp merely came on and stayed on, or did he prod it to hurry her. And, Morel, will you please tell me why we didn't ask these elementary questions ourselves, without waiting to have them spelled out for us?" He hung up. "Proceed," he said tartly.

"Number, please?" inquired Oliver gracefully. He waited, eying the board malevolently. "Number?" He prodded viciously with a hypothetical telephone plug. No answer. He leaned back in his chair, resumed his paper novel.

"'What's That on Your Thumb?'—it Was Troy's Sharp Query. The Door Opener Was Staring at His Thumb"

"They haven't hung up yet," said Parr sharply.

Oliver nodded.

"It's alive, isn't it?"

Oliver fixed his mind on the other man; both listened intently.

"Do you hear anything?" whispered Parr.

"Not a sound."

"Do you hear anyone breathing? Or footsteps?" Parr bent over. "You didn't hear anything that sounded like a shot, did you?" he asked.

"Nothing at all."

"Maybe the receiver fell off the hook," suggested the man hunter.

"And then picked itself up and prodded? No. Someone lifted it off. For a purpose." Lowering his voice, Armiston went on: "This happens frequently—I mean, the light comes on and stays on, and no answer. Usually the householder finds the receiver off the hook and puts it back on. Sometimes they have to send around a man. They can't put in a call from the outside until it's fixed. . . . What happens now, Parr?"

"Well, an hour passes," said the deputy. "The light is still on. The assistant manager—an ex-hotel clerk—quite a gadabout, comes home. They tell him about it." Parr took the dictionary and restored it to its place, to conclude the séance. "His name is Troy." Parr told what happened:

"'Somebody's there. They are having a party, I think,' said Troy. 'The whole house was lighted up from cellar to garret—it was just now, when I came by.'

"'It's been lighted up all evening,' said the door opener.

"'Has there been any company?' asked Troy.

"'I've been busy on this side,' said the door opener.

"'You'd better run around and tell them,' said Troy. 'We might want to put a call through, ourselves.'

"The door opener came back almost at once."

Parr and Oliver looked at each other.

"'Funny thing,' the door opener whispered; 'the street door is on the latch.' They stared at him. He added,

(Continued on Page 65)

DIXIE LAD

By COLONEL GIVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

He Was Wakened by a Rushing Sound. He Raised Up. The Levee Was Deserted. Not a Thing or a Soul Was in Sight

OLD CALLAHAN was giving Eddie Butler a parting bit of advice. A fine city editor—Callahan—very old and very wise. And Butler was just a cub.

"If you don't want to sleep on the levee," he told Eddie, "you'd better read up a bit on fighting chickens."

He explained. Things were due to happen close around Barton's Landing. The levee was weak thereabouts. If the Big River was going to slop over or break through, it was apt to do it there. The Barton plantation was the only place for miles where a man could put up comfortably. And Major Thomas Barton was a nut on the subject of fighting roosters.

"He's a queer old cuss," said old Callahan, "but he'll be nice to you if you'll let him talk fighting chickens."

He also had a daughter, Eddie was told—a very pretty daughter. Her name was Eve. That interested the cub. He paid no attention to what old Callahan told him about the chickens.

Pretty even tempered, the Big River is. Year after year it glides along in an even, mapped-out path. Takes things sort of as they come—good weather and bad, good crops and bad. Most every springtime it swells up a bit and flounces about, threatening to start trouble. But it seldom does much more than bluff. It doesn't bother a lot about the creatures and things that play about on its banks, crawl on its bottom or swim in its yellow waves, be they two-legged, four-legged, thousand-legged, or have no legs at all. It scorns the two-legged ones who call themselves engineers and earn good money playing along the Big River's banks.

They're just like kids making mud pies. They pile up a load of mud here and mix up a batch of cement there, and the Big River pays no attention. Most of the time it's a mighty tolerant stream, easing along on its way to the Gulf, minding its own business. The mud-pie games the engineers play on its banks seem to worry it not at all. The engineers tell one another and the public that they're doing wonders with the Big River, changing its course, doing this, that and the other thing. Talk, big and important.

But once in every so often the Big River loses its temper—just like an even-tempered, easy-going man. And you'll notice that whenever a mild man does let himself go, there's generally a lot of Cain raised and a lot of folks sorry. Just so with the Big River. Whenever the Big River does run amuck wise folks hunt the tall timbers. The little engineers don't climb trees, of course. They go right on making mud pies. They make them a lot faster than they ever made them before, as a matter of fact. But most of them—the ones that really know—would like mighty well to seek out some nice, high pine thicket and quit playing with mud and gravel. Because when the Big River goes on a rampage it's worse than a six-foot Irish sailor in a Chinee hooch house.

But as Captain Downey, of the Big Martha, told his guest, Reporter Eddie Butler, the wild things are the only ones with brains.

"You see that little island down there?" asked the captain. "Well, that's the highest land between here and a long way. The river is swelled up a little in these parts, but it's nothing dangerous yet. People along the banks won't start worrying until the water is at their back door."

"The levee will hold, they say."

Old Captain Downey laughed softly. "But you drop over on that island—Friendly Island, they call it. You'll find every kind of animal that lives along the river. They have been there for days, coming and going; and they'll stay there until the flood is over. Safe—nearly as safe as you are on this boat. Of course, they forage about a bit for food, and once in a while one of them gets caught and eaten. It's hard for a hungry snake to forget that he likes rat meat just because the river is rising.

"But—sounds funny, doesn't it?—the animals on that little island seldom hurt one another during flood times. Rats and birds—the natural food of snakes—go to sleep with the big river moccasins all about them. Snakes don't seem to fear the vicious little wildcats that in ordinary times would be death to them. Funnier still, a man could go out to that island during a flood and not a creature would move. They just take it for granted that during a time of danger everybody and everything must band together, that bygones must be bygones for the time being."

The captain paused and lit a cigar.

"Over on the bank there"—he indicated the levee with a swoop of his cigar—"men are quarreling with one another. Each plantation, each town, each man has a certain section to patrol, a certain bit of work that must be done. Each man is expected to do what he can to curb the flood. But they are always fighting. Jones insists that Smith could spend more, could cover more territory; that if there is a break, it will be Smith's fault. Smith likewise thinks that Jones is shirking." Captain Downey puffed at his cigar. "That's why the river whips them so often," he concluded.

The boat swerved sharply to the left.

"Here's the Landing," said Captain Downey. "Give the major my regards. And best luck to you, son."

The gangplank went down and Eddie walked ashore. Not a soul met the boat. Up the river a few hundred yards Eddie could see numerous lanterns moving about. Night had just fallen.

He remembered old Callahan's parting instructions:

"The high of the river should hit there tonight sometime. But don't sit up for it. Talk to the old river men. Find out what they think's going to happen. Then get yourself a nice, dry bed in the Barton place. That'll be a whole lot better than sleeping in the mud. But watch that river! And if anything busts shoot it in quick. And send me color—lots of color!"

Eddie remembered what old Callahan had said about fighting roosters. He was sorry he hadn't gone to the library and read up a bit on the feathered warriors Major Barton was so crazy about. Eddie wouldn't have known a fighting cock from a flying fish.

Captain Downey had also talked about Major Barton's love for fighting chickens. And he had grown eloquent about Eve Barton's beauty.

"Lone Crag is certainly one sweet plantation," he had said. "It's a fitting home for the prettiest girl between Memphis and New Orleans." He had described Eve Barton—little and sweet and very blond. "And a nice gentleman—the major—if you take him just right."

Why, yes, he thought they'd take Eddie in at the Bartons'. And Eddie, being just past nineteen, thought about Eve and was sorry he didn't know game chickens.

He stood on the landing and watched the boat glide softly down the river. It was pitch dark. Clouds hung low and heavy. It was going to rain. He was sorry he hadn't asked Captain Downey the best way to get to the Barton place.

Eddie had visions of a great, white-columned plantation house; a spacious lawn sprinkled with trees; black servants running about to make him comfortable, and Eve Barton, in shimmering white, smiling, dimpling, blushing a welcome. Eddie had been born in a little mining town across the Wabash River from Terre Haute, Indiana. He had read a lot about the Old South.

Although it was dark and dismal now, tomorrow he would see beautiful fields of blossoming cotton. And undoubtedly Major Barton would have a pack of dogs—mud-colored hounds and spotted bird dogs. Riding to hounds would be just one of the many diversions at the Barton plantation. Because most certainly there would be a big stable of horses. He'd pick out a nice, gentle fellow that wouldn't shake a novice up too badly and he'd ride up and down the levee, consulting with engineers and old river men before he sent in his story to the paper. He would have his breakfast in bed, of course—hot cakes and sirup, eggs on toast, thick slices of country ham drowned in rich, red gravy. The major would most probably pay him a visit while he was breakfasting.

"Well, son, a new day—a nice, beautiful new day," the major would say. "Suppose we take the hosses and take a jaunt over the plantation."

There you were! Southern hospitality. But of course the major was a cunning old boy. He was bound to know that Eddie and Eve would probably get married. And naturally he'd want his prospective son-in-law to see the land.

After the ride Butler would get to work. He would look over the situation, talk to the experts and then send his story to the paper. The story would be beautifully written, of course. No hard-boiled copy reader could possibly complain about such a story. It would contain all the facts, grim as they were, and yet would be written good-humoredly, entertainingly.

"That boy, Butler, is sure a wonder," old Callahan would say. And the folks all along the Mississippi would eagerly read everything Edgar Quintus Butler wrote. Of course, it would be a signed story—his first by-line. Then, worn out with the day's work, he would go home to Lone Crag. Sambo, the old colored man assigned to him by the major, would take off his muddy boots and make him comfortable. He would go down to dinner in the neatly pressed business suit he had brought along. He had brought no evening clothes because he had no evening clothes. He and the major would have a few mint juleps on the veranda before dinner.

After a fine dinner the major would go to bed early and he and Eve would go out on the beautiful lawn. They would sit close together in a hammock hung from two thick, low-swung trees that hid them from the great red moon. He'd tell Eve things—pretty things—that had been crowding into his heart since the night he came to Lone Crag and met her. He'd kiss her—perhaps on the cheek, perhaps on the forehead.

"Will you marry me, Eve?" he would ask her tenderly.

She would say nothing—just nod her head.

Sweet river! Sweet moon! Sweet Mississippi, where romance still blossomed!

Even the deep yellow mud at Barton's Landing failed to discourage Eddie Butler. It had begun to drizzle. Well, in an hour he'd be in a dry house—a big plantation house, attended by Negro servants and with pretty Eve, in a fluffy, fluttering, fairylike gown, flitting about.

"Where is the Barton plantation?" he asked a Negro who chanced by.

"Jes a mile down de road, suh."

Eddie trudged off down the road. It was a mule trail. At every step he sank six inches in the mud. The going was slow and hard. But the prospect of warmth and comfort at the end of this devilish road kept him moving fairly rapidly.

He tried to picture Major Barton. The major would be a tall, gray-haired man of sixty-odd years, with a drooping gray mustache and iron-gray hair. He would wear a cutaway coat and gaiters. He would be solemn and dignified, but his blue eyes would hide good humor. Very formal, the major would be. A tall man with much dignity and impressive gray mustaches, and very, very formal, but withal a very good-humored man. Butler's brain raced ahead several years: A distinguished company of gentlemen were on the veranda of the Barton plantation. An argument over politics had arisen.

The tall major was saying, laughingly, "I'm not as young as I once was. You young gentlemen are too much for me. I must retire now for my final nightcap. I leave the family fortunes in the hands—the very capable hands—of my dear son-in-law." He bowed slightly and very formally toward Butler.

The mule road was muddy. There was no light. Butler slipped and slid along, trying to keep out of the deep ruts. Twice he fell, and each time he landed flat on his stomach in a mud puddle. But drearily he kept on, buoyed up by the knowledge that pretty soon he would be at Lone Crag.

His hands were scratched and bruised. His clothing was a solid cake of not yet dried mud. There was so much mud on his face that he felt he was wearing a mask. But all things come to an end. And suddenly, rounding a sharp curve, he came upon Lone Crag. His heart beat a little faster as he crunched up the gravel path, and his feet were springy.

Lone Crag was all that he had pictured it. It was a stately old Southern mansion of the Colonial type, set deep in a grove of pines. The veranda was wide and spacious. He could smell the grass mingled with the acrid scent of the pines. The great veranda was deserted, but he could see several lights glowing.

Boldly he crossed the veranda and clanged the door knocker. A very old Negro man answered: "Yas-suh."

"I would like to speak to Major Barton," said Butler.

As the old Negro opened the door he had a momentary peek into a spacious room in which were grouped several people. Among them, Eve Barton. He had been tempted to ask for Eve. But that wouldn't have looked right. Better to call for the major. The old Negro closed the door and Butler waited for the tall graceful man with the gray mustaches.

The door jerked open violently. A little bald-headed man with popeyes, one of them cocked a trifle, a sharp-pointed nose, and thin lips slavering tobacco juice, peered out questioningly.

"I am Major Barton," he snapped. "What do you want?"

Eddie's knees grew weak at the sight of this slick-domed dwarf. Why, this couldn't be Major Barton! Major Barton was a tall —— And then Butler remembered that he had manufactured Major Barton out of the whole cloth.

"Why—er—why ——" he stammered.

"Yes?" snapped the little bald-headed one, switching his chew of tobacco from one jaw to the other. "Yes?"

Eddie's slight reportorial training came to his rescue.

"Major Barton, I am Butler, a newspaperman from Memphis," he asserted in as firm a voice as he could muster. "You're a big man in these parts and I want to get your opinion of the flood."

The major bristled. "You've a weather man who is more capable of giving you flood information than I," he snapped.

(Continued on Page 97)

There You Were! Southern Hospitality. But of Course the Major Was a Cunning Old Boy. He Was Bound to Know That Eddie and Eve Would Probably Get Married. And Naturally He'd Want His Prospective Son-in-Law to See the Land

LAST LEAVES

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

A Manual for Married People

A PLAIN, good woman can become wise simply by the process of growing old according to her deeds and experiences. When the weariness of age approaches and she sits down and folds her hands, some kind of wisdom descends upon her like a mantle. She is dressed in it without feeling the change or attracting the least attention. The dust of her years has settled about her. She sees clearly and knows things for certain that are still puzzling the mightiest minds of her times. I have often wondered why we never ask her opinion of these matters. Probably because her replies would be too brief, a characteristic of wisdom—brevity and simplicity. The less moral courage we have, the more we are inclined to cover the fact with the vanity of words. The only way we can discover her point of view is to know how she lived—how, with little praise to boost her virtues, she practiced the beatitudes which we know now to be impractical, as if they were the very multiplication table of a great salvation. What she thinks of divorce as the remedy for the inevitable ills of married life can only be inferred from the fact that she lived peaceably with an untoward husband for fifty years in a kind of wifely momentum that probably carried her through their golden wedding anniversary without a thought of letting up long enough to celebrate the occasion.

No Man Could Endure as a Wife the Adorable But Incompetent Sweetheart He Married

She is not interesting except as a phenomenon for profounder minds to recognize and study. She cannot be stirred by the wind of conversation, knows too much to confound herself with that kind of vagrant use of words. Let old men expound philosophies and doctrines with the futile animation of those who are no longer obliged to practice what they preach. She was never a preacher, only a doer of the Word. I have seen such a woman sit unmoved while young intellectuals devoured the morals of mankind and proclaimed their own carnivorous creed of life, liberty and the pursuit of vice as the quickest route to happiness. With her, wisdom has ripened into silence, like that in which planets move unerringly without knowing why they move. What we see is her epitaph, left in the warped body of a little old woman whose face is turned from the problems we face. She knows, without thinking, that we prefer them to the remedy, and discussion to courage.

Till the Courts Do Them Part

HOWEVER it may be with others, I have been outdistanced farther in the true wit of living by silent old women of this type than by any kind of abler woman, whether she was the wheelhorse of sentimental citizenship, or the heroine of her own wide-open mind, or one of those more comically erudite duodecimals of pink culture, or one of the gallant but distracted spinsters crying in the wilderness for birth control in spite of everything. If the kind of sense you have is legitimate, you do not need much to steer a straight course, is what I mean about the portrait of the woman I have attempted to copy here, by way of throwing dust over my own head.

I am myself old enough by this time to sit down and be wise in silence. The dust I kicked up in living without knowing how has settled long ago. My mind has been clarified, and I also know things for certain that younger, cleverer people refuse to believe. But I still lack the silence of true goodness. I seem to be meddlesome by nature and inclined to tear around about matters that no longer concern me. Once in so often I fall into a fit of anxious righteousness and feel words weld and flash like swords of wisdom in my mind, and I am obliged to do something about it or be cut to pieces by my own thoughts on other people's affairs. Thus, at the present moment I am passing through a vicarious moral crisis about divorce life in this country, which is beginning to be taking the place of married life.

Lately news was published in the papers of a judge in a certain Southern city who granted one hundred and sixty divorces the first day of his term of court, and had seven hundred more applicants on his calendar. This reads to me like a shocking list of casualties on the front line of American civilization.

For ages the most patient, virtuous and beautiful record of human beings in this world was made by women as the wives of men. They were sanctified by that kind of love and devotion long before men were even civilized. Now so many of them have taken a header in the opposite direction that vocative old women like me are alarmed for the honor and reputation of their sex.

As near as I can make out, the source of this evil lies in the fact that something disastrous has happened to the character and quality of love which formerly bound men and women together in wedlock.

Words, like the men who coin them, rise and fall in their fortunes, or they pass away altogether. Sometimes, when I look through my old unabridged dictionary, published before I was born, it touches me to the heart to see how many good old honest verbs have turned to vocabulary dust on the yellowed pages, their definitions now no more than the obituaries of the words they used to be. Others that survive vary amazingly from their original meaning.

Formerly, "love" was among the most beautiful and sacred of them all. Poets and saints used it with worshipful grace. Maidens whispered it like an innocent charm with which to bless themselves. It was the altar chant of all good women, the creed of country in every patriot's heart.

A Heart Affection

NOW it is being stripped of the sanctities and bright raiment of romance. Lovers use it scantily, with mental reservations. Authors write books that impart a bedraggled meaning to it. In strictly modern poetry, it may carry the rime end of a biological disillusionment. Psychoanalyzed young people in love know that they are only experiencing a sex complex. Even preachers say less about the love of God—something obsolete now about the idea of God, though the world He made and keeps is still a great green and blossoming copy of His good will to men. In short, "love" is a poor old word surviving on the pension of traditions, if we dare believe these rationalists who are too short-sighted in their egotism to perceive that every house, town, school, temple, city, government, even the greed of commerce, back of everything else, is inspired by love.

A man is known by the vocabulary he keeps. The language he uses and the way he uses it are a complete definition of what he really is. For one, I do not like the ignoble twist these leopard-minded primitives who call themselves intellectuals give to the meaning of words of good reputation. By this method they are destroying the standards of institutions like marriage by changing the names and meaning of the terms that define them.

In my dictionary there are thirty-six definitions of the word "love" and its adoring adjectives, verbs and adverbs, all founded upon the noun, with this legend attached to it: "An affection of the heart, excited by that which delights or commands admiration; preëminent kindness or devotion to another," followed by this illustration to make sure we get the heavenly mind of love:

Let mutual joys and mutual trust combine,
And love and love born of confidence be thine.

What a creed upon which to pledge wedding vows!

Now another word is taking the place of "love," and is significant of the change in the mind of lovers. "Lure" is the name of it. Only one definition in my dictionary, but enough: "An object not unlike a fowl, held out by a falconer to call a hawk." (Can you beat it?) "Any enticement; that which invites by prospect of advantage or pleasure, as the lure of beauty or gain." According to current usage, it is damaged love reduced to the conscious eye woggle and paint of a lure; nothing in it to suggest "mutual trust . . . born of confidence."

To hear it applied to women and girls in respectable society frequently as a compliment and sometimes as a

complaint by an indignantly sophisticated man whose mind revolts at the snare spread for his instincts is offensive to my sense of delicacy and propriety.

I wish we had not gone back and discovered our lower natures in the interest of science and truth. For so many centuries we made a virtue of concealing it, until we practically forgot we had one. At my age, it makes no difference beyond the fact that I have been greatly embarrassed to discover what I used to be in my youth, when I thought, and many others believed, I was an innocent and attractive woman behaving within the rights of whatever feminine charms I had. But now, in the light of this lure literature of personality, I recall many things I said and did, and am horrified to the point of fainting morally. My only defense is that never at any time in my life was I conscious of having such a predatory attribute as a lure. And it hurts my feelings at this late day to expose my own youth to the evil-mindedness of such primitive knowledge. By the same token, these young people who marry on a lure definition of love have discovered something uncomplimentary and irresponsible about themselves that is unlawful to know, which they would not have but for these modern scholars too learned in the devastating wisdom of human nature. Certainly the girls would not, for it is the first and lasting economy of women to idealize themselves. But now they have acquired a ruthless love of self not founded on ideality. They become expert accountants in the assets of marriage, and presently discover that the inconveniences, sacrifices and limitations involved in that relationship show a deficit in the credit column of pleasures and freedom; therefore, bad business in living. So they dissolve the firm by seeking a divorce, leaving their children, if any, and society to pay the expenses.

Marriage is not and can never be based upon a business contract; it is a heroic relationship, only preserved by courage, devotion and mutual respect. No woman can go on enduring a lover for a husband, and no man could endure as a wife the adorable but incompetent sweetheart he married. And in the old days, when their romantic ideality firmed up into a deflating comprehension of each other, it was a saddened period for married loves, but not really tragic, because common interests, affection and respect remained. And they usually made the grade like good or stupid scholars. Still, they made it. Now we hear that one out of every six marriages ends in divorce.

Modern Substitutes for Love

IT MAY be because I have grown old and too sober-minded to interpret sympathetically the joyful waywardness of love, but I doubt if the scenes of love are as safely laid as they used to be. Two young people start out on a night-club courtship with a lure for a light, pretending to be pals. This is a term they use to cover the frankness of their conduct and associations. But no one will deny that these modern pals frequently become enemies after marriage. Their marital gears pull apart exactly where their courtship began. The girl wants to go on with the dance, to which he objects in the woman who is now his wife; or he wants to go on with it, and she objects to so many changes of partners in a husband, even if it is only for an evening. Or they both agree to continue the gay life, and are caught in the same predatory lures of other men and women. In short, a courtship carried on in the sporting world of sex leaves a background of suspicion and jealousy in the marriage that follows, which proves the broad highway to the divorce courts.

I object to the word "lure" as the present popular definition of love, because it is not a definition of love at all, but is as far removed from it as mere animal magnetism is from such long-lived words as "loyalty" and "integrity." Something permanent may be founded on the one; nothing but bitterness and disillusionment can come of the other.

Sensible women regard the man who is a versatile lover, gifted with a heroic flair for himself, as being a doubtful investment as a husband, because even a fool knows that a husband never goes on being versatile and rarely takes the prize as a hero in marriage. He is a public character in these manifestations, and desires to remain one. What she gets is the man he really is. I do not know what has become of the lover who used to hint darkly of his past in order to win the maternal missionary sympathies of the woman he desired to marry. In this age when so many people believe in being as bad as they please without reproach, he has lost his lure and become obsolete. But at that, he was a safer risk as a husband than one of these modern heroes of the franker joys of living.

Sensible men should be equally wary of marrying a public-spirited woman, no matter how beautiful and alluring she is. Presently she will drop her lure and lead a movement for better babies without having any children of her own. As a humorously unattractive but intense feminine woman, I have mourned the loss of charm in other women whom I knew as adorable years ago, but now find to be only noble, strangely exalted without piety to account for it, ready to sacrifice themselves on the altars of public service without having any more sense or as much private judgment as they used to have when they were pretty, with only social aspirations and strictly domestic virtues, but sweetly in reach of being loved. Now they do not seem to care for love. What they want is donations or kinder legislation for paupers and criminals. They are wrapped up in sentimental industries that impose heavier burdens of weaklings on this civilization, who will later live lives of leisure on doles from the Government, if our present altruistic passion for sacrificing the strong for the weak continues.

"Love: An Affection of the Heart, Excited by That Which Delights or Commands Admiration"

These women will deserve the paragraphs they may get in the history of their times, as history goes, with a hop, skip and a jump over the names and deeds of worthier men and women who, by living quietly and righteously, have done more than uplifters or reformers to hold things together. And some of them will have tall monuments raised to their memory by public subscription; but if I should deserve so much as a marker no taller than the knees of my remains, I hope it will be private and personal to my own life, with a brief legend on it saying whose wife I was, and whose mother, and referring to me kindly as a somewhat beloved woman.

I am not opposed to the glory and distinctions of world-conscious women, you understand, but the point I make is that they should play fair and remain spinsters. They belong to public life as nuns belong to convents, and should not assume the duties of wives, mothers and homes, for which they have neither the mind nor the time.

Making Marriage a Success

IF I SEEM to dwell more particularly upon the woman's obligations in marriage, it is because I am a woman, was married a long time, and know that the scenes of married life and all its dearer equivalents are laid by the woman in the home. This involves sacrifices frequently to the point of slavery—but no more sacrifices or slavery than women endure if they succeed or do not succeed in holding their own in public services and in fierce competition with one another there. The difference is that marriage is a private institution and cannot thrive in the spotlight of publicity. There is no earthly way for the world to know what a good woman a wife is unless she gives up the effort and airs her virtues, wrongs and sacrifices in a divorce court. In that case, she confesses herself a failure, whatever her grounds for divorce are. For the husband she desires to escape is the man she chose in the first place without proper consideration of her own limitations and his faults reduced to consequences.

It is commanded that the man and woman who marry shall forsake father and mother and cleave only to each other—good as far as it goes, but now, to insure a sane and safe marriage, it is essential that they shall leave the world as the abiding place of their interests and create a world of their own, private and personal to them. Friends and social life enrich and enhance it but do not sustain it.

Lately I received a revealing letter on this point from a wife who lives on a remote Western farm. She was seventeen when she married a man ten years older. Both were city-bred, but they left that pleasant town created by other people's pleasures and enterprises, settled on the land and have made there a world of their own, fortified by labor and mutual hardships. She became the mother of three children in five years. She mentions gayly all the sacrifices and vicissitudes she had of which other women complain. Her interest in adversity is valorous. She is a soldier of fortune who prances and brags a little, as young veterans do who have tasted the joys of victory after a hard battle. She is still pleased with her husband. She writes with the humor and sagacity of a person far from being stunted intellectually by the experiences she has had in pain and poverty.

These two people have made marriage a good thing by their mutual confidence and respect—and, more particularly, by the work they have accomplished together. I may be wrong about it, but there is now too much prosperity in one class and too much one-sided labor in another class to insure marriage. Very few wives do their own duties in the prosperous end of society. They hire servants to perform them and let go the management of the servants for more

(Continued on Page 92)

THE AMBASSADOR FROM

By Vincent Sheean

MADAME did not get up from her chair when Trevor McIlvaine came into the room. "Mr. McIlvaine," she said calmly, and went on with the bedspread she was embroidering for—she thought—the Red Cross.

McIlvaine bowed very low over her hand when she at last detached it from its work and gave it to him. He was always prevented from kissing those thin white fingers by the reflection that Madame, too, was an American by birth, and had the erratic, inconvenient sense of humor which is so often likely to spoil romantic detail.

"Well?" she asked placidly, folding her work up in her lap.

"He's come," said McIlvaine in a rather plaintive tone.

"I know he's come," said Madame. "There's been nothing else in the papers for a week. What I want to know is, what's he like?"

Mr. McIlvaine, a serious diplomatist who carried his twenty-nine years with significance and discretion, sat down in the chair she indicated. He leaned back and looked at her.

"Unbelievable!" he exploded. "Unbelievable!"

"I suppose so," she said. "Talks through his nose?"

"If that were all ——" McIlvaine dismissed the Ambassador's nose with a sigh. "His morning clothes are covered with braid, like a bandmaster's uniform. He said his tailor told him that was the last word. His shoes are especially made, by himself, for himself."

"Poor dear," said Madame. "How you must have suffered! He arrived last night?"

McIlvaine perceived that she was, to some degree at least, laughing at him.

"You may think it's trivial," he said stiffly, "but you ought to know it isn't. That's all an ambassador's for, really—to represent, I mean. And if he looks and acts like a clown, it's rather hard on the rest of us."

"I know," said Madame, with a reflective look in her old blue eyes. "You forget that I've seen hundreds of them, more or less."

"This one's worse than any there's ever been in the history of the world," said McIlvaine with bitter conviction. "He can't speak English. I doubt if the King understood a word he said. No doubt His Majesty enjoyed the bandmaster's costume, however."

"You didn't let him go to the palace in such clothes, did you?" Madame asked, shocked. This detail had brought her back suddenly from the contemplation of those hundreds of departed ambassadors.

"What could I do?" he asked. "We tried to make him wear somebody else's clothes, but he's fond of this suit his tailor made for him. And anyway, he was right; nobody else's clothes would fit him. He's got a figure like a pushball."

"Everything else," Madame said—"clothes, speech, everything—can be changed in time, if they really matter at all. In 1881 we had a dreadful one—far worse, I'm sure, my dear, than this Mr. Dodd."

"He couldn't have been," said McIlvaine despondently. "This Mr. Dodd, as you call him, said, after his audience this morning, that the King was a swell guy—said it to the press, if you please."

"The one we had in 1881," said Madame dreamily, "was worse."

Trevor McIlvaine sat silent, looking at her. She had really seen a lot in her time—the old lady. But how was that to help him if she persisted in regarding every new evil as a lesser one?

"Countess," he said hesitantly, running his fingers through his hair, "I hate to ask you such a thing ——"

"Yes?" she said. "Ask it. You don't know how many strange things the American Embassy has asked me to do in the past fifty-five years, my friend. What is it?"

"Oh, it's nothing from the embassy," he said, flushing a deep red. "That is ——"

"I know," she said. "It's nothing from the embassy, but nevertheless ——"

"All I mean is that the embassy doesn't ask such things," Trevor explained. "It's only that I have to—my job is to take care of all that."

"So it is," she nodded. "So it always has been. The second secretary must know how to give a dinner, and what clothes the Ambassador ought to wear, and so on—all that, as you call it. What do you want me to do?"

"Very little," he said, "but nobody else could do it so well. If you would just—speak to him, now and then. Ask him not to tell his funny stories—which aren't in the least funny—to the Queen. Just a hint, now and then, from you. You see, it's very awkward for me. If he does anything really terrible, it's my fault, and I get the blame; but at the same time he's my chief, and I don't dare speak too frankly to him."

"This problem was first presented to me in 1879," said Madame, "and I have had to deal with it at regular intervals ever since. The State Department should have been paying me a large salary all these years for the training of ambassadors."

"He was delighted at his audience with the King," said McIlvaine.

"Is his grammar very bad?" Madame inquired.

"It could be worse," McIlvaine said. "He runs to 'ain't,' but otherwise it isn't so much bad grammar as jargon. What he speaks just isn't English. The words are all right separately, but the way he puts them together is all wrong."

"You will have some tea," said Madame, "and then you will feel better." She rang a bell. "All I ask to know," she pursued, "is whether it is a possible or an impossible case. I am too old to attempt the utterly impossible. If he can read and write, the case is possible. You are sure of these facts?"

"That's very good of you," said McIlvaine gratefully. "Of course he can read and write; he probably doesn't like to, but he can. The chief difficulties are his clothes, his language and his manners. He drinks very little, so we're spared that particular worry, at least. And he's probably not a fool."

"No man who has made millions of dollars could possibly be a fool," said Madame, with simple faith. "He must at least be shrewd. And here is Isabel, so you will revive at once. And dear Mrs. Collingwood."

Isabel and dear Mrs. Collingwood came in, followed after an interval by Mr. Collingwood, the Counselor of the Embassy. Isabel was the Countess' granddaughter,

When They Returned to the Ballroom Mr. Dodd Was Not to be Seen.

THE UNITED STATES

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

Nearly Every Other Personage of Importance in the Capital Was There

and her American blood was no secret to the observing eye. She moved freely and had the remnants of a laugh always strewn about her pretty, rather pert young face.

"Trevor!" she said. "I thought you were going to play tennis."

"I'm sorry," he said, all his pleasure at her entrance disappearing under this. "I was terribly busy at the embassy."

"You might have telephoned," she complained. "*Grand'mère*, I'm starving. May we have tea?"

"Have you heard about the catastrophe?" Mrs. Collingwood asked the Countess.

"You mean the new Ambassador, I suppose," the old lady said. "Yes, I have heard about him. He doesn't sound like such a dreadful calamity."

The Countess was looking reminiscent again.

"I have known some fifteen or twenty American ambassadors here in my time," she said, "not to speak of all the ones in Paris and London. And I think, my dears, that you exaggerate Mr. Dodd's shortcomings. A new ambassador is always rather a shock. You will get used to him."

Mrs. Collingwood shuddered so violently that a strand of colorless hair escaped from her tight black hat and straggled down her colorless cheek.

"Never," she said firmly. "I could never get used to him. He called me 'girlie.'"

Collingwood emerged from his black silence for a moment.

"You know perfectly well you've got to get used to him," he said. "Do you want to have us transferred?"

Mrs. Collingwood moaned. "Transferred!" she said, putting down her tea suddenly.

"But I'm sure you'd be transferred to a very nice place, my dear, after you once got to know it," said the Countess.

"*Grand'mère's* optimism is maddening," said Isabel. "Don't mind her. Everybody else sympathizes with you poor darlings. I lunched at the British Embassy yesterday, and everybody was saying how hard it was on you."

"I can't understand why an ambassador is necessary anyway," said Mrs. Collingwood. "Heaven knows we always get on much better without one. They never know anything about anything. We've been perfectly happy for six months without an ambassador, but it was too good to last. I dare say we shall never get our commercial treaty now."

"It may be signed," said Collingwood ominously, "before he gets a chance to meddle."

"The newspapers say he is not married," said the Countess. "That is a great blessing for you."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Collingwood. "Just think what his wife would be like, if he had a wife! That's the only consoling reflection I've had all day."

"Did you go with him to the palace?" Isabel asked Collingwood. "What happened?"

"Nothing much," said the Counselor. "The ceremony went off all right. We were alone with the King for about fifteen minutes. The Ambassador complimented the King on his English."

"Really!" Mrs. Collingwood gasped. "The impertinence of the man!"

"He said that except for the 'English accent,' it was O. K.," said Collingwood pitilessly. "I don't suppose the King knew what O. K. meant, but he laughed. Then we talked about the weather, and about the Ambassador's journey here, and so on. I don't think His Majesty understood a great deal of what Mr. Dodd said. When we were dismissed I had to kick the Ambassador in the shin to make him realize it."

The Countess had been holding a whispered conversation with a footman.

"Apparently," she said, turning back to them, "your Ambassador is on his way here now. Mr. Ferguson has just telephoned to warn me."

"But he can't!" said Trevor McIlvaine, aghast. "The last thing I did was give him a list of his calls and when he was to make them. He can't call on you on the first day! Ferguson must be insane! He might meet anybody here."

"Mr. Ferguson's message was that the Ambassador was coming to call with a letter from my nephew Henry," said the Countess, "and that he had done his best to prevent it, and that he would be obliged if I made the call as private as possible."

The whole group had risen in confusion.

"Oh, how ghastly!" said Mrs. Collingwood. "How perfectly dreadful! What shall we do?"

"He should have called on all the ambassadors and the Dictator and God knows how many other people before coming here," said McIlvaine helplessly, addressing the air. "It's not my fault, is it?" he asked the Counselor.

Collingwood took charge at once.

"We'll all go immediately," he said, "and pray that we don't meet him on the way. Hurry. And Madame will have to say that she is not at home today to anybody else. And we'll hope that too many people don't hear about it."

"Yes, go away at once, children," said the Countess wearily. "Why does it matter if he comes to see an old woman? I think it is very nice of him to come with the letter from my nephew Henry, whom I have not seen for years upon years. Isabel, my dear, stay here with me. If his language is really incomprehensible, perhaps I shall need you to translate for me. But first see that the servants are told I am not at home to anybody but the Ambassador from the United States. If anybody on whom he ought to have called first comes in and meets him here, we are likely to have another World War, I suppose. . . . Do find my glasses for me, there's a good child. I am afraid I have lost them again."

II

THERE was a flower-filled sun room at one end of the American Embassy, and when there was a great official ball it was usually occupied by young people as a refuge from the crowd. Isabel and Trevor McIlvaine counted themselves lucky when they found it empty.

"Well, your Ambassador gives good parties, anyway," she said. "I've never enjoyed an official ball in my life before. I think it must be that Negro band."

"I suppose it is," said Trevor. "His Excellency insisted on having them—brought 'em all the way from Paris at vast expense—and for once His Excellency appears to

(Continued on Page 170)

THE LIMESTONE TREE

"He Saw Bland Shoot at Him From the Drawing-Room Door. Behind His Back"

THE STAINLESS HEART

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

NANCY SASH, seated with her father on the portico at Calydon—the impressive portico added to the house by Elisha Abel—gravely considered what he had just told her about the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore. It was, it appeared to Nancy, very confusing. For example, the Democrats and the Liberal Republicans had the same candidate, Mr. Greeley; the Straight-out Democrats, she had learned, wanted a Mr. O'Conor to be President of the United States; the Union Republicans would hear of no one but General Grant. Politics, Nancy thought, were rather absurd; mostly unnecessary; in spite of all the conventions and efforts to the contrary, General Grant would be reëlected. The North would see to that. They couldn't, in the South, expect anything else. Not with the way the war had turned out. The war! Nancy sighed. It had ended seven years ago, and yet its tragic intensity, its dark drama, were as vivid in her mind as though Shiloh had just been fought.

Little, for Nancy, had occurred since the day, in 1864, when her brother Wickliffe was carried home from the Battle of Cynthiana. Before that, Belvard, her elder brother, had been brought back to Calydon for burial. James' body had never been recovered from the field of Chickamauga. She watched with still eyes the July dusk filling the meadows that reached down to the Paris turnpike. Her three brothers and Murril and Ambrose New and Callam Hazel and John. All her young world, virtually, slain, ended, by the war. Only Mason Hazel remained with her in a new and largely blank existence. Fireflies rose through the blue grass. Her father—from an older generation, a farther time still—was different; he had never been a familiar part of her life. Nancy had always faintly dreaded him. She glanced at him, and, as usual, his lips were pressed into a mocking and doubtful line. Gabriel Sash sat stiffly erect, the arm, useless from a saber wound, hanging straight down at his side, his hazel-brown eyes intolerant and clear. He seemed gaunt and lonely.

Nancy's thoughts left her father and dwelt upon her mother, now dead five years. She was a little afraid of Gabriel Sash, but indifferent to her mother. Liddy Sash had been at the same time too sentimental and too sharp. None of her children—except it might have been Wickliffe—owned more than a conventional regard for her. For example, she had been ridiculous about the war and the South—from the day Gabriel Sash entered the Union Army until her death she scarcely addressed a word to him. She had refused to remain in Kentucky while it was opposed to the Confederacy.

"How old are you, Nancy?" her father demanded with a sudden and disconcerting brutality.

"Why," she replied, confused, "I must be—yes, I am thirty, anyhow. Isn't that dreadful?"

"Nonsense," he said; "it's more than that. You were two years older than Wickliffe. He was born in 1840. You must be thirty-four years old. . . . Are you going to marry Mason Hazel?" he persisted.

A hot color burned in Nancy's cheeks. An angry resentment at her father's lack of delicacy came to her support. "Only Mason ought to ask that," she replied. "It concerns him exclusively." She was, after that, struck silent by her daring.

"I am not curious," Gabriel Sash explained. "I think you will admit curiosity is not one of my many faults. Your existence here, it seems to me, is very bad for you. It's unnatural. You are growing older all the time and doing nothing to make your life satisfactory. There isn't a thing, actually, for you to do at Calydon; Linda Abel manages her house very well; there are plenty of servants. I like to have you near me, but I can, after all, take care of myself. It bothers me to see you sitting on the portico or in the drawing-room, day after day. Year after year. Everyone agrees you are charming to look at; your disposition is splendid; you could be an admirable mother. I hate to see so much wasted."

"Father," Nancy answered, in a voice at once placid and acute with pain, "I was thinking about that before you spoke. But in my own way. My mind was filled with Belvard and Wickliffe and James. I was remembering how Callam Hazel's voice sounded and what Ambrose New looked like. I want to keep them all before me as bright and clear as possible. I don't want to forget or lose the littlest thing about them. Don't you see, father, I was happy with them; they were everything to me; then the war took one away after the other."

"It didn't take Mason Hazel away," Gabriel pointed out. "He has been in love with you—I believe that is the phrase—for years. Damn it," he cried, breaking into the even manner of his speech, "I don't want you to turn into a wretched old virgin under my eyes! It amounts to that. The Sashes have always been positive people; they were good or they were bad—one or the other—with all their hearts."

Nancy said, "I love Mason, and I could never love him, if that is plain. Perhaps it is because he had to stay home from the war and take care of Greenland and his mother. All the rest, you see, went and were killed. Somehow Mason seems different from them. I think of him differently. I suppose you will say I am just a romantic woman."

"Not romantic," he replied; "immeasurably unjust. Twenty deaths would have been easier than the responsibility Mason supported. Boys, remember, are quite as romantic as girls. Mason was braver, making crops, than any of his brothers who were killed in action. He ought to have the reward—if he thinks it's a reward—of your love."

Nancy Sash said again, stubbornly, that she could never marry Mason Hazel. "I can't explain it better than I have. I don't believe I want to marry anyone. Father, if I like to sit on the portico or in the drawing-room, the way you said—if that is what I wish to do with my life—why can't I do it? Why is it wrong? Do I have to like things? The past was so terribly happy that what happens now is nothing in comparison. Nothing! I would rather be quietly by myself, remembering, than go to any party in the world."

Gabriel Sash studied her acutely. "I don't quite believe you," he finally asserted. "You are not telling me all the truth. You can't be so totally different from your blood. I hope I am right. I don't much care if you are good or bad; it doesn't matter if you are keeping something absolutely disreputable from me—that would be better, at worst, than to see you come gradually to nothing, like my sister Nancy."

"I am afraid there is no horrible secret," she replied; "I must admit, father, that I am rather good. That is, I do my duty here at Calydon and go to church and tell you all of the truth. I admire Mason as much as you do, but love is different. You don't, if you are a woman, love a man for his good qualities. Or, rather, you love him for what he really is and not for what he seems to be. For example, you might believe a man was unutterably bad, when I would see something in him hidden from you, and love him for it. That is a part of love. There is a great deal more. I understand about it, but I couldn't put it into words. You would laugh at me."

Gabriel Sash admitted that he had never been greatly impressed by the beauty or solemnity of love. "It is very well thought of," he admitted; "a great many people allow their lives to be influenced, even ruined, by it. That would be impossible for me. I married; I had children and did what I could for them—it was all very much like Mason Hazel at Greenland. I performed a dull and inevitable duty.

"The trouble with people, Nancy, is that," he proceeded, "they expect too much. When they ought to get married they are searching for love. Girls are addressed by men—and very good men, too—but they expect angels. Angels very much like Jeb Stuart with a yellow silk sash and a rosebud in his jacket. Almost everyone—I can't imagine why—thinks it is his or her right to be happy. They think happiness ought to come up and kiss them on both cheeks. If you are occupied, if you forget that you are alive, then you are happy. I want you to be occupied, Nancy. It is better to be visibly active, to be busy about a hundred unimportant realities, than to live in your mind. You are—I will repeat it—a Sash. A violent and passionate and faithful family. I am always afraid of it; I am afraid of myself; I am afraid of you."

Linda Abel, in pale blue muslin and the Abel pearls, came out upon the portico. She was, Nancy knew, very fond of Gabriel Sash; Linda sat with a hand on his shoulder.

"I am bothered about Elisha," she told Gabriel; "he is impossible. You are all impossible. Kentucky is impossible. I could—and very easily—wish to be back in Nashville. Kentucky stayed in the Union, it fought for the North, but if you say anything about that now your life is in danger. Elisha was insulted in Lexington again today, by a total stranger, on the street. He called Elisha a black Republican and a nigger lover. Simply because he was in the Federal Army. I think it is natural for him to support Grant. You'd think Kentucky would support Grant. Not at all. It is worse here than South Carolina was before the war. Gabriel, a number of people have threatened to kill Elisha. The tobacco barn was set on fire. He won't be a Democrat. What am I to do about it?"

"Nothing," Gabriel Sash replied; "threats are always more unpleasant than dangerous; it isn't necessary for him to change his party. Elisha's politics, his opinions, won't matter to Kentucky. Not in his lifetime. Even if the radicals have become respectable Republicans. The state has given up its sinful ways and returned to Democracy."

Linda was interested in what Gabriel said; Nancy Sash was only fatigued by it. More vain politics. General Grant would be elected. Her father, with his questions about her age and stupid remarks on love, had only succeeded in annoying her.

It seemed to Nancy that his unsparing gaze pierced into her brain and to the dark recesses of her heart. She almost hated him. The dusk had given place to an evening already luminous with moonlight. The white fences of the pastures were visible; she could see the pale hard glitter of the Paris pike.

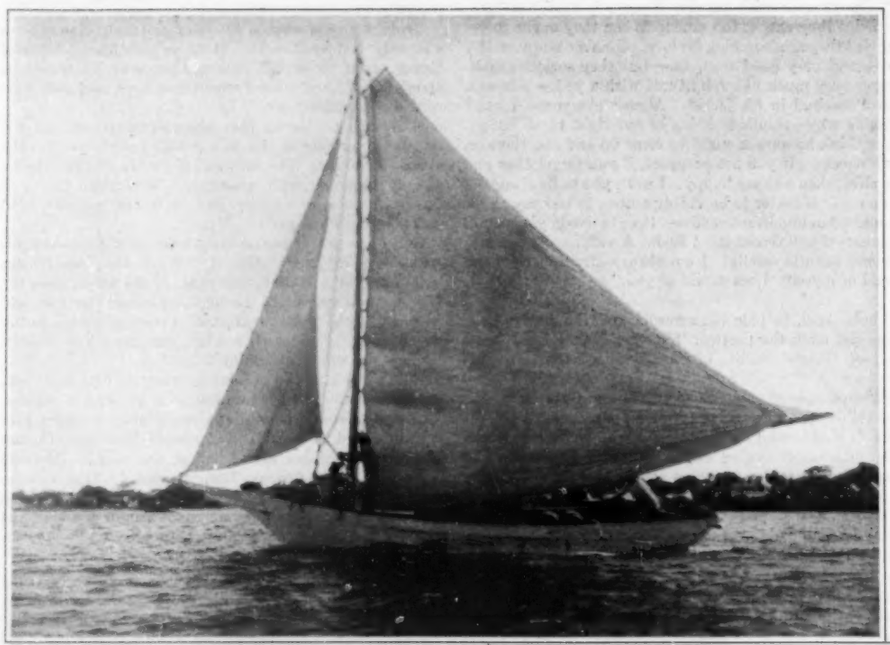
Gabriel Sash's dogmatic voice broke again into the private region of her thoughts: "When the Republicans nominated John Harlan, last year, Elisha was certain the Democrats were beaten. Leslie Coombs and Robinson and Richard Jacob supported Harlan. I warned them it would do no good. Even with a weak candidate like Preston Leslie, the Democrats couldn't lose."

Nancy Sash turned resolutely away to the past; she again filled the lawn before her with young lost figures. Vanished shapes. Once more she played a game with Wickliffe and Belvard and Ambrose New and Callam Hazel, and Ambrose kissed her on the mouth. She had pretended to be furious, Nancy recalled; that was inevitable; underneath her assumed anger she had been unexpectedly stirred. She had hoped Ambrose would kiss her again. Well, he never did. He was killed in the war.

(Continued on Page 104)

Holding a Lighted Candle, She Soundlessly Opened the Door

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF PROHIBITION—By David Lawrence



Enforcement and Public Sentiment

THROUGH all the history of prohibition, with its many contradictory episodes and perplexing epochs, three things stand out as indisputable: First, no prohibitory law was ever devised, either in county or state or by the Federal Government, that satisfied everybody.

Second, enforcement of no law has ever succeeded in an area or community where a preponderantly adverse public sentiment prevailed.

Third, no reliable data have ever been collected giving an exact parallel showing the effects of present-day prohibition on social conditions in one period and the corresponding benefits in the same communities in an era of unrestricted drinking of alcoholic beverages.

Thirty-five years ago, the famous Committee of Fifty said virtually all the above, and before this year is out the National Commission on Law Observance, headed by George W. Wickersham, will find itself compelled to say the same thing. Nevertheless, the most comprehensive survey ever undertaken in a hundred years is that which Mr. Wickersham and his aides have begun. They have at their disposal more sources of information than at any other time in American history, and they can determine the difficulties of prohibition with precision—but they, too, will be unable to find a solution for those who want the privileges of alcoholic consumption as individuals without the obligations of protecting the social life of a community.

Many Plans, But None Perfect

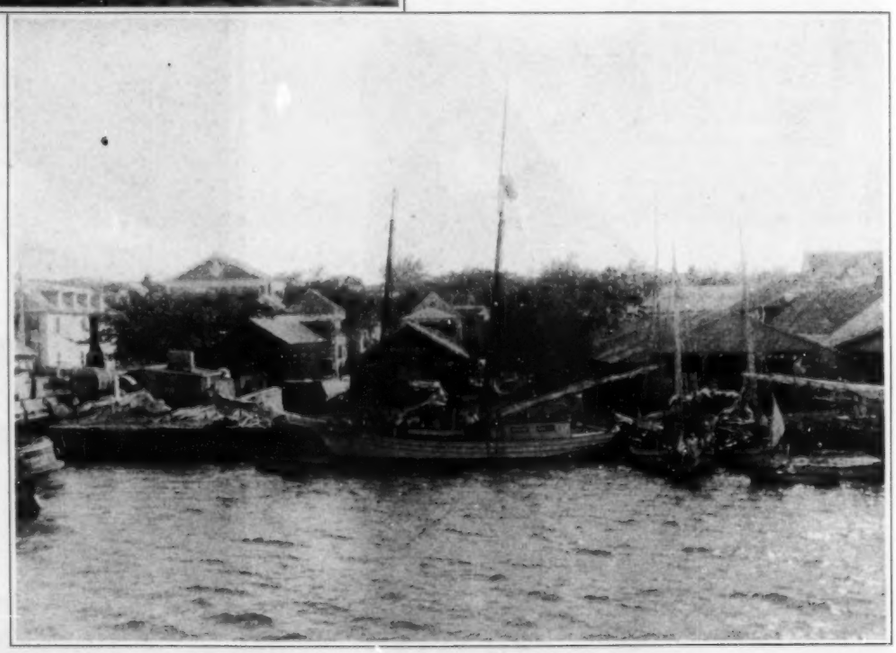
WHEN the National Commission makes its report, it will have learned what the hearings in Congress revealed and what the testimony of conscientious witnesses on both sides indicates—namely, that there is a strong protest against existing conditions and that there is just as much a sentiment against the return of the saloon as there ever was, but that nobody has yet brought forward a constructive alternative on which either the wets or the drys can agree. In other words, granted that the Eighteenth Amendment was clumsily worded and inserted into the Constitution as a piece of legislation which could just as well have been a broad grant of power to Congress, there still remains the question of what is to be substituted if the Eighteenth Amendment is ever repealed. Though there are still a few people who cling to the idea that a simple modification by Congress of the Volstead Act is enough to make the Eighteenth Amendment a dead letter, or that an even simpler process of nullification may be brought about some day, this is not the position taken by most thoughtful leaders among the wets nowadays, who see clearly the importance of a clear-cut issue on the repeal or the retention of the Eighteenth Amendment or a substitute amendment.

The question then turns upon the solution. Shall it be a system of government control somewhat as prevails in some of the provinces of Canada? Shall it be a method of distribution whereby no liquor is dispensed on the premises, but the beverages are sold at retail for home consumption? Shall it be a system of licensing whereby limited amounts are sold to individuals? No matter what is proposed, a careful search of prohibitory legislation in the past hundred years shows that nearly everything has been tried and been found wanting. This does not mean that under different conditions some of the old solutions might not be made to work more effectively than present-day prohibition—all this is in the realm of conjecture—but the disinterested student of the history of prohibition will find an abundance of evidence which leads back all the way to the single point—namely, that tastes differ, appetites are various, and thirsts are difficult to standardize.

An Idea as Old as Ancient Greece

ENFORCEMENT is not a recent dilemma. The idea that a minority shall be made to obey the will of the majority is as old as ancient Greece. And the effort to make any minority subdue its drinking passion and obey laws restricting its privileges in this direction is more than a hundred years old in America. When enforcement and public sentiment clash, there is a characteristic result which is not often called by the harsh term of rebellion.

The National Commission has other laws to survey besides that of prohibition, and other factors in America's social development, such as the increase of crime and congestion in the courts. But the problem of prohibition enforcement has been the most difficult of all on which to get facts worthy of judicial review.



A Part of the Waterfront at Nassau as it Looked Several Years Ago

The principal handicap is the absence of reliable statistics on what has been the consumption of alcoholic beverages in the United States since the national prohibition law went into effect, and what it was prior to 1919. The amount of liquor manufactured by illicit distilling, the large quantities that have come in by boat along the vast coast line of the United States or across the lengthy international boundaries on the north and south are incalculable. This much is known—that Canada kept a record of her exports of alcoholic beverages, and that this export trade has materially increased in the past ten years. Also, the exports to relatively unimportant ports and islands in the Western Hemisphere to which clearances of vessels were granted also showed a phenomenal increase. Likewise, the

Raiding a Giant Distillery on an Abandoned Farm

manufacture of alcohol for industrial uses has gone into big figures and chemists have experimented successfully with the renaturing of denatured alcohol.

There are investigators who insist that prior to 1919, under conditions of supposedly statewide prohibition, the per capita consumption of alcohol in the United States was increasing to a startling extent. Crime statistics of a sort are available through the Bureau of the Census, but, when all is said and done, even the National Commission will have to admit that, statistically speaking, the subject of prohibition is far from the stage of accuracy which will permit deductions or inferences that will not immediately be challenged with a certain degree of plausibility by the side in the controversy adversely affected.

Assuming that the Federal forces alone engaged in prohibition enforcement are consulted, it is found that there are four separate and distinct units operating under different methods and dealing with different phases of the same problem. First, there are the prohibition agents who have been grouped in the Treasury Department in what is known as the Prohibition Unit. Then there is the Customs Service guarding the borders. This service looks for other forms of smuggling besides liquor. The Immigration Service has its job of detecting irregular entry of aliens who may be engaged in the liquor traffic. And, finally, there is the Coast Guard, which patrols the coast line, helps in rescue work, and, until a few years ago, was incidentally concerned with the liquor traffic. In all, there are 23,000 people in these four services, and they are supposed to watch over 18,000 miles of boundary and the habits and activities of 120,000,000 people. Theoretically, of course, the state constabularies and the city police are obligated to help enforce prohibition, but even in the states which previously had had dry laws the tendency has been, in recent years, to pass the buck to the Federal Government and lean heavily on the Washington authorities to do the whole job.

Testimony From Many Sources

IN THE early years following the adoption of national prohibition all sorts of political influence were used in selecting the prohibition agents, and there was a large turnover of personnel, numerous scandals and much inefficiency. Gradually there has been an improvement in the personnel, and even as these lines are written, Congress is arranging for the consolidation of bureaus and the standardizing of methods that will aid enforcement.

In executive session, from the lips of government officials as well as those not now in the service, the National Commission has heard the story of prohibition enforcement from those who know it best. About all that can be promised is an improvement; no perfect system of enforcement has, as yet, been invented. The evidence before the Commission shows that conscientious efforts have been made to enforce the law and that at no time in American history were so many people of the so-called better classes in open rebellion against the law as today. Yet because administrative reforms have not been insisted on in the past and improved methods have not been tried, the Commission is not ready to say that the prohibition law is unenforceable or that no way can be devised to make the people cease violating a law which they themselves, through their legislative machinery, placed on the statute books, and which, at any time, through this same machinery, can be repealed.

All the medical advice on the subject of the effects of alcohol on the human system has yielded thousands of essays, much controversy, and again, before the National Commission, much testimony, but there still is debate as to the deleterious effects of alcohol on the human system. The answer turns now, as before, on the question of how much and what kind.

Every member of the National Commission serves without salary. In the year that the Commission has been working it has had plenty of trouble getting a personnel together. It has organized its own field force to check and corroborate information given by officials of state and Federal governments. These field investigators have gone all over the Atlantic Seaboard and visited cities like Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, as well as the rural districts. Captains of industry and labor leaders have coöperated in furnishing data, but the testimony has been so conflicting that it has been necessary to organize many of the social workers throughout the country into groups making regular reports on the sociological effects of drinking among the working classes. The physicians and heads of hospitals have contributed much information of value on the poisonous effects of certain impure brands of alcohol which find their way to the poor people.

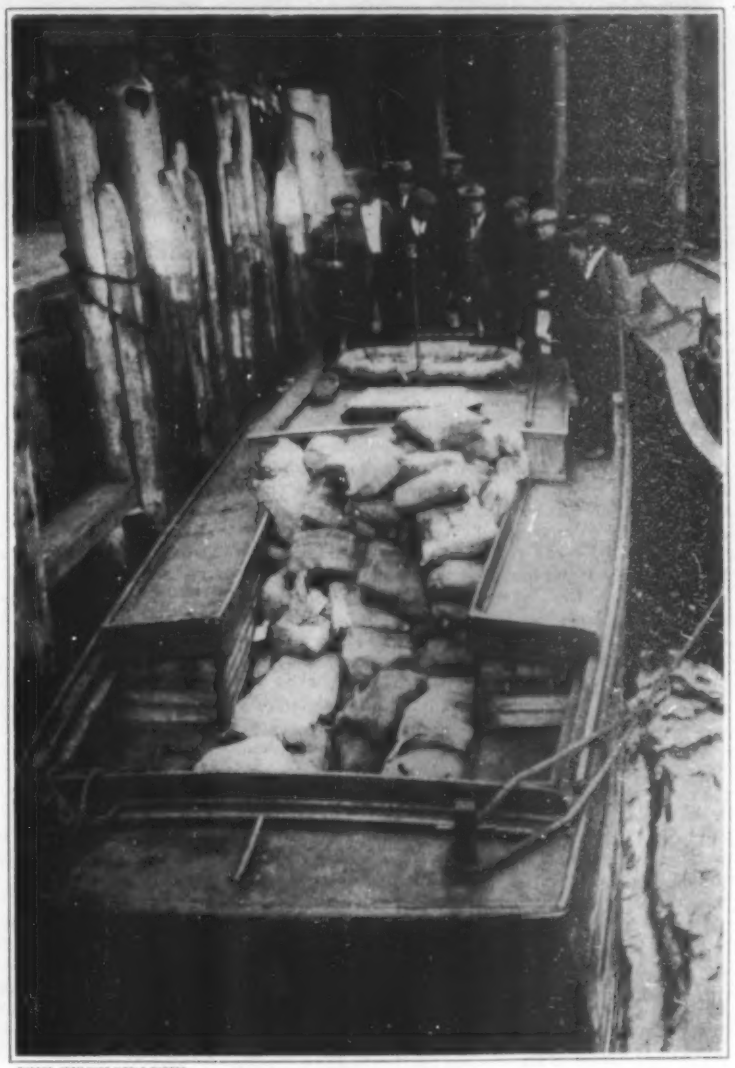
One of the most tragic phases of prohibition has been the distribution of poisonous liquor, which has been bought by many people who are unable to afford the better quality. Knowledge has been sought as to how the Canadian system works, but there have been so many changes even in this, that the Commission can hardly say it knows any more about Canada than do the people to the north of us, who have changed their laws periodically. Even the Swedish system reveals plenty of evils and violations of law the moment there is an interference with the distribution of quality beverages. The United States attorneys have coöperated and all official records have been made available to the Commission. Many interesting ideas have been evolved as to how to make enforcement more practical and more efficient, but there is still no way to tell how much contraband liquor is being consumed, so that a comparison may be made with a similar period. The probabilities are that the Wickersham Commission's report will command nationwide attention because of its thoroughness, and that it will lead to a movement for continuing the study of the effects of prohibition which will be supported by the wets on the theory that accurate data will ultimately lead to the revision of existing laws and by the drys because of a conviction that the same data will eventually prove the wisdom of the experiment America has tried.

Prohibition's Utopia

SOME sort of continuing supervision of all the various government agencies engaged in the enforcement of the prohibition law may be necessary in order to learn whether enforcement is a question of degree only, or whether some alternative may some day be found which will, on the one hand, eliminate the saloon and, at the same time, assure an orderly distribution of alcohol.

The history of prohibition shows that a Utopia of this kind has always been dreamed of, but never realized. Speak-easies existed, for example, long before present-day prohibition. The most enlightening report on prohibition is that made by the Committee of Fifty, to which reference has been made in the preceding two articles of this series. It was respectfully received because Charles W. Eliot, former president of Harvard, and Seth Low, former mayor of New York, gave it the authority and the prestige of their names, as did nearly half a hundred other citizens prominent in the 90's.

(Continued on Page 52)



PHOTOS, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

Customs Men With Seized Rum

GUNMAN

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"Oh, Don't Stop Me!" He Snapped as Antonio Made to Answer Him. "I Want You to Get a Load of This"

IV

PROBABLY no seed is so prolific as a man's first trickery. The hothouse in which deception breeds is of magic glass and the plant itself grows like fungus. So the gangster is inevitably and inextricably drawn into the web of his own depredations.

This, of course, proved true with the murder of the two foreign gunmen. Just as Antonio Scarvak had lieutenants in his own bailiwick, so had gang leaders in other cities. One of the mainstays of a leader's power is his willingness and his ability to protect and avenge his cohorts.

It followed that the death of the two connivers at the hands of Lefty Pino brought about a silent declaration of war between Antonio and their leader. This inevitable situation impressed itself more poignantly upon Angelo Castagara than it did upon Antonio. The latter accepted it as a natural development. And now that he had dug himself in, so to speak, at Betzer Hill, he took a weird sort of delight in the impending opportunity to test the efficacy of his implements.

"It is ever the way of a man," Castagara warned him, "to test his own strength. It is a human trait, Tony. No man with power lets it lie idle. The mere fact that he has it isn't enough. He must use it. And sooner or later he does. That's what you've got to guard against. If you work on the principle that plenty of guns ready to fight usually prevent a fight, there is something to be said for your theory. But few men are big enough to stick to that."

"I ain't spoilin' for trouble," Antonio insisted. "I'm just ready for it. It's got to come, too."

"I know," Angelo agreed placatingly. "But the Kaiser felt the same way about it, kid. No matter what kind of a machine a man may have, it is human instinct to want to work it. I warn you of this: So long as you use your machine only to keep your own mob in line, it will be a helpful machine. Just as soon as you turn it loose, the back fire will destroy you."

"Angie," Scarvak said didactically, "you're a great lawyer, but you ain't a smart leader. If you're afraid of what my machine will do to me, I'm just as much afraid of what yours will do to you. In order to make money, I build up an organization of gunmen and equip them with high-powered cars, machine guns, and plenty ammunition. So much for me. On your side, you build up an array of legal technicalities, word tricks and mental nonsense that's just as apt to swing around and knock you for a loop. In its place, my machine is absolutely necessary. And if I didn't know how to run it, I wouldn't have been able to build it. In its place, your machine is all O. K. too. But yours is an old machine, Angie. It has been built for you. It began in this country when our great-great-grandfathers were picking olives in Sicily!

"In order to keep guys in your racket busy, millions of laws were made. I ain't no philosopher. I'm just a rum runner. But mine is a new business compared to yours. And it's a better one, easier to understand and sort of handmade. It ain't a damn bit more dishonest either, and it pays a lot more money, 'cause there ain't quite so many bootleggers as there are lawyers. Not quite."

He paused for a moment, and Angelo regarded him with newborn interest. After ordering his thoughts, Antonio, a very earnest light in his eyes, continued:

"We got to get straight on this, Angelo. Bringin' it right down to brass tacks, we stack up about like this: You ain't worth anythin' to us until we get into trouble. If we never got into trouble, you wouldn't be collectin' two hundred thousand a year from me alone, would you?"

"I don't suppose I would," Castagara admitted. "But if I didn't get you out of trouble, you wouldn't last six weeks outside prison."

"Now, keep your shirt on," Antonio suggested. "I'm not tryin' to make an argument, Angie. I'm just tryin' to point out some facts. Even if I don't convince you I'm right, I'll at least show you what I'm thinkin'."

He paused again and his black eyes glared steadily into Angelo's. "After all," he muttered suggestively, "what I'm thinkin' is important. It's my angle that counts."

"Why, certainly," the lawyer admitted nervously. "I'm not trying to cross you up, Tony. You're making an awful good thing of this racket and I want to see you continue. But realize this: It's my brains you're paying me for. If I don't tell you what I think, I'm robbing you."

"Sure thing." Antonio nodded implacably. "I understand all that, but for the next few minutes, Angelo, I'm goin' to do the talkin'. We'll go back where we was: So long as my machine works right, you can't do anythin' to help it. Therefore, in the race of importance you can't run no better than second. My machine goes under the wire before yours does. For that reason I got to be the boss, and for that reason I'm going to be the boss. Am I right so far, Angelo?"

"Right." Castagara nodded. He was watching Scarvak narrowly and his trained mind told him that he was treading upon dangerous ground. He knew Antonio for a merciless renegade. Recognized in him an entirely new and utterly malignant growth on the body politic.

Antonio Scarvak, he saw, was representative of a new order of caveman. In so far as sentiment was concerned, death to Antonio was no more impressive than marriage or birth. He made of it not an implement of warfare but an instrumentality of commerce. And therein he epitomized in the shrewd calculations of the lawyer a new and sinister element in the life of a self-governed people. With a man who dealt with death as casually as Antonio Scarvak, Castagara wanted no argument.

"I don't know what got you started along this line, Tony," he laughed. "So long as I take your money I feel it my duty to protect your interests. If you boil it right down to brass tacks, as you say, all I really need to do is take care of your legal interests, and I'm handling my job." He paused briefly, then added slowly, "But you see, kid, you're my pal. I've grown to like you like I would a brother, so my interest in you is more than just legal."

"Nuts!" Antonio sneered. "Toss 'em to the squirrels. The only thing that'll ever lick us is gettin' sentimental, so lay off that hokum. From now on, Angelo, you forget all about who I'm goin' to kill, or why, and do all your thinkin' about keepin' our fences fixed. I admit you're pretty slick on that stuff, and on seein' the angles we got to have. For that you're bein' awful well paid. Stick to it."

"Just as you say," Castagara nodded. "I hope you didn't get the wrong slant. All I want to do is help you."

"I never get nobody wrong," Scarvak rapped steadily. "Keep that in mind, Angelo. At that, there ain't much difference in what we think. All you want to do is help me, and all I want you to do is wait until I need help. When I need it, I'll ask for it. How's them for onions?"

"They're dessert to me," Castagara answered with a forced laugh. "I'm glad to discover you're as smart as you are, Tony. You think a lot and you seem to know just where you stand."

"I do," Scarvak answered simply.

"From what you've just said," the lawyer suggested uncertainly, "a stranger might get the idea I was trying to force you out so I can take your place. You certainly don't think anything like that, do you?"

"Not now, I don't," Scarvak grunted. "Livin' on two hundred thousand a year is better than dyin' on two hundred million, Angelo."

The lawyer paled a little bit, but he forced a high laugh across his lips and slapped Antonio on the shoulder in exaggerated friendliness.

"Don't be foolish, pal," he said. "There ain't a man in the world who could run this racket like you do. If anybody else was to try, even, I'd turn honest before I'd play with him!"

"Yeah?" Antonio grunted. "That's fine, Angelo. Now we understand each other."

For just an instant their eyes met, and it was Castagara's that wavered.

"Always remember," Antonio summarized quietly, "your work is in the courts. As for the rest of it, leave that part to me."

"That goes a hundred per cent with me," the lawyer agreed fulsomely.

"And keep your wits sharp about it, too," Antonio grinned. "You ain't goin' to have time for as much golf as you did last year. We're goin' to be in the courts plenty. Them two guys Lefty bumped wasn't workin' alone. I know who sent 'em; it was Red Karfola. He controls his own city, and now, in order to keep goin', he's got to add territory enough to keep his gang in clover. He's sucker enough to think, Angelo, that he can grab our town."

"Red Karfola?" Castagara asked. He ran his fingers nervously through his hair, and his tongue repeatedly darted over his lips. "Red Karfola?" he repeated.

Antonio grinned. "Nobody else," he retorted. "That's why I built the house on the hill. That's why I got plenty guns. That's why I'm payin' Lefty Pino and a dozen others like him."

Castagara, shrewd as he was, was at a loss for words.

"I'm tellin' you all this, Angelo," Scarvak went on, "for two reasons. The first is that I want you prepared for anything that happens in the line of arrests. You got to be ready to spring our mob as fast as they get in. . . . What's the matter, Angelo? You look white around the gills."

"I ain't—white," the lawyer denied. "I was just thinking. The way you talk, Tony, you and Red Karfola might be a couple of generals going to war!"

"That's just what we are," Scarvak growled. "My big ace is that Red has got to come to me. The fightin' will take place in my territory. If Red gets me, he'll run this town, and this town is worth makin' a try for. But you can paste this in your bonnet," he added savagely, "if I get Red, I'll run his town as well as this one."

"But the law, man!" Castagara exploded. "After all, there is law to be considered. You can't wage open warfare in the streets."

"Sure, there's law," Antonio sneered. "In fact, Angelo, there's a million laws—so many of 'em that everybody does about as he pleases. If there was only one, we couldn't beat it. . . . Now you be a good boy and see that the newspapers are tipped off to a new police theory. Work it any way you please, but see to it that the papers get the story. It's outside killers comin' in, see? We can use cops on the level. The more they do to keep Karfola out, the less chance there is of that open warfare that seems to scare you so much."

Following that conversation, the entire organization altered in Castagara's evaluations. In the quiet of his office he weighed the facts and came unalterably to the age-old conviction that a man defeats himself when first he practices deceit. Antonio Scarvak was immersed in his own depredations. By no conceivable scheme could he withdraw from that which he had wrought. No. The man must go on; the slightest swerving on his part would unleash about him a million suspicions and a thousand hatreds. His one hope of existence was the mailed fist and the flying machine-gun bullet.

And the lawyer quickly sensed that he himself was in a position comparable to that of the gang leader. The secrecy of his own trickeries was dependent upon confederates who, at the slightest warning, would fight to save their own hides and leave him exposed both to the forces of law and the more insidious power of gang retribution.

(Continued on Page 157)

Vagrants, Accustomed to Being Arrested for the Sake of a Night's Sleep, Found Themselves Suddenly Elevated to Importance in the Estimate of the Police

MIRTHFUL HAVEN

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"Sat Next You in the Bus From New Yarmouth, I Did, and You Certain'y Fooled Me! Never Let on a Mite! Bet You Laughed Afterwards, Didn't You?"

XXI

THERE was in Mirthful Haven at this time, however, a lady for whom merriment seemed never in any danger of perishing—Mrs. Warbeck. From a window of her motor car she had been a spectator of the blue cabriolet's misadventure, and, returning home, she gave an account of it that became incoherent with laughter. Her husband warned her against publicly taking so cheerful a view of a neighbor's distress.

"You'd better be careful," Warbeck said. "George Corning's fond of declaring that we're all 'just one big happy family', and I suppose a big family might still be called 'happy' with some of its members barely speaking to one another; but I'd prefer not to strain our relations with the Gordons and Cornings myself. Mrs. Gordon hasn't George's mental capacity, but she's altogether his sister in temperament; they're both amiable, but nervously excitable and sensitive, and they won't regard this canine episode as in the slightest degree humorous. At the beach tomorrow, I think you'd better constrain your natural disposition with an iron will and appear sympathetic,"

Mrs. Warbeck wiped her eyes and promised to be tactful, but had no imminent occasion to exercise this restraint upon herself, for the shock to Mrs. Gordon's nerves had been so severe that for several days she remained indoors. When she did again make her appearance upon the beach, it was with the air of a distinguished survivor. Still made indignant by her discovery that a supposedly orderly universe could put upon her a grossly disorderly experience, she suffered not more from the shock to her nerves than from that inflicted upon her unconsciously acquired convictions—omnipotence seemed to be capable of a disturbing fallibility.

Her frequently repeated account of the affair between Prince and the Sealyham was sincere and vivid, though naturally both emotional and partisan; the Sealyham had only defended his mistress against an enemy who had once nearly had his life, and the champion was still under the care of a veterinary surgeon. The chauffeur's hand was still bandaged; his cap could be shown to anybody who doubted the ferocity of the attack, and the blue cabriolet was in the paint shop. Mrs. Gordon smiled wanly as she described how it felt to be borne down upon by the two simultaneous Juggernauts, a motorbus and a baggage truck, and at the same time attacked by a vicious beast without a collar.

"Just the sight of a dog without a collar has always made me nervous," she added. "Collarless dogs are always dangerous; I brought the children up never, never to go near one. And then to be attacked by one myself ——" She paused eloquently, leaving this experience to the imaginations of the listeners; then, with a reproachful glance at her brother, shook her head and concluded: "Of course the thing that I simply can't understand is that nothing whatever has been done about it or appears to have any prospect of being done."

Corning sighed, and spoke apologetically. "I'm sorry, but I really don't believe we need go into that again, Virgie; especially as your chauffeur isn't sure which of 'em it was that hurt his hand."

"But I'm sure, haven't I told you? Is my testimony supposed to be entirely worthless? Didn't your own chauffeur tell you that the dog is dangerous and that every chauffeur at the Point has almost had an accident because of him? And when he attacks your own sister ——"

"My dear Virgie! You needn't think I don't give it weight; but a prosecution's simply out of the question and a lawsuit against a native before a native jury—well, I don't see it! Besides, we've certainly had enough trouble with that fellow, Pelter, and all we ever get out of it is just more and more irritation for ourselves."

"That's because you've gone on tolerating him and letting him do whatever he wants to, year after year, until now he thinks he can do any outrageous thing he pleases! You may think it's a fine thing to show the patience of Job, but when his dog attacks your own sister ——" Mrs. Gordon continued to amplify the theme while Corning sat, indeed patient, in his beach chair, and, although his sister's voice became somewhat shrill, forbore to interrupt her. A sister-in-law, however, is not always so indulgent as is a brother, and Mrs. Corning came to his rescue.

"Virgie, for heaven's sake let my poor husband have his summer in peace and don't try to egg him into a controversy with a native! Hasn't he had enough trouble with that terrible old Pelter as it is? For mercy's sake let him alone and forget it." Here Mrs. Corning withdrew her brusque gaze from the incensed but temporarily silenced Mrs. Gordon, turned to Mrs. Vandenbrock and began to chatter in a lowered voice. "How in the world do you keep peace between your children, Mrs. Vandenbrock? They always seem so polite to one another—your young people. We have the most violent feuds in our house, and I never know how to settle them. My Agatha, you see, is in the younger young set—worlds apart from Gordie and Wallace and the Gordon girls and their friends. Wallace and Agatha are always at daggers drawn; they're really funny. Wallace seems to think that it's perfectly outrageous for Agatha and her friends to do the things that he and the other older young people do, and that makes Agatha absolutely wild. You see ——"

"I'm sure it's nothing to what goes on in our house," Mrs. Vandenbrock said, pleased to continue the general theme with a reversion to the special subject of her own children. "Of course, mine are younger, still in the preadolescent stage, but they make things lively sometimes, I can tell you! Only yesterday the most dreadful row

broke out between Patsy and Tommy, just at bedtime. You see, Patsy's a very nervous, high-strung ——"

"High-strung!" Mrs. Corning echoed, eagerly taking up the word. "That's exactly the expression I was trying to think of to describe Agatha! She's such a tense, passionate little thing that sometimes I just don't know what to do about her—especially when she gets into one of her quarrels with Wallace. I'm always so afraid their father may hear them; it would upset him dreadfully, of course." Mrs. Corning changed the subject, but went on hastily, to prevent Mrs. Vandenbrock from talking any more about Patsy and Tommy: "I hear we've got to do something about the Casino—it seems the young people all insist on running over to New Yarmouth to a speak-easy before they come to the Casino dances, and it makes the dances terribly late. I do hope my poor husband won't get stirred up about it, and I haven't even spoken of it with him—he's terribly strict in such matters."

At the other side of her, Mrs. Gordon was beginning a fresh narration of her troubles for the benefit of Mrs. Warbeck, who had just arrived, and the latter's expression was incentive to so much uneasiness on the part of Warbeck that he decided to put himself at a distance. His new friend, Mrs. Arden, consented to accompany him for a stroll; they walked two-thirds of the way to the breakwater, ascended to the sand dunes at the upper edge of the beach and sat down congenially.

"One swallow doesn't make a summer," he remarked, "and a single dog fight oughtn't to make one, either; but I fear it's going to do that for poor Mrs. Gordon. She won't talk about anything else the rest of this summer, at least. Luckily the time is short and already one or two of the cottages are beginning to close, I've noticed, preparing for the Labor Day flight."

"Yes; the hotel dining-room tables begin to show vacancies. Dear me!" Mrs. Arden shivered. "What a desolate place this must be when the people all go!"

"Not for everybody!" Warbeck said, and laughed. "Spend an autumn in Mirthful Haven some time if you want to see a tribe emerging from bondage and becoming carefree. There aren't many of them, but the burden lifted from their shoulders is enormous. Upon our departure they begin to make festivals of rejoicing, church suppers and ——" He interrupted himself and peered through his nose-glasses as his attention was distracted by a hand-organ playing near the breakwater. "What's going on down there?"

"It's that set of young people—the Corning boys and their cousins and a few others, and the dainty little Miss Kerr who's visiting the Gordon girls and is engaged to Wallace Corning, I think I've heard—and, yes, there's that daughter of a hundred earls, Miss Shellpool. They've withdrawn themselves from the populous part of the beach and seem to be having a grand time capering in and out of the surf together. Interesting type, that girl; something piquant about her—piquing to my curiosity at least; I don't know just why."

"Perhaps it's the same thing that made you call our evening at Captain Embury's a strange one," Warbeck suggested. "Yes, she's interesting—a little more so, probably, because of Captain Embury's eulogy of her family tree. One of his most delightful misconceptions is on that subject—the importance of old family. The Captain ought to read Lord Burleigh's advice to his son that there's no use in setting up to be old family or of noble blood without enough property to back up the claim. Burleigh said a family's continued hold upon property was all that could give it family importance—a shrewd perception of an obscure fact. Judging from Miss Shellpool's appearance, however, I should say that her three hundred years of recorded ancestry had left her at least enough property to claim the precedence that the Captain accorded to her."

"Why, no," Mrs. Arden said. "I believe not. Someone told me—Mrs. Corning, I think—that Miss Shellpool isn't very well off, though extremely nice and well brought up. I got the impression there'd been a shrinkage in an estate that was to have been left to her, or something of the sort, and that she's lately very pluckily accepted a position as a companion or something to somebody who's had a nervous breakdown and owns a camp on one of the woodland lakes. She can only get away to join the young people here, now and then, I believe."

"That certainly doesn't seem to interfere with her gayety when she does get here," Warbeck observed. "I passed by the Gordons' tennis courts yesterday afternoon and she ——"

"Look!" Mrs. Arden cried. "They're all out of the water now and dancing to the hand-organ, the light-hearted young things! What a pretty sight!"

"Yes, it is," Warbeck agreed, half closing his eyes to see better. "Like figurines at this distance, little Tanagra figures undraped and brightly tinted. Now they've stopped."

"No, one of them hasn't; they're making her dance alone, and it's Miss Shellpool. Oh, how charming!"

Warbeck echoed the word, and for a time they sat without speaking, engaged with the distant spectacle—a semicircle of figurines applauding a green-and-ivory one that became rhythmically nimble for half a minute, then whirled like a top for a dozen seconds, suddenly lifted its arms in what appeared to the distant two spectators as a derisive gesture of hands kissed in farewell, and, turning, fled into the sea. With a protestive shouting faintly audible to Mrs. Arden and Warbeck, the semicircle broke up to plunge in pursuit; but the green cap, rising every moment upon the crest of a farther wave, was in no danger of being overtaken.

"Good gracious!" Mrs. Arden exclaimed. "She's going rather riskily far out, it seems to me. Does she think she can swim to Spain? No, she's turned, and anyhow she must be all right; the others are coming back to the beach and beginning to chase one another again."

"But I don't seem to see Miss Shellpool with them."

"No; she's still in the water. I can see her green cap—there it goes, but on the other side of the breakwater; evidently she's swimming into the harbor, probably to meet

(Continued on Page 75)

"By Orry!" Wye Exclaimed, Unexpectedly. "Puts Me a-Mind o' Them Little Animals I See in the Woods in Africy"

BOUT FACE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE trouble with Kayo Wilson as a fighter was that he was too fond of fighting. A guy which can't control his punching prolixities hadn't ought to be in the profession these days, because the game ain't what it used to be.

Time was when nothing mattered but flattening the other feller in the shortest possible time and to the most prone position. But it ain't that way any more. A bimbo has got to know when to shoot one flush to the button and when to make it look good, because if an opponent is good for three fights what's the use of knocking the daylights out of him the first time so that no promoter ain't going to offer a decent purse for another meeting?

I never felt that way about it before I met Kayo Wilson. I used to lay awake nights thinking what a graft it would be to handle a bird who could lick anybody in the world at his weight without half trying—one of these old romantic bloodeaters who would go sailing in at the bell and paralyze the other feller with one feint and a wallop.

That's how come I fell into his manager's trap. I should of known something was wrong when a clever bird like Mike Flanagan told me he needed a rest and was tired of handling a world's champion and would take fifty thousand smackers for his contract. I should of known that no fight manager ever got tired making money, no matter how much effort he put into it.

But I fell. All I could see was that Kayo Wilson was a grand middleweight with a pulverizing punch, and when I had finished borrowing my fifty grand and shelling it out to Mike, I figure there ain't nothing left but go out and grab off a half million or so of soft coin. I notify all the promoters that Kayo is open for bouts—at a price; and they tell me they know dog-gone good and well he is, but who is he going to fight?

Well, I get out a sheet of paper and a pencil and I begin to check things over. There ain't but four other crack middleweights and they are making fortunes by playing post office with each other every once in a while, but Kayo has already licked all four of them inside a total of nine rounds. So no matter how much following they got, there ain't any fans so crazy they think one of those tomatoes can whip my boy. Besides, them four fellers didn't want no more of Kayo's game. They was willing to let him have the championship while they worked hard gathering in all the loose coin in the world.

It was about that time that I seen Mike Flanagan had been foolish like a fox in selling me Kayo's contract. It was a swell contract—for Kayo. I had to support him in a manner to which I wasn't accustomed, and also I had to pay all training expenses, supply sparring partners, gymnasium, and so forth. And with the world full of scrappers, I couldn't find another man within ten pounds of his weight who stood enough chance against him to draw a five-thousand-dollar house.

You see, the good boys was scared of him, and the boxing commissions of the different states wouldn't stand for a world's champion flattening out a bunch of palookas. So, after worrying for a while, I commence to think.

First of all, I think about Kayo—and in fairness to him, I don't want you to get no wrong impression. He was ugly but dumb. He had a pan like the Western Front after a hard week-end: Flat nose, scarred forehead and a couple cauliflower ears. He was short and stocky and he had long, powerful arms which could half kill a man from six inches away. In the ring he was dynamite. Once that bell sounded, Kayo would go crazy. He would sail across and socko! The fight would be over—or nearly so. He didn't have a bit of tact.

Now me—I'm a business man, and I was plumb annoyed by the fifty thousand smackers I had shelled out for a contract which didn't look like nothing more than a liability. And being an honest man, I didn't want them fellers which had loaned me the money to come out with a total loss. I wasn't only willing to pay them back—I was anxious. I promised myself faithful that they was going to get theirs out of the third hundred thousand berries that I cleared—if any.

I call Kayo into conference. Out of the ring he's a shy violet who dresses like a sunflower.

"Kayo," I says, "we're up against it."

"What you mean: 'we'?"

"I mean me, of course. And I want to know what we're gonna do about it."

He gives a slow grin: "Tommy," he says, "you just get the fights an' I'll ruin the fighters."

"Now You Know Good an' Well, Tommy, a Feller Ain't Got No Right Socking Me on the Nose. I'm Sensitive There, I Am"

"Sure!" I answers. "Sure you will. That's just the trouble. You ruin 'em too darn complete."

"That's my business, ain't it?"

"It ain't business. It's foolishness."

"I guess," he sneers, "that you want them to lick me?"

"No, I don't. But I don't see no sense in half killing a feller who ain't never done you a dirty trick in his life."

"Hm-m! If he ain't willing to get punched, what is he doing in the ring with me?"

"Trying to make an honest living—or anyhow, a living. You take that last bout you fought before Mike Flanagan wished your contract onto me: What do you reckon Patsy Dorgan's wife thought about him when he got home that night? His face looked like seven cents' worth of hamburger."

Kayo chuckled. "He sure did look messed up. He was a tough baby, Tommy. It was a lot of fun fighting him."

"Fun? You call fighting fun?"

"Sure. What else?"

"Plenty else, sap. It's business, what I mean. You got to use tact."

"I don't know nothing about them things. When I see another fighter I get mad, and when I get mad I fight. And no manager oughtn't to ask no more of a fighter than that."

"Wrong you are! Now take Eddie Grogg, for instance."

"Sure, I'll take him inside one round if you'll get him for me."

"That's just exactly what I don't want you to do. I know you can and you know you can. But what's the use of lettin' everybody in the world know he's a bum? Why not carry him ten rounds and then get a return bout? Two purses are a heap better than one."

He shook his head sadly. "I can't do it, Tommy. It ain't that I got scrubles, but when I'm in a ring I just natchally got to punch and punch hard."

"You don't ruin no sparring partners."

"That's different. I ain't fighting them. I'm just playing."

"Can't you play around with some of these other fighters? Honest, Kayo, it's the only way we're ever going to make a dime."

"I wouldn't promise," he says, "because I can't keep no such promise. I guess I was born a fighter and I can't change."

"Listen here; did Mike Flanagan ever talk to you like I been doing—about carrying some of these potatoes along an' making it look good?"

"Sure he did. I tried a couple times to do like he wanted, but it didn't work out. I'd start off thinking about what he asked me, and then first thing you know I'd see an opening an' I'd turn one loose. Or else that other guy would sock me on the beezer. Now you know good an' well, Tommy, a feller ain't got no right socking me on the nose. I'm sensitive there, I am. Anyway, always something would happen and the next day the papers would say all over again that I am the greatest middleweight since Stanley Ketchel and what a fight it would be if they could match us up."

"Yeh! They would say something like that— an' Stanley dead for these many lo years."

Seeing there wasn't no use in educating Kayo along the lines of diplomacy, I try to sell his contract. But right away I discovered that Mike Flanagan had been going around telling everybody how he put one over on me, and there wasn't another sucker in the world who wanted Kayo under his wing.

Can you imagine handling a world's champion and wondering how you could get enough money to keep from starving to death? Of course we did a little barnstorming, but we almost never picked up more than twenty-five hundred as our end and sometimes not even that, because the bugs all knew that it wasn't going to be a fight and there was a limit on how much they would pay to watch a push-over take one on the button. Also, like I said, most of the boxing commissions wouldn't give permits for those kind of battles.

Every day I pursued the sport pages praying that somewhere some youngster would come along who could be built up into a good opponent for Kayo. But there wasn't a chance. I go to see one of the biggest promoters in the country and beg for a bout.

"Sure," he says, "I'd like to oblige—but how?"

"Well," I says, "how about these four birds who are knocking each other off all the time?"

"They have too much sense to fight Kayo. He's stopped 'em all, and they've got enough. And remember, there ain't no law which says a challenger has got to challenge."

He Had a Pan Like the Western Front After a Hard Week-End: Flat Nose, Scarred Forehead and a Couple Cauliflower Ears

"There's other guys ——"

"Set-ups—and you know it."

"Sure I know it. But, honest, you don't understand how terrible it is to be managing the greatest fighter at his weight in the world and starving at the same time because he can't discover nobody to fight."

This promoter puts his hand on my shoulder sympathetic-like. "Tommy," he announces, "you sure are in one rotten mess. I'm sorry for you. But I can't use your boy."

"Not ever?"

"Not unless some youngster comes along which looks like a hot shot. And then, Tommy, if he looks real good, I'll guarantee you a hundred thousand against thirty-five per cent of the gross for a big outdoor show—because you know as well as me that a battle like that would be an ace if the fans thought the other guy had a chance."

I give a loud, earnest groan. "And what am I going to do now?"

He looks at me a long time. "Why not vaudeville? Every man and kid in the country—and lots of dames—knows about Kayo and would like to see him. Remember he's the swellest middleweight in the world, and no boloney. Rig up a boxing act with two or three good partners and you ought to draw down twenty-five hundred a week easy."

Well, that looks like a hunch, and I go to an agent who gets in touch with the vaude people. They say they'll take a chance at that figure for six weeks, and if we click they'll raise the ante and give us a real route. So for a month we do plenty work. The agent takes over the job of staging the act which he thinks will be a wow, and I engage a couple of sparring partners. One of them is named Bing Foster and is an old-timer who is all washed up but knows every trick in the game and can make it look good if he don't get hit too hard.

And the other feller is named Teddy Mack.

Me, I didn't know nothing about this Mack, and never even heard of him, but the agent has seen him fight in little clubs through Jersey and says he's going to be a corker when he learns something, so I say bring him in.

He's just a youngster, about twenty years old, and right easy to look at. He weighs 156 gym side, and stacks up awful well. I try him two or three rounds with Kayo and he seems to have enough stuff for what we need, and besides I can get him cheap. Of course at first he squawks at what I offer him, but I come right back with a good argument.

"You're tryin' to get ahead in this game, ain't you?"

"Sure I am."

"Well, how could you learn any better than to box twice a day with the middleweight champion of the world? And think what it will mean later for you to say you was Kayo's sparring partner."

He agrees, and the act goes into rehearsal. We work full stage with me doing an introduction and then Kayo walking on in a bathrobe and telling 'em how sorry he is he can't get a fight, and he hopes they will like his act which will prove that the boxing profession is really a fine line for any gent.

Then he sheds the robe and does the usual training stuff: Shadow boxing—to music—rope skipping and bag punching. After which Bing Foster comes in for two rounds and Teddy Mack for a couple more. Well, we get the thing readied and go out for our six weeks and we get over with a bang. The bugs really like it, and the dames which ain't never had nerve enough to attend a fight feel like they are having an adventure, so everything is jake.

Before the six weeks is up, we're offered twenty-eight more at three thousand and I grab it. Of course there ain't as much money in it at that figure as you would imagine, what with our heavy nut, and also because my half of the net has got to be checked against the fifty thousand I paid for this contract, which even the interest on the borrowed money runs up into kale.

Still and all, it's a way of keeping out of the poorhouse, and we get along fine—except that all the time I'm looking over every middleweight I can see in hopes that one of them will come along good enough to get the fans steamed up over a match with my champ. But there ain't no more good middles to be found than there are oysters in the desert.

One day something happens. We've been out a couple months and are playing a certain town when a promoter sends in a hurry call and says one of his main-bout boys—a middleweight—has got took sick, and please will we let Teddy Mack substitute after the finish of our act at the theater. I say sure, and I let Doc Hutchins, stage manager for the act, handle the lad, because it ain't dignified for no champion's manager to handle a ham like Teddy.

Well, I go to see that fight. This other bozo sails into Teddy from the opening gong and hands him plenty. Teddy takes it all with a grin which surprises me, and just when I think that no human being can't stand up much longer under that kind of punishment, Teddy turns loose a right hook to the jaw and this other bird goes down for the count of ninety-seven.

A wallop! Sweet mamma, how that punch did travel. After the battle I have a chat with Doc, and ten days later we get Teddy booked up for another match and again he takes a shellacking until he gets that right hook to the jaw in, and once again it is curtains for the other guy.

Right away something clicked inside my head. I been in this game a good many years and the one lesson I have learned is that there's something awful interesting about any boy which has got a knock-out wallop. So right away I start working with this Teddy Mack.

Every day I take him into the gym and show him a few things: How to get around without tripping over his own feet; how to block a right and use his own right hook for a counter—instead of sitting back waiting for an opening. Also I teach him how to tie the other guy up in close, because a punch ain't worth a dime if you get knocked out before you can use it.

But most of all I work on this baby's wallop. I work him on the heavy bag for power and on the light bag for speed and accuracy. Teddy is young and he's quick, and finally I get him so he can shoot that right from anywhere and without cocking his arm back as a signal.

And is it a punch? Boy, howdy! There's many a hard-socking heavy which ain't got the steam that lad can put in a six-inch hook to the jaw. And all my work with him teaches the lad a lot. He develops into this: That he ain't ever got a chance to be a champ on account any wise bird can paste him easy and never get near that right cross; but also it's a cinch that he can become a top-notch second rater who can deal any of 'em, except the best, misery—and plenty.

All this time we're booking the lad against set-ups to give him experience and confidence, which we are successful in both. In fact, Doc Hutchins, who acts as his manager, tells me the boy is becoming cocky.

"The way he's knockin' 'em over, Tommy," says he, "the lad is getting the idea he can whip anybody in the world."

"Just what I'm working for," I answers. "Don't you try to hold him down any, Doc. Make him think he can kill 'em all—especially Kayo Wilson."

Doc looks at me kind of funny. "What you got up your sleeve, Tommy?"

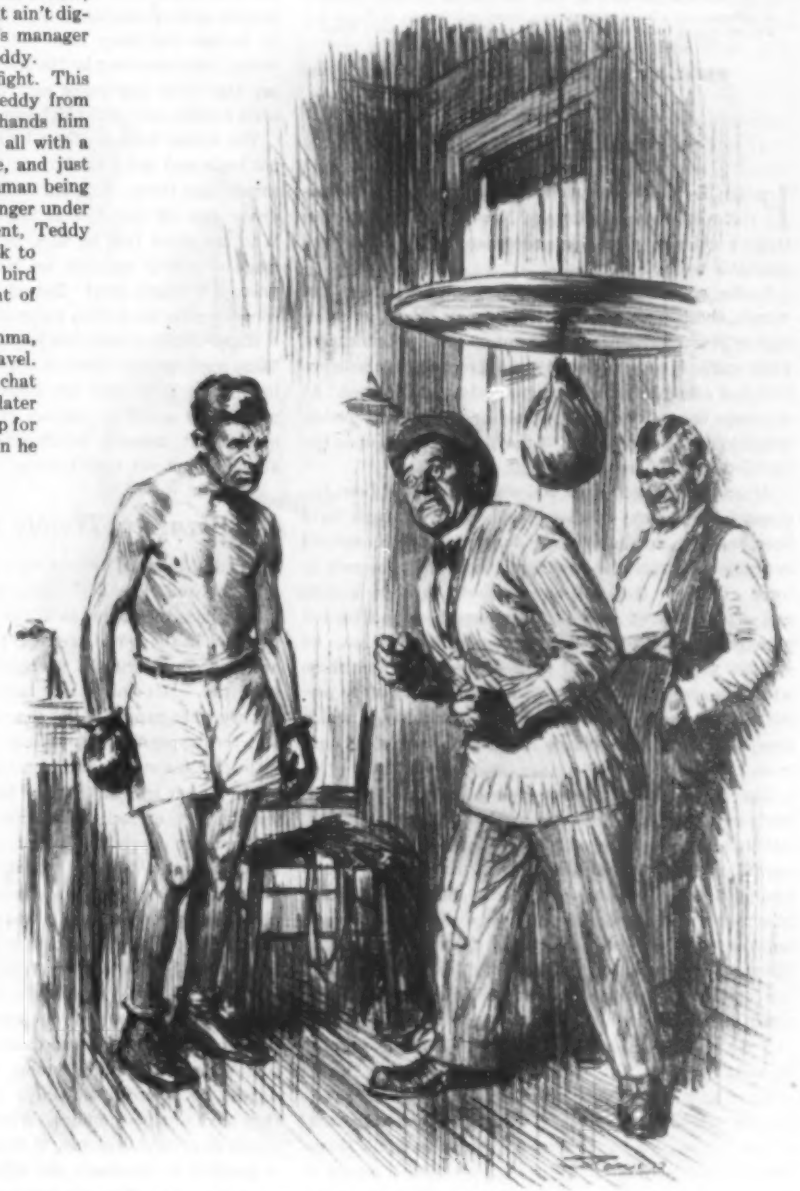
"Which sleeve?"

"Any sleeve. You're planning something."

"Sure I am, Doc. I'm planning a lot of coin for both of us. Are you on?"

"Tommy," he says, "you don't need to go no further. If there's money in it, anything short of murder will be right up my alley."

(Continued on Page 46)



Every Day I Take Him Into the Gym and Show Him a Few Things

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions: Five Cents the Copy, $2.00 the Year (52 weekly issues), Two Years for $3.50, Three Years for $5.00. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador): Ten Cents the Copy, $3.09 the Year, Two Years for $5.50, Three Years for $8.00, in Canadian or United States Funds.

In Argentina, Bahama Islands, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay and Venezuela: Ten Cents the Copy, $4.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles: $6.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

In all other localities: $10.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

Remittances from outside the United States and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Bank Draft, payable in United States Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28, 1930

The Jaywalker Menace

POLICE officials everywhere are watching with sympathetic interest the efforts of New York City to lessen street accidents by making pedestrians as well as drivers amenable to traffic signals.

Under police regulations which went into effect last month, those afoot may not cross streets except at crossings or marked crossways, and not at these points except when traffic is moving in the same direction, in obedience to lights, semaphores or the signals of a traffic officer. At crossings unprovided with signals or traffic men, pedestrians have the right of way if they have set foot upon the traveled way before a vehicle has reached it.

Arrests have been made and small fines have been imposed for violations of these regulations. Appeals have been entered and the ultimate decision of the courts will determine whether the new regulations are to remain in force. We hope they will be sustained, for every serious and well-considered attempt to cut down the appalling toll of motor accidents deserves a thorough trial. We have no sympathy for careless and reckless drivers, or for those who rush through crowded streets faster than safety permits. They are a menace to every community in which they exist and they should be run off the streets by summary action.

There is, however, another class of motorists who are fairly entitled to much better treatment than they receive either from pedestrians or from the law. We refer to the careful and experienced drivers who, through no fault of their own, sometimes injure foolhardy and reckless pedestrians who dash or moon through vehicular traffic with no more care for their own safety than if they were crossing their own living rooms. To every city driver it seems as if the streets are teeming with men, women and children who are doing their level best to be injured. Boys on bicycles thread their way through dense traffic. Children on roller skates dart hither and yon between curbings, and other children drag smaller ones up and down the highway in toy express wagons. Boys rush headlong into the street to recover baseballs; young men in a hurry catapult themselves across busy thoroughfares, glad to save a second at the risk of life and limb. Women, old and young, and absent-minded folk of both sexes drift through traffic mazes with no more concern for self-preservation than if they were asleep in their own beds. There are few examples of faith more impressive or more absurd than that of heedless pedestrians in the ability of unseen and unknown motorists to control their cars with absolute perfection, regardless of ice, or snow, or oily asphalt under their wheels.

No matter how careful and alert the motorist, if he hurts the most reckless of such pedestrians he will be arrested. He must get bail. He may face criminal charges, he may have to defend civil suits and, perhaps, pay heavy damages for an unavoidable and involuntary act. There is no justice in such a state of affairs, and no one pretends there is, but the condition is one that will prevail until widespread and concerted action finally does away with it.

The regulations put into force by Commissioner Whalen on the eve of his retirement should prove a powerful factor in lessening the legal hazards of drivers in New York City. One would have supposed that they would be welcomed without a dissenting voice save from the ranks of the ambulance chasers. But not so; there were plenty of objections, on plenty of grounds. A typical criticism was to the effect that "it can scarcely be said that a pedestrian's jaywalking is dangerous to an automobile or to its occupants. To penalize one against his own contributory negligence to himself is somewhat far-fetched from a legal standpoint."

We cannot believe that this is a correct view of the matter. It is true enough that those who cause accidents by their own negligence usually do no injury to car or driver; but if they put in jeopardy the driver's liberty or fortune, or both, as they constantly do, who will have the hardihood to declare that they have not done him a substantial wrong, whatever may be the law in the matter? Who can say that their negligence may not react as disastrously upon a fellow user of the highway as upon themselves?

The wrong done to others by heedless pedestrians does not begin and end with the legal liabilities they needlessly thrust upon them. Suppose there were none. Suppose the driver gets off scot-free as far as the law is concerned. Who can think that he who, by his own negligence, has made a careful motorist an involuntary killer has not gravely wronged him? Indeed, the more cautious and conscientious the driver, the greater the wrong done him.

Right-thinking motorists have feelings, whether the law takes cognizance of them or not; and this is an outstanding reason why they are heard to express themselves so strongly about the menace of the jaywalker. In case of accident, casualty insurance can protect their bank accounts, but not their feelings.

Wanted: Timely Information

MORE than six months have passed since the collapse of Stock Exchange prices in 1929. Neither experts nor business men agree as to the happenings in this country, and in the world at large, prior to, coincident with, and subsequent to the precipitous decline in prices of securities. Not only do we lack general agreement as to exactly what happened but there is still less agreement on why the happenings took place in 1929. But there is agreement that the events of the past six months were not foreseen. And it is clear that our lack of foresight rested, at least in part, on lack of information.

Whatever else is involved in a modern business cycle, maladjustment between production, consumption and prices is obvious. At such a time we need to possess reliable information on three subjects. These are unemployment of labor, inflation of inventory of goods and inflation of inventory of securities. When goods which are made cannot be sold for consumption, when securities which are issued cannot be sold for investment, and when labor cannot be employed—these all to an extent involving depression—there is something wrong. It is not likely that such developments occur suddenly; it is more probable that they have small beginnings. Whether one regards business cycles as avoidable or not, it is not to be doubted that it is possible to moderate the effects through appropriate measures. As a disease is best treated in its incipiency, so a business cycle ought to be treated in its early stage; but to do this one must have early diagnosis.

We have witnessed a conspicuous development since the war in the application of statistical procedures to business. Our knowledge of production and distribution has been enlarged, our comprehension of money and credit expanded. This is the first opportunity to test our new methods on a business cycle, and it must be admitted the test has not been satisfactory.

The time to prepare for the future is the present. Appropriate governmental agencies should be set up for the study and measurement of unemployment, inflation of commodity inventories, and what some bankers call "the indigestion of securities." Probably it will not be possible to include all lines of endeavor; too large an assembly of material might become unwieldy. Probably there are certain lines of employment, certain kinds of production and certain varieties of securities which react more sensitively than others, and are thus most appropriately chosen as indexes. No one pretends to say just how such reports should be compiled, but it is important to urge that such information is necessary, and it must be both comprehensive and timely.

The Proposed Channel Tunnel

OFF and on for decades, the project of driving a tunnel under the English Channel has been broached. Before the war the proposal was generally regarded as visionary. Now it is approached in a serious spirit. Recently a committee of civil research presented a detailed report.

It is proposed first to drive a pilot tunnel and a drainage tunnel of small dimensions. If these reveal the continuity of the dry chalk layer that is anticipated, the project of driving two large traffic tunnels will become technically feasible at no incommensurate cost. The distance of the tube under the Dover Strait would depend upon the length of the approaches, but would not exceed thirty miles. The tunnels would carry electric trains; no vehicular traffic would be practicable, on account of limitation of ventilation.

The traffic to be sought would be passengers, mail, express and fast package freight. It is not believed that bulky freight could be carried as cheaply as on the sea route. The rough trip in the Channel boats now deters tourists, and it is believed that passenger traffic could be largely augmented with rapid train service through a tunnel without change from capital to capital.

It is recommended that the tunnel be built by private capital, without governmental financial assistance. This will strike many Americans as strange. The reason given is that of being desirable on economic grounds. The capital cost is regarded as not in excess of $150,000,000, and this is believed to lie within the scope of private enterprise. It is suggested that the overhead, the maintenance and the running cost would be relatively low; naturally the rates would be relatively high. The rates would be higher by tunnel than by boat, but lower than by airship.

Objections arise from three directions. The military services have always opposed the project on the ground of defense. Isolation is a defense, and a surprise attack might take possession of the English approach and permit an invasion through the tunnel. But certainly it would be possible for each side to have the approaches built to be blown in or flooded. The isolation is more sentimental than factual, in view of air attack. The second objection runs to the effect that the service would not be worth the cost. This, however, is a decision to be left to the private investors. The last objection is pseudo-economic: The tunnel would facilitate imports, and what the United Kingdom needs is restriction of imports and expansion of exports. To this the answer is that facilitation of imports and exports is not physical, but commercial. Conservatism is the real objection. Curiously enough, the French, an ingrainedly conservative people, seem more disposed toward the tunnel than the English. Perhaps, when the project has passed the talking stage, it will be found that English sentiment is the real propulsive force in the enterprise. Gradually it is being realized that on purely commercial grounds the French have less to gain than the British.

JUSTICE AND HORSE SENSE

By Richard Washburn Child

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

WHAT are you going to do about it?

If the American citizen believes that the lame administration of justice is not to be tolerated and that its civil and criminal sides are overstuffed with misfit, archaic and fanatic laws, and that almost no ingenuity has been exercised to rid us of delays, political influence on judges, on prosecutors, and others who run the painful grind, and that the lack of good organization makes justice in most of our jurisdictions lag far behind the organization in other vital fields of our eight-cylinder civilization—what is he going to do?

For it is up to the citizen. The legal profession, lacking the pressure of public opinion, in the main, has failed in its trust to make law command respect. Most legislators are lawyers; they have given us too much government, they have given us too much regulation and commandment which is unenforceable and unenforced, distinguished from law representing our sovereign social will. The legal profession has failed to purge our systems of litigation and prosecution of the atmosphere of arenas for technical and pompous hot-air contests, and of rinks where justice skates on thin ice over the depths of the political pond; it has failed to cut through stuffy traditions and go straight at making justice itself more important than legal gesturing.

From citizen pressure only can there be expected an irresistible force, not to go up and down invoking society to respect the law but to go up and down the land demanding that law, as a servant, should so efficiently express the social will—the common consent of a law-abiding people—that it will command respect.

Old Dr. Samuel Johnson once said that respect for one's elders depended less upon the phrase than upon the amount of respect the elders earned. So, also, may we say that the best force of public opinion will not be a mouthing of phrases but a determination to make the law and its administration respectable—to make it square with social will, to simplify it, to make its machinery conform to the progress of our times and the organization of our other professions in economic and scientific advancement. Give it horse sense!

Through a series of articles I have emphasized this point because it is a condition precedent to effective concerted public thought about the improvement of American law and American law enforcement.

The Keynote of Law Reform

NO ONE man and, perhaps, no commission of men can draw up any complete program in months of research, conference and study, or set it down in a series of heavy reports, read by no one, nor even in any single journalistic medium adapted to reach the plainer-thinking millions.

If, however, after long study, I were asked, as I have asked in the opening sentence, "What are you going to do about it?" my first answer, based not only upon my own conclusions but upon the general advice of hundreds who have written me, would be: "Compel the legal profession to organize a new machinery for law administration. Compel the profession to follow the lead of public opinion in battling this campaign through. Compel it to lend its full, unstinted aid for the removal of any statutory or even constitutional obstacles in Federal or state governments which may be used to prevent the businesslike organization of the whole system of law and its enforcement."

Such an organization, I believe may be demonstrated, is the key to the many reforms that are needed before the law may be reinstated in full confidence, before it is again entitled to the phrase "majesty of the law" and to the dignity that common sense should accord to its own common sense.

It is the key to the removal of all the pompous mumbo jumbo of the law—the Latin phrases, the long documents, the hocus-pocus and claptrap intended either to confuse or disgust the layman, the bad manners, the solemn absurdities, the witch-doctor atmosphere of bench and bar.

Good organization is the key to coöperation or even leadership in legislative reform, and to the creation of legislative bill-drafting bureaus and, perhaps, to the institution of two-session legislatures, so that one session, after discussing routine business, would publish all bills proposed and only hold a law-passing session after the public had time to discuss what was doing.

It is the key to the creation of a system by which both judges and prosecutors and all court officers would be nominated by a nonpartisan committee upon which there would be representatives of the public, including those of labor organizations, and to the election or appointment of judges and prosecutors without political designation. It is, therefore, the only key we have to the removal of judges and prosecutors from obligation to political bosses and machines. There is no need to give up election of judges simply because their election would be without political designation and without such partisan and party nomination and electioneering which, especially in our cities, has resulted, in several places, in court officers who doubt their own courage or wink at the whole fixing system, at the bail-bond racket, and at the cold-meat cases against protected, organized criminality.

It is the key to an organized judiciary which can take away from the legislatures the function of dictating cumbersome rules of procedure and also can distribute cases, according to their kind, into special courts, or by assigning cases among the whole force of judges, prevent the overload on one court while another court is idle.

Modern Methods in England

IT IS the key to flexibility of procedure and to short cuts of common sense which English justice has adopted; it is the key to the application of innovations against which foreign systems of law administration have never put up the asinine obstacles we have seen raised successfully by shyster lawyers and by the old, blinking owls of our own bench and bar.

And how to organize?

Already England, some of our own states and the Federal courts—largely by the late Chief Justice Taft's sense—have begun to show the way to an organization of justice which changes the complexion of administration of justice from that of cobblers to that of a modern shoe factory, from the efforts of isolated alchemists to that of organized scientific institutions where specialists are in the laboratory, and, indeed, where there is a laboratory at all!

There is no use in talking about this until we examine what some of the experiments in such organization have been.

"The main thing to watch for in judiciary organization is to avoid the creation of a legal oligarchy," say many. "There must not be too great a separation of the judiciary from the control of the masses," say others. That is right, but the danger of this result is slight indeed compared with the danger of political-machine control of courts.

Let us look first to England and to some of our progressive jurisdictions for examples of what wise organization to meet modern conditions will do.

William E. Higgins, who wrote a research report on English justice for the journal of the American Judicature Society, pointed out that: "Historically it may be said that quite a number of American commonwealths preceded England and Wales in the work of procedural reform, but the reforms accomplished in these states were far from complete, and were hampered or undone by the inability of the judges, still influenced by common-law

(Continued on Page 142)

"No, I Don't Want to Buy a Vacuum Cleaner!"

POST SCRIPTS

Mountain Fever

(With an Obeisance to Masefield)

I MUST go down to the sea again, to the noisy, hot hotels;
And all that I'll get is a sunburn and a surfeit of bathing belles,
And my watch ruined with grains of sand, and no more ambition,
And a flat purse, and a stomachache, and a spoiled disposition.

I must go down to the sea again, for the call of the lady wife
Is a firm call and a strong call, and I heed it for my life.
And all that I ask is a mountain trip! . . . I'd camp in fields Elysian,
With a flat purse, and a stomachache, and a spoiled disposition.

—J. B. B.

And They Let Them Live

"GARDENIA 7337. . . . Hello, Betty, howsa kid? Want to go hoofing with papa tonight? . . . Yes, I said papa. . . . Which papa? Say, baby, how many daddies do you have anyway? Dust the cobwebs out of the belfry, or I'll get mad. . . . You can't guess who! Don't be dumb, woman; this is your big moment speaking! . . . Huh? Him? No! Lady, you're away off! Don't get me mixed up with that cheap sofa duster. Guess again, you couldn't do worse. . . . Yep, that's right. You knew it all along, you little devil! Ha-ha! You're a great little kidder!

"Well, as I was saying, baby, how about putting on that low-down black dress of yours—you're the only woman who could fill that robe and satisfy!—and going places with me tonight? . . .

You have a date? Who with? . . . Him? Say, don't be foolish; that guy's harder on the feet than a corn! Break it off and date a man! I can take you more places on a dime than he can on a dollar. Listen, ring this bird up and tell him you got a pain—any old pain will do—and I'll be around for you at eight bells. Be ready, baby. You know how papa hates to wait. . . .

"You won't break that date? Now, don't get me peeved! I'll be there at eight bells. . . . No? Well, all right, have it your own way. Your error!"

Central: "Your time is up. Five cents, please, for five more minutes."

"Whoa, operator, hold on! I'm through talking; I've already wasted a nickel. . . . Toodle-oo, girl friend. When you hear your arches fall tonight, just remember that I warned you! So long, baby; see you in the funny papers!"

—MARGE.

The Nature Story

IN THAT boundless world of open sky and horizon-circling mountains, the tiny gray creature basking on the narrow ledge 2872 feet 3 inches above the loftiest pine tip in the valley seemed quite too small to be a part of it. The discrepancy in scale was too great to imply any kinship. Take one of the mountains, for instance—just one of the small ones—and compare it, as to size, to the fuzzy gray ball on the ledge. See now what I mean? And to heighten this impression of Fuzzy's not belonging is the fact that he was basking without reference to the weather. It was raining, and his fine down was damp and curly. Only ducks can be said to bask in the rain, and Fuzzy was not a duck. For one thing, he wasn't near so handsome as a duck.

"Well, I Know; But, Mary Louise, Anybody Can Fly Across the Ocean!"

His keen eye caught a speck in the air on about the level of the ledge. One sympathetic with Fuzzy's tiny thoughts might have detected a quickening of their tempo. His eyes brightened. Now, there are two major emotions governing the animal world, both pertaining to food: One, the pleasure of a purely general view; the other, the discomfort of a more immediate and personal view. Very often—in fact, frequently—I have beheld both standpoints exemplified at one and the same time. To cite only one instance, I once observed, in the Kansan jungle, a marmot feeding on the carcass of a Pekingese with his front end, whilst, unbeknownst, a cougar ravaged his rear end. Such cases are, however, extreme.

Fuzzy watched the speck. It got speckier and speckier, till it looked disgustingly like too many flies around the place. Otherwise it was a noble bird, a true monarch of the empyrean. Suddenly he folded his wings and dropped through the empyrean like a plummet. You know how a plummet drops; so it won't be needful for me to find out and explain. Down and down he shot; then, when it seemed as though nothing could save him from dashing against the crool rocks, he calmly unreefed his pinions and swept steeply upward in a great arc—an outside loop, in aviator language. The speck, you have guessed, was none other than an eagle. Ordinarily,

(Continued on Page 101)

"Don't be Following Me Wherever I Go!"

Soup is an ideal summer luncheon!

In the middle of the trying summer day you need a luncheon that braces and invigorates you. There's nothing like delicious soup to tempt a sluggish appetite and revive your drooping energy. Especially since so many of your summer meals consist of cold foods with iced beverages. Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with its fifteen health-giving vegetables, invites you by its delicious flavor, satisfies you with its substantial nourishment. And there are 20 other delightful Campbell's Soups for your selection! Already cooked, a convenience so welcome in summer. 12 cents a can.

Look for the
Red-and-White Label

Your choice:

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

My very next jump
Is simply great—
From where I sit
To my soup plate!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Why Return Home After Twenty Years Abroad?—By an Expatriate Who Did

We Were Ready, at Last, to Resume an Active Interest in Both the Joys and Troubles of Our Native Land, Down to Paying Income Tax

THROUGHOUT two complete decades—1910 until now—covering the most important epoch of modern history, a native-born citizen of the United States of America chose deliberately to be an expatriate upon another continent.

London, Vienna, Berlin, Paris—chiefly Paris—were among the scenes of exile. All these places, and others, satisfied, mentally, spiritually, and served life's enjoyments fully, or at least this expatriate thought so, until a recent day of long reflection. An insistent question had posed itself: Did the expatriate ever intend to get out of Europe and go home, or remain an expatriate always?

In the decision to go home, many reasons and difficulties presented themselves, pro and con.

The children. Two boys, born in Paris—the war made it impossible for them to be born in America—attending an excellent school at less cost than would have been the case at a similar American institution. Already perfectly bilingual in English and French, also making a rapid attack upon German. A good school atmosphere, moral influence, outdoor life—developed in French schools since the war—boxing, football, fencing, Spartan discipline, begetting proper respect for elders. No chance to become snobs, as might be the case in Britain. Ah, but American children—they are Yankees legally, despite their birthplace—ought to grow up in America. Yes, but those fantastic stories about American postwar school life under prohibition. H'm, a disturbing problem.

Property. Several bits scattered about, but principally a home on a bank of the Seine in Normandy; a rambling, vine-covered house of age-stained stones, a garden of roses climbing over ancient walls. Heart pangs at the thought of leaving it.

Business. One that permitted a comparatively easy existence. Constant contact with the so-called cultural pursuits of an older civilization, the society of scientists, artists, as well as politicians and statesmen. Understanding, friendship with Old World savants, also with persons of leisure as well as intellect. Why abandon such *milieu* for the hectic struggle necessary nowadays to keep the American pace?

Many minor indulgences for the savoring of existence. In winter, the Riviera, Corsica, North Africa, or boar hunting in northern forests, with mulled wine at nightfall before an open fire of crackling logs. In springtime the delicate radiance of Venice, or at any time the delectable gypsy music of Budapest, or a *Nacht lokal* in Vienna. Summer at Biarritz, Dinard, or amidst the peaks of Savoy, or, again at any time, just a favorite chair on the sidewalk *terrasse* of a Paris café or dinner at Foyot's. *Nostalgie pour la belle France!* But certainly.

Finally the wife, who, of course, should be listed first, except for the belief, begotten from the word "obey" in the wedding ceremony, that the partner will follow along usually. In this case, long years with plentiful and inexpensive domestics had developed a fear of the American servant problem. Quite so, but what about all that American advertising of multitudinous mechanical aids that "make household duties a pleasure," and which are practically unknown in Europe? Yes, but hard to make the wife believe.

But, anyhow, the expatriate came home. Already the vague fear has gone of suddenly emerging from some dream state back in the smoke room of an Atlantic liner, just beyond the twelve-mile limit and headed east. Which is to say that here he has found what he hoped to find; therefore, that the reasons for coming were good. What did he want? Why did he come? Another paragraph or so, says this expatriate, now speaking for himself, and we will jump in and tell all.

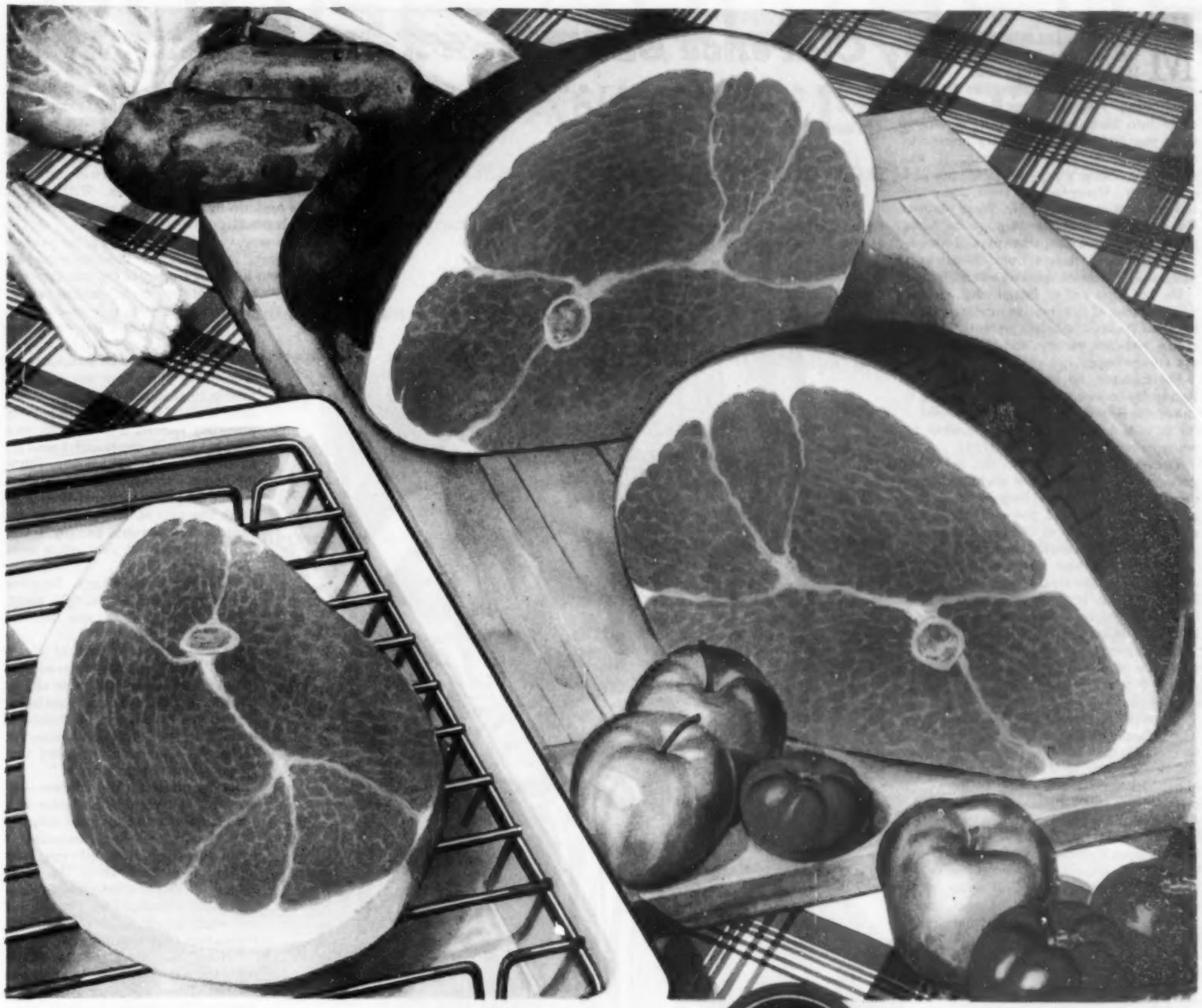
First, in justice it must be made clear that we did not dwell abroad during what also was as important a period as a man may hope to live—in our case, from middle twenties to middle forties—because we were in the popularly unpopular category of expatriates of wealth and leisure, many of whom prefer never to return home, or of some who may not return. That we are here proves the latter assertion. As for the rest of the claim, we state merely that always we had a position abroad as representative of a concern located in the United States. Our experience in the foreign field and company orders primarily held us there.

The difference between the Paris Americans and the American Parisians is similar to that between the legitimate and the illegitimate. Distinctly we belonged with the former crowd. Even so, with passport and intentions in good order, we must admit to the appellation of expatriate; though we claim indulgence. For we did prefer to reside in Europe, from the day of arrival until a few months ago, when our storm-swept steamship crept into New York harbor four days late. Then only were we ready, at last, to resume an active interest in both the joys and troubles of our native land, down to paying income tax; though we must wait yet a while to regain the right to vote.

In 1910 the eyes of Europe were already tired, but the then youthful expatriate did not know it. Many Americans—possibly the majority—did not then realize that in comparison with the strong, often crude and sometimes

(Continued on Page 58)

Three fine meats in one . . . a whole Premium Ham



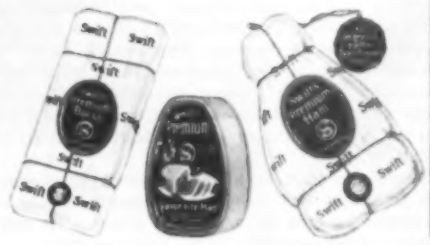
A FULL LARDER in every whole Premium Ham, cut as above—three tender, savory meats with infinite possibilities for diversity! Any number of enticing new dishes can be created by the simplest variations in baking the butt, boiling the shank end, and frying or broiling the center slices. Many a resourceful housekeeper owes her reputation to the variety this single purchase affords.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Ham
Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Seal—which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*



Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

THE SANDS RUN SWIFTLY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MR. SMITHFIELD WAGG was the owner of a mind. It was an exceedingly neat mind, and in it was neatly filed away every fact that ever had come into his possession. But, curiously, there was little or no machinery present to draw conclusions from those facts. He was a collector of data which he retained in a sort of museum. Every fact was there, and ready to be looked at whenever Mr. Wagg desired. But the business of selecting several facts, putting them in a compartment, and reasoning to some conclusion from them was a pastime at which his aptitude was negligible.

He was a man of no imagination, and so, when an idea of imaginative quality entered his mind, it appeared to him presently as truth of the bed-rock variety, and the result was not always happy.

For instance, he had now impersonated Randy Hyde—who, as everybody knows, is one of the richest young men in the world—for so long that there were times when he really believed he was Randy Hyde.

These periods of aberration had, in the beginning, been sporadic and slightly confusing, but as time went on they recurred with greater frequency and power, until, in the end, Mr. Wagg was of the opinion for the greater part of the time that he was Mr. Hyde. The rest of the time he knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that he was better qualified to be Mr. Hyde than was the young owner of that name and its accompanying billion of dollars.

His employment was, unquestionably, one of the most curious in the world. It was unique. He was a professional double.

He owed his present position, with its satisfactory salary and emoluments, to the fact that he looked as much like Randy Hyde as Randy Hyde did himself. Place the two young gentlemen side by side and no eye in the world could have told which was which. To add to this resemblance, Randy had equipped Smithfield Wagg with at least one of everything he possessed himself. They owned identical clothing and embellishments, identical hats, sticks, shoes, jewelry. And, in addition, Smithfield had been schooled in certain mannerisms of his employer until they became his own.

But, unknown to Randy, the professorial Mr. Wagg had gone somewhat farther than this. In addition to schooling himself in his employer's gestures and mannerisms, he privately had schooled himself in Randy Hyde's signature and somewhat illegible handwriting. This was due to a vague idea that sometime such a capability would come in handy, or perhaps even be necessary.

For, as has been hinted, Mr. Wagg felt himself to be better entitled by right of mind and character to occupy the position of Mr. Hyde than was that rather harum-scarum, footless, unintellectual young billionaire himself. He knew he could better administer that great fortune for the betterment of humanity—which meant to him the furtherance of certain obscure sciences and theories—than could his more fortunate double. And, consequently, his mind was plowed and fertilized to receive the seed of suggestion that he carry his impersonation to its logical conclusion and, by some adroitness, seize exclusively the personality and the position and the wealth of young Hyde while that amiable ornament to our highest society was cast into outer darkness and deprived utterly of his birthright.

This idea or plan had not emerged into full view as yet, but Smithfield was ready for it when it should come. Meantime he grew more irritated with his lot and less tolerant of the peccadillos of his young employer.

The Elusive and Mysterious Miss Smith

He was being very much Randy Hyde at the moment and was planning a vast endowment for the purpose of research into the history of the rise and development of the institution of matrimony—upon which subject he was writing a monumental book—when his employer appeared in the door of the library and spoke with regrettable lack of dignity and irritating cheerfulness.

"Well, Waggy," said that young man, "how is the better nature this morning, and has the prickly disposition been assuaged by poached eggs and coffee?"

"My mind," said Smithfield Wagg, "was occupied with matters of graver import than poached eggs and coffee, Mr. Hyde."

"Which I, doubtless, would be unable to comprehend," said Randy. And then: "Thank all the gods of the various and sundry mythologies. . . . What are my engagements for the day?"

"Tea at Mrs. Worthington-Hott's, dinner at Mrs. Montjoy's, to be followed by the opera."

"All of which," said Randy, "I hope you enjoy as much as I wouldn't. But don't overeat, Waggy, for you are precious to me. I dote upon you. You are the apple of my eye. You are a barrel of apples. You are, to be brief, the whole orchard. You are my window upon the sea. To me, you spell life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Without you, what? I pause oratorically to ask. You are a boon. You are a couple of boons."

Mr. Wagg was very, very disdainful, and at no pains to conceal it. "At least," he said, "I have done my small part to—er—render your life more worthy of the vast opportunities and the—er—abounding responsibilities incident to your position."

"Name and bound two abounding responsibilities," said Randy, with an air. "And how does an abounding responsibility differ from one that fails utterly to abound? Or is it rebound? And, if you don't give up the habit of providing learned interviews on subjects not politely mentioned, I shall get a reputation. Ah, well! I leave you to my abounding responsibilities while I go out to play ducks and drakes, to drink the wine of life, to twiddle the banjo strings of youth and joy."

"The trustees of your estate meet this morning."

"Ah! Join them, Waggy. Be grave and earnest, and exceedingly silent. Sit and nod the head, and hope for the best."

"Their attitude is one of disapproval. Repeatedly they have adjured me to assume some interest in affairs. They have pointed out that your father desired you to follow in his footsteps, and it distresses them that you decline to become conversant with the vast ramifications of your fortune."

Randy grinned. His trustees—the gentlemen intrusted by his father with the management of his great estate—would be surprised—nay, astounded—could they have been informed how much Randy knew about the Hyde enterprises and how intimate and certain was his knowledge. But he was not ready as yet to give over youth for mature responsibilities.

"Note," he said, "the threadbare coat, the regrettable hat, the impossible tie! These are, after a fashion, a disguise. They render me inconspicuous and incognito. I go out to play."

Mr. Wagg shrugged his shoulders and turned a disapproving back, upon which Randy gazed a moment with delight. Then the young billionaire withdrew to let himself out into the street by way of an inconspicuous exit. Once upon Fifth Avenue, dressed off the shelf, unchaperoned by the private detectives who were retained to guard him day and night, and he drew a deep breath of pleasure and anticipation.

"What," he demanded of the universe, "has this day to offer? Bring on a commotion. Let us now have laughter, dances, scenes and rimes."

As if in direct reply to this invocation, a very small Negro boy sidled up to Randy.

"Is dis here Misto Wagg?" he asked.

"If it should be," asked Randy, "what would we do about it?"

"Den I got a snatch o' writin' fo' yo'," replied the boy.

"Is it worth four bits?" asked Randy.

"Is yo' him?"

"I is."

"Den it is," said the small black one, with a wide grin.

Randy opened the bit of paper and found there only an address, written in a feminine hand—a number on a street in the Forties beyond Eighth Avenue.

(Continued on Page 37)

DODGE BROTHERS

SIXES AND EIGHTS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

Generous room for each passenger . . . plenty of room for luggage . . . and extra room to give an added sense of comfort. A Mono-Piece Steel Body that can't rattle, can't squeak . . . the strongest, safest type of body known. A six-cylinder engine . . . silky-smooth and ruggedly powerful internal weatherproof 4-wheel hydraulic brakes. Dependability in the finest sense of the word. No wonder people are saying that Dodge Brothers Six at its surprisingly low price is the value achievement of the year. If you see it and drive it, you will say so too.

DODGE SIX
$835
AND UP. F.O.B. FACTORY

© 1930 by Dodge Brothers Corporation

Above is shown
"DUVAL"
Rug No. 619.

Leisure *in many homes is spelled* C-O-N-G-O-L-E-U-M

THEY hardly realized before why it was they hadn't seen more of each other. They wanted to so much. It was just simply lack of leisure that kept them apart—as they quickly found out when they decided to buy *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rugs. To be sure, they thought mostly of the beauty of Congoleum when they bought. But as room after room in their homes was radiantly transformed, came the revelation of leisure. A few minutes saved here, a few there. A deft whisk of a damp mop replacing tiresome, dusty sweeping. That meant more time to enjoy life and the outdoors—more hours together.

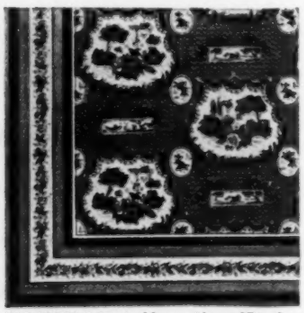
And lovelier homes to be together in, with every rug an exquisite pattern fitting to a nicety into its surroundings. Every rug adding its big bit to the extra hours of leisure and pleasure. Every rug proving after months of service its durability, its practicality, its economy.

Indoors, upstairs and down, outdoors on porches and verandas, in Summer cottages and bungalows, nothing adds more to carefree leisure than *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rugs.

Learn this lesson of leisure yourself, as millions of other up-to-date women have learned it.

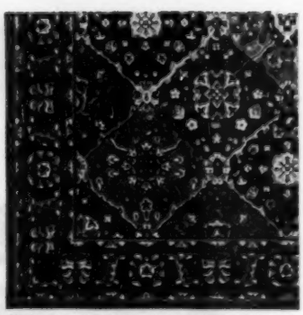
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *Gen'l Office:* KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh Dallas Kansas City
San Francisco Minneapolis New Orleans Atlanta Detroit Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

"FLOWRET." A blending of flower and vine, quaintly different and modern. Rug No. 614.



"ARCADIA." Inspired by an old set of Dresden China. Lovely for dining room or Colonial bedroom. Rug No. 618.

Genuine Gold Seal Congoleum is identified by the Gold Seal pasted right on the pattern—put there solely to protect you. *Look for it when you buy.*



"PERSAN." Its Oriental glamour has made it one of Congoleum's "all-time" leaders. Rug No. 612.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FREE—Every woman should have our purse-size booklet showing all the new *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rug designs, with "style chats" about each pattern. A handy guide when planning decorative schemes. Just write your name and address below and send it to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

(Continued from Page 34)

"And who," he asked the Negro boy, who stood awaiting his fifty cents, "gave you this?"

"If yo' ast," he replied, "she say to say de name was Smith."

"Did I mention fifty cents?"

"Yo' jus' speak its name."

"It was a mistake in identity. What I meant was five dollars," said Randy, "and a good number to play is twenty-one, which I suspect to be her age."

The small figure resolved into a caper of astonishment and whole-souled joy, and then scuttled off down the street as if suddenly snatched away on the end of a cord. Randy stepped to the curb and signaled a taxicab, to whose driver he gave the address written upon the paper.

"Any delays," he said, "will be obnoxious and time is of the essence of the contract."

He sat back against the cracked cushion and basked in his own delight. It was the first communication he ever had received from Miss Smith; his first view of her handwriting. She had sent for him. It was a rendezvous of her making—of the making of this lovely, elusive, young woman who had held him at arm's length ever since their first meeting months ago. This, he told himself, was progress.

Never since their first encounter had he left his home without the hope that he would chance upon her again that day, and never had they met without the additional reward of high adventure. But until now there had been no arranged encounter. Chance had been his benefactor, nor would she give the slightest aid to chance.

"How am I to see you again?" he asked at every parting.

"That," she said, "is for you to accomplish—or chance."

"I'm not yet to know your name?"

"It is Miss Smith, to you."

"Nor your address?"

"No address and no visible means of support. I'm a suspicious person without references. No fit companion for one of the richest young men in the world."

"But I want to see you."

"Why?"

"Because you are this and that, and because I am beginning to feel thus and so," he said; "and how is a young man to court a young woman if she won't stand still long enough to be courted?"

"Do you want to court me?"

"I'm inclined to believe so. I want to make sure."

"Very well, then. When you are perfectly sure, we'll see. It isn't good for poor young women without social place or protectors to be almost courted by young billionaires."

"Pish!" exclaimed Randy.

"Besides, you are going to marry Miss Patricia de Senlis. There are rumors of it in the papers, and you yourself have told me your advisers advise it."

"I'm a poor unfortunate," Randy said. "I want to court a girl who won't tell me her name or her address; my trustees want me to marry one I've never seen and who won't permit herself to be seen. I don't believe there is such a person. Raised in Europe, said to be beautiful, reported as eccentric, and lives up to it. Never a photograph of her in the society columns, nor can my emissaries steal one. And nobody in New York society knows where she is or when she will be there. And so my heart is involved with two women who hold the championship belt for elusiveness and mystery."

Now he was going to see this Miss Smith at her own request—if the message was genuine and if some unpleasant person had not discovered this little secret of his and was not using it to toll him to a spot where no young billionaire should allow himself to be found unaccompanied by a cordon of police. This thought crossed his mind, but it did not deter him. The mere chance of meeting Miss Smith far outweighed any risk there might be that he was walking into some sort of ambush.

Presently the cab stopped in a grimy block of a grimy street before a grimy building. The first floor seemed to be some sort of stable for commercial vehicles, and he judged that Miss Smith would not be awaiting him there. So he tried the door which gave inward upon a stairway, up which he climbed with the jangle of a piano growing louder in his ears as he advanced. Somebody was playing mightily with powerful fingers, and then he heard a steady pat and shuffle, as of dancing feet.

Thinking it best to waive ceremony, he opened the door at the first landing without knocking, and found himself in a hall which, at first glance, seemed to be full of waving legs. He blinked and looked again. There were indeed legs, but each pair was attached to a young woman who wore something like a suit of rompers and who was aligned with twenty or thirty other young women who executed intricate dance steps while a bald man in his shirt sleeves whanged the piano and another, not bald, but with an equally rumpled shirt, bawled orders and criticisms ferociously.

Nobody paid the slightest attention to Randy. Then he saw Miss Smith sitting in a chair and walked to her side. She looked up and nodded casually.

"How do you do?" she asked.

"Oh, splendidly, thank you. And you?"

Her eyes twinkled. "Evidently Catfish found you."

"Do you," he asked, "refer to the black cupid who delivered your message?"

"Sentiment," she said, "is out. The meeting will come to order and the roll will be called."

"Present and accounted for. But why am I present and accounted for?"

"Because something is very queer," she said.

"Which, naturally, leads up to me. Such as? And why the young women with the swell legs, and the gent at the piano, and where do you fit into the ensemble?"

"It's a chorus being trained, and I'm here because the child whose sister is missing is here. And you're here because it seemed to be necessary."

"Narrate," he said, taking a seat beside her. "Is the missing one also of the chorus?"

"She is not. She is a stenographer."

"Much more staid and much less picturesque. Whose stenographer is she?"

"That," said Miss Smith, "is what I fancied might interest you. Her employer's name is Van Cost."

"Eh? Not Norton, late assistant to the president of the Hawkins Steel Company, deposed?"

"None other," said Miss Smith.

Randy narrowed his eyes. "I rather prophesied Van Cost and

(Continued on Page 130)

"Enlightening," said Randy. "The Inference Being That Your Sister Had Acquired a Bit of Information She Wished She Had Done Without. And She Was Afraid"

TRAVEL is so supremely comfortable in a Fisher Body car because in the very design and construction of Body by Fisher so much forethought is given to riding and driving ease. Every Fisher Body car, whatever its type or price, is especially roomy. Fisher upholstery is as luxurious as it is durable and beautiful. Fisher cushions are deep, resilient and restfully form-fitting. And Fisher rattle-proof wood-and-steel type of construction assures a quietness which is not characteristic of other types of body construction. These, and other features of extra value, such as the Fisher non-glare vision and ventilating windshield and the Fisher adjustable driver's seat, contribute importantly to that supreme motoring enjoyment which you experience in General Motors cars —the *only* cars with Body by Fisher.

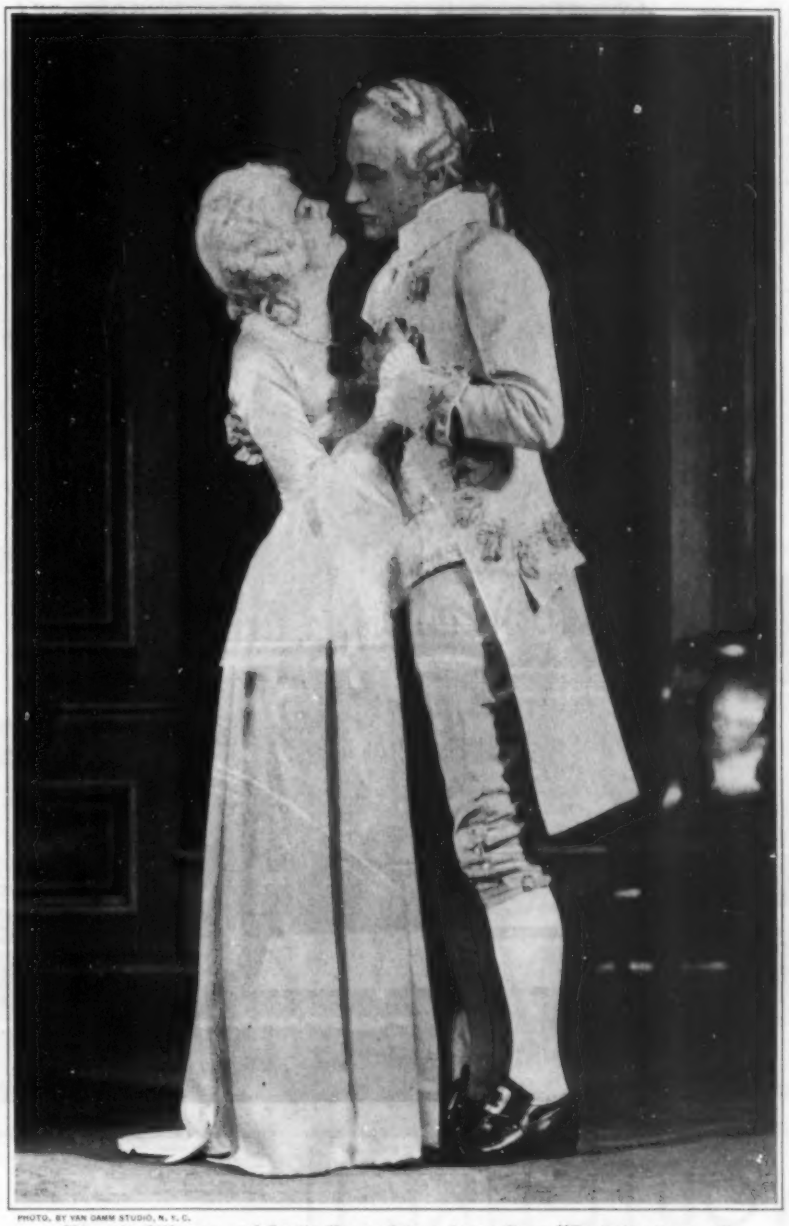
CADILLAC • LA SALLE • BUICK • VIKING • OAKLAND • MARQUETTE
OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET
GENERAL MOTORS

BODY by FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!

WHERE THE ACTOR ENDS

By Leslie Howard



PHOTO, BY VAN DAMM STUDIO, N. Y. C.

Margalo Gillmore and Leslie Howard in a Scene From "Berkeley Square"

THE actor is at all times an object of curiosity, but, more particularly, this curiosity is in the direction of the effect that the actor's part has upon the actor himself, and also the effect that those with whom he performs have upon him. This latter phenomenon I shall come to later. For the moment, let us attempt to discover the border line where the actor ends and the man begins. I confess this border line is an extremely hazy one—almost as hazy as the point where the blue begins—and as difficult to realize as that mythical point at which the rainbow ends.

I doubt if any actor himself is conscious of just where play acting ends and life begins. There is no such thing, anyway, as complete realism in the theater. If there were, it would cease to be the theater. For example, the actor is obliged by his part to fall down dead on the stage. He is doing the most obvious kind of simulation. Not even the most exacting stage director can expect an actor to know what it feels like to be dead. So he just shuts his eyes and keeps still, praying that he will not sneeze and that a fly will not land on his nose. If realism really had to be carried into effect, the mortality rate of the modern theater would be quite appalling—almost as high as that of the movies in the present conditions.

It is true, of course, that the good actor nearly always has to feel the emotions of his rôle before he can interpret them. But in a very short while he has acquired these emotions by heart and is projecting them by his technic, so that they are no longer as devastating to him as they were during the period of creation. On the other hand, if he is a good actor, they must not diminish in their potency upon the audience. Spectators still are convinced that the actor is quite as overcome by that play as they themselves are.

An Actor Unmoved

BERKELEY SQUARE, in which I am acting, is a play frequently of very high emotions. I find that its effect upon its audiences is very marked. For example, the play ends on an almost tragic note—a note, anyway, of deep sorrow. The curtain descends with the audience invariably sitting so still that one can almost hear them breathe, and one can certainly hear some of them weeping. These are the signs that the scene has been well received; in the same way that laughter will be the sign in the case of a comedy scene. Audiences, at the conclusion of this play, are frequently so moved that after the curtain has descended they sit motionless, without attempting to rise from their seats or to applaud or to perform any of the other customary antics of audiences at the conclusion of plays. We refrain, in fact, out of consideration to their feelings, from suddenly flashing on the house lights, and only bring them up very gradually, after some moments of darkness. I myself know what it is to be plunged into brilliant light and to have to grope for my hat while my eyes are still red with the betrayal of emotion.

Now, at the conclusion of this play, I myself, who have been principally responsible for the release of so much feeling, return to my dressing room a little bored, but unharmed, as would be necessary for me if I were to exist at all after a six months' run. We contrive to make our theater a bright and amusing place. In my progress to my dressing room after this scene of sorrow, it is generally accompanied by a series of jokes with the stage manager, the electrician, other members of the company or whoever may be standing around. It is no exaggeration to say that this moment is almost the happiest of my day; the job being for the moment over and the atmosphere being pervaded by a certain feeling of freedom.

Into this atmosphere of comparative gayety friends from the other side of the footlights come frequently to visit me. In many cases their eyes are still tearful, and, in fact, on catching sight of me, of whom they can only think as the sorrowful character of the play, they are often seized with the difficulty of overcoming a fresh outburst of emotion. In case this sounds like boasting, let me hasten to observe that it is no particular tribute to me. The situations of the play could not fail to arouse these feelings in sensitive persons. This strange phenomenon of a person actually shedding tears on catching sight of an actor at first astounded me. I remarked it several times while playing the play in London, and it holds good here in America. I never experienced it before, and it gave me something of a shock. My visitors are often obviously surprised at my smiling countenance, and I sometimes feel I ought to look sadder in consideration for their own feelings. I certainly never experienced a more striking example of the disparity between the feelings of the audience and those of the actor. There is a play now running in New York called The Last Mile, which is so harrowing and ghastly in its realism that it seems impossible for its actors not to be impressed with its morbidity, and I am quite convinced that, after a few weeks of playing, the actor who is being led to his execution, on getting through the door which is supposed to lead to the electric chair, will exclaim with some satisfaction, "At-a-boy!"

Of course, I am aware that many actors often declare vigorously through their press agents that they have to "feel the part and live it." Personally, I am always suspicious of their ability when they stress this too strongly. It is, to my mind, true only up to a certain point. If the actor was really always obliged to live his part, his performances would frequently be very inferior, because he might not always feel like living them. That great inspiration which the press agents talk about might not always be forthcoming, but real ability, real training, real technic are always to be relied upon and fallen back upon. Sometimes, however, actors unconsciously do live their parts momentarily. I knew an old actress, who played in a highly successful play in London throughout a lengthy run, who was supposed, during the last part of the second act, to be asleep in her chair by the fireplace while the action of the play continued around her. After some weeks the old lady made a habit of actually taking a quiet nap, but she was wise enough to arrange with the stage manager to prod her with a stick through the fireplace in time for her next cue to speak.

Persons Set Apart

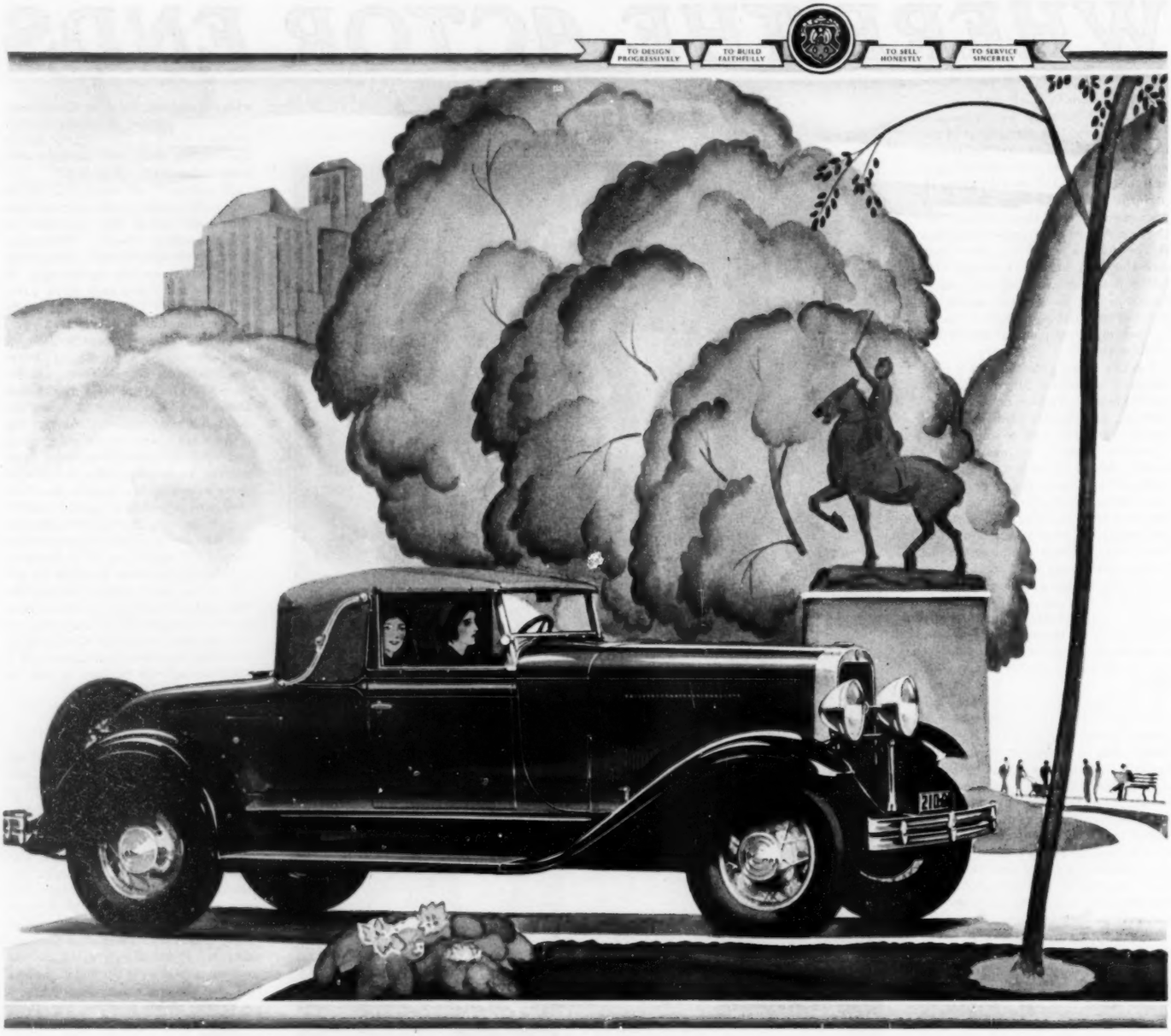
IT SEEMS to be impossible for audiences to disassociate actors from the parts they play. The result of this tendency is sometimes rather disturbing to the actor. Some years ago I was taking part in a play entitled Outward Bound, the theme of which dealt with a party of dead people who found themselves on a kind of spiritual ship which was conveying them to the beyond. This was another of those plays which had a tremendous effect upon their audiences. It was all very weird, and the sudden revelation at the end of the first act that the entire cast was supposed to be dead always produced something of a shock. During the run of that play, all of us acting in it found that we were constantly meeting people who regarded us with a peculiar kind of horror, as if we were not really alive at all and might be expected to vanish at any moment.

Apropos of this, I am constantly meeting people whom I do not know at all and who, after staring at me curiously for a time, finally come forward with outstretched hands and say, "How do you do?" I invariably respond to their greetings and sometimes a conversation ensues to the effect that "It's a long time since we met"; "Where was it we met last?" "Can't quite remember"; "Well, it's been awfully nice to see you."

Of course, we have never met before. The stranger has merely seen me on the stage, recognizes the familiar face, but cannot quite place it. I myself have done the same thing in reverse. Of course, nothing is more odd and peculiar than the look which strangers give to someone they have seen in a play. Or, for that matter, I take it, in a moving picture. It is unbelievably odd. It is a look like no other look in the world. It is a look of complete recognition on their part, and yet it is the look of a stranger. They know who you are, but you don't know who they are. Only an actor or actress can quite understand what I mean by this.

It seems to me, then, to be quite impossible for an actor to avoid association with his rôles. And this is probably as it should be. From the point of view of the public, and to a certain extent in his own mind as well, the actor, as a

(Continued on Page 140)



YOU'LL LIKE IT WHEN YOU DRIVE IT

The very fact that so many motorists become Oldsmobile enthusiasts as soon as they take the wheel and drive this fine car is proof that Oldsmobile's splendid performance need only be experienced to be appreciated.

In speed, power, and acceleration Oldsmobile provides everything that the most motor-wise driver could desire.

In convenience and ease of handling, it offers features that you would never expect to find in a car of such moderate price.

In style and comfort it gives all those luxurious things you have learned to expect from *Body by Fisher.* And supplementing these advantages are the vital factors of long life and security — assured by its balanced chassis design.

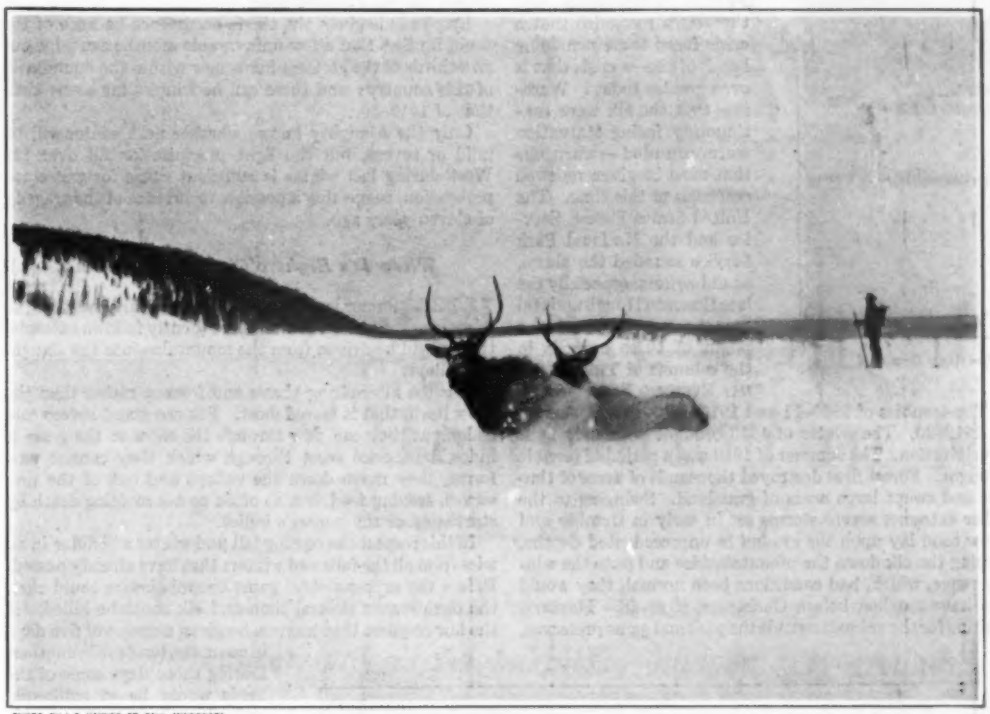
You will like Oldsmobile when you drive it. You will like the alert responsiveness and quiet smoothness of its performance. You will like its comfort, its appearance, its remarkable ease of control. You will like, most of all, its thorough dependability over the months and the miles. For Oldsmobile is the kind of car that makes friends from the very first meeting . . . and strengthens that friendship as time goes on.

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE DRIFT OF THE ELK

By Horace M. Albright and Theodore G. Joslin



PHOTO, BY J. E. HAYNES, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

A Ranger to the Rescue of Two Snowbound Bulls

ELK, stateliest of the deer that once roamed the plains and mountains of America, are making a desperate stand in the Far West. Despite protective measures, their totals are dwindling. A bad winter and the threat of extermination, the fear of every true sportsman, may be a reality. Few large herds of these majestic animals—wapiti, to give them their real American name—remain in the wilderness high country of the Rockies. They are mere remnants of the bands of many hundreds of thousands that in the centuries that have passed grazed over the continent from Canada southward to New Mexico, and from Central Massachusetts and North Carolina to California.

Victims of the western trend of civilization, the elk have been deprived of nine-tenths of their natural range, forced to find new feeding grounds, and slaughtered by the thousands annually when driven from their mountain fastnesses to the lower ranges by the rigors of winter.

The danger confronting the elk today is the danger that comes to any and all species of wild life, even after protection is afforded. The attempts made to save them came after the herds had been too greatly reduced. Being reduced to relatively small numbers, they have been slow to recover.

Game need not be actually killed to the last individual animal to be extirpated. Limit it to within a few hundred or even a few thousand of total extinction and it may keep on the downward path to elimination as creatures of the wild. This is what happened to the passenger pigeon, the whooping crane, the California grizzly bear and to the species of elk formerly found in Arizona and New Mexico.

Thinning Herds

IT WILL claim the remaining species of elk unless greater protection is given. Wider range must be afforded these animals; a movement, happily, that is being forwarded. Needless slaughter, the killing of thousands each season, must be prevented. Care must be exercised in providing adequate winter feeding when weather conditions demand it. Preventives of disease must be found as well.

These are some of the protective measures that are more imperative now than at any time since consideration has been given to their care. A decade of favorable conditions, interspersed by no especially rigorous winters, has failed materially to benefit the herds in the Yellowstone Park-Jackson Hole country of Montana and Wyoming, the last of the great nursery and breeding grounds. There are fewer within its great confines today than in 1918—perhaps by 10,000. A severe winter, with 1930 offering such a possibility, and the herds may well be cut in half.

The tragedy of such an occurrence can be appreciated only by those who have lived in the wild. Picture, if you will, a wide expanse of country where distances are indeed magnificent. Tedious riding has brought you to the top of a ridge. Far below nestles a mountain valley many square miles in area. There, through glasses, you watch one, perhaps a dozen herds. You count the specks that are elk; a hundred, a thousand, even two thousand, if you are fortunate and persistent. Here, in the greatest wilderness preserves, you are witnessing scenes typical of the era of the covered wagon, when pioneers blazed their westward trails—an era measured by less than a century, but, so far as wild life is concerned, a millennium.

Walking Through the Moon

CHANGE the setting and substitute night for day. You are in the valley and watching the moon coming up behind the mountain over yonder. It is a great, golden ball, signifying heat for the morrow, even though the night air is penetratingly chilly. The ranger directs your attention to the very crest of the ridge. And then you see a herd of elk literally walking through the moon, with the antlered bull bringing up the rear. It is an experience never to be forgotten.

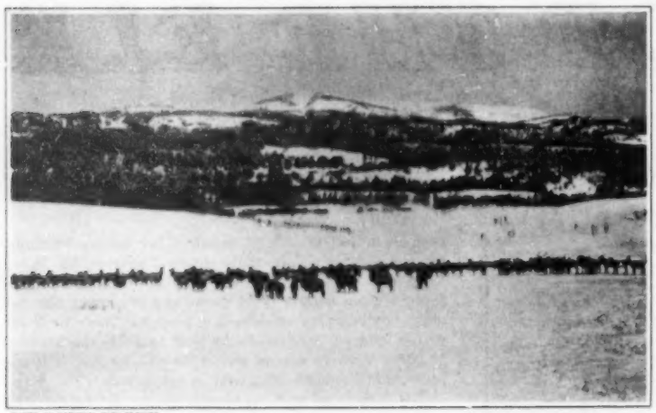
There is another experience that sears itself into one's memory for all time. It comes, not in summer but in late fall or early winter. Heavy snows have laid a mantle of white over the high country. Alternating cold and warmth have formed crusts through which the elk cannot paw for feed. To avoid starvation they come down into the parklike valleys where feed is more abundant, fearlessly approaching habitation.

PHOTOS, BY LLOYD, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Dwarf or Tule Elk Resting at Midday in Yosemite. At Left—Fording a Stream

As long as they remain within the preserves set aside by a considerate Federal or state government they are safe, but there is a dead line which they can cross only with fatal consequences. Hunters as thick as a skirmish line of soldiers along a battlefront wait beyond the boundary. They blaze away as the defenseless band of animals, not much wilder than cattle, leave the restricted confines. A hundred are shot in a few minutes; scores of others, gravely wounded, drag themselves into the hills and woods, perhaps slowly to recover, more likely to die.

This is not an exceptional instance; rather it is an annual occurrence near Yellowstone's northern boundary,



PHOTO, BY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

One of the Last of the Mighty Bands, on a Winter Feeding Ground

being repeated over and over again, day after day, throughout the open season. Unsportsmanlike and revolting though it is, it proves at times to be humane action, for, if the weather is severe, the hundreds and thousands that escape the guns of the hunters out after their elk die of starvation before spring. However plentiful feed may be during the warm months of the year, it is scarce during the winter, particularly when the grazing grounds are buried deep with snow.

The question that naturally arises is: What can be done to preserve the elk for posterity? The answer must be given in the light of past experience. With it must be coupled a warning that should be heeded. From the beginning of time, elk have been the object of all hunters, savage or civilized, some desiring their meat, some seeking their antlers—the most magnificent of all trophies—some their hides, some even their teeth.

Indians hunted elk over much of the continent, making clothes and moccasins of the hides and using the teeth for body decorations and for media of exchange. Then the white man joined the redskin as the enemy of the elk, the resistless march of civilization causing continual devastating slaughter. As a result, elk roam only a few of the more sparsely populated states today. Sixty years, for example, have passed since the elk was last killed in Pennsylvania. Those in Michigan and Minnesota were wiped out twenty years later. Protection came to the survivors of the bands only after they had been forced ever backward from the plains and into the Rockies.

COPYRIGHT BY J. E. HAYNES

An Elk Band in Poor Winter Range. Note Even the Sagebrush Closely Cropped

Nature and Man Join Forces

AT PRESENT, as throughout the last fifteen or twenty years, large herds are to be found only in Wyoming and Montana. Even in these states the settlements and the cattle and sheep industries have driven the animals into the most remote sections, notably the Jackson Hole, Yellowstone Park and the Shoshone country between the Yellowstone and what is now the town of Cody.

It is significant that elk are more numerous in these sections now than they were in the 80's and 90's—proof that not all of their present range is theirs by choice. Early explorers who wrote prolifically on the Yellowstone had to bring meat with them, because they could not be sure of game. Several of the early scientific parties, particularly Hayden's, mentioned the lack of game, especially elk. They found the game in plenty in the lower ranges, but there was no reason then for the animals pushing far back into the mountains.

The actual number of elk in Yellowstone and Jackson Hole is a moot question. A fair estimate would be 30,000 head in all that region of more than 6000 square miles, as compared—mark the difference—with 40,000 in 1918. Not until 1910 did the Federal Government and the states recognize that a crisis faced these remaining bands of elk—a crisis that is even greater today. Warnings that the elk were continuously facing starvation were sounded—warnings that must be given renewed emphasis at this time. The United States Forest Service and the National Park Service sounded the alarm, as did writers, especially the late Emerson Hough and Hal Evarts, who told of the plight of these animals in the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The troubles of 1910–11 and 1916–17 were accentuated in 1919–20. The winter of 1918 brought extremely light precipitation. The summer of 1919 was a period of terrible drought. Forest fires destroyed thousands of acres of timber and swept large areas of grassland. Swinging to the other extreme, severe storms set in early in October and snow soon lay upon the ground in unprecedented depths, forcing the elk down the mountainsides and onto the winter range, which, had conditions been normal, they would not have reached before Christmas, if at all. Hunters, waiting for the animals outside the park and game preserves, slaughtered them by thousands. Other thousands that escaped the hunters died of starvation, even though substantial sums of money were appropriated by the states and the Federal Government and raised by subscription by public-spirited citizens. The loss from all causes exceeded 20,000 head.

Emphasis is given the tragic occurrence because of the proof it offers that a few unfavorable months can wipe out two-thirds of the greatest herds now within the boundaries of this country; and there can be winters far worse than that of 1919–20.

Only the Almighty knows whether next winter will be mild or severe, but the light precipitation all over the West during last winter is sufficient cause for grave apprehension, suggesting a possible recurrence of the tragedy of eleven years ago.

When It's Eight o'Clock in Montana

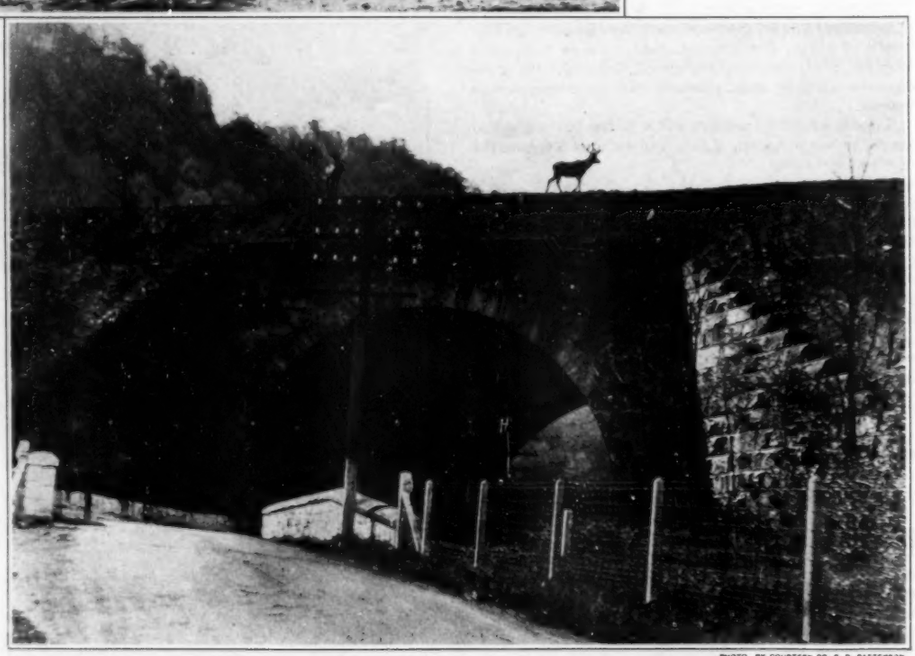
IF THE summer is dry and snow comes early next fall, as may be the case, for extreme frequently follows extreme, the elk will be driven from the mountains into the slaughter valleys.

It is the alternating thaws and freezes, rather than the snow itself, that is feared most. Elk can stand severe cold as long as they can paw through the snow to the grass it hides, but, once crust through which they cannot paw forms, they move down the valleys and out of the preserves, seeking feed, but as often as not meeting death by starvation or the hunter's bullet.

In this respect the coming fall and winter will differ in no wise from all the falls and winters that have already passed. Before the ever-watchful game commissioners could close the open season several thousand elk could be killed, for the law requires that hunters be given a notice of five days in one state, ten days in another. During those days some of the herds would be exterminated and others decimated.

Would that the American people could know what this slaughter really is! We shall cite a typical instance. A group of 100 hunters, would-be sportsmen, located and completely surrounded a herd of 200 elk at daybreak, maintaining their line unbroken until eight o'clock, the hour when the law of Montana permits shooting to begin. The hunters became so excited during the period of waiting that they could hardly contain themselves. At the stroke of the hour the shooting began. Some of the hunters were so

(Continued on Page 44)



PHOTO, BY COURTESY DR. F. D. PATTERSON

Transplanted Elk in Pennsylvania Come Down to Civilization on a Railroad Viaduct Near Altoona

We Are Building an Institution in Radio

I

HERE *at the General Motors Radio Corporation we have laid the foundation of a permanent, progressive business—and on this groundwork we are already raising the structure of an institution with ideals and ambitions quite different from those the radio industry has known ✧ The men who represent us to you—our dealers—have met requirements which establish them, beyond doubt, as trustworthy, reputable merchants ✧ Our product is distinctive in its design, in its appearance and in the way it performs ✧ It reflects, we believe, the extraordinary value that our resources and our experience and our manufacturing abilities help us to create ✧ We want you to prefer this product . . . and to base your preference as much on your confidence in the dealer who sells it and in us who make it, as on your appraisal of the product itself.*

The General Motors Radio Corporation entered the radio field with the purpose of providing more for the radio buyer than he previously had been offered. Some of the ablest engineers in the radio industry were called upon to design a chassis capable of exceptional performance even in these times of fine radio reception. The Tone Selector was developed—so that you might "tune" your General Motors Radio to please your ear—emphasizing the degree of bass or treble you prefer, simply by turning a knob. General Motors' vast experience in precision methods was concentrated on every step in the manufacturing process so that you might expect a product thoroughly well-built, dependable and lasting.

The same consideration for the buyer is evident in our policy regarding cabinets. In appearance the models of the new General Motors Radio are truly admirable adaptations of authentic period furniture. And in order that you may consider them as permanent possessions—as you would any example of fine cabinetwork—any new developments in chassis or speaker will be designed so as to permit installation in these present cabinets, thus enabling you to enjoy future improvements at the lowest possible cost.

Believing that no sale is quite complete without a background of service, we have instituted a service organization of national scope. Wherever you buy a new General Motors Radio, its continued satisfactory performance will be vouched for by a corps of trained radio technicians—expert, capable, and always within ready reach.

We, the General Motors Radio Corporation, have developed these thoroughly fine radios and radio-phonographs . . . established a reputable, responsible organization of exclusive dealers . . . instituted national service . . . pledged ourselves to progressive manufacturing policies and conservative business principles—all, that you may find in radio the same assurance of value, of permanence and of fair-dealing that "Product of General Motors" has come to mean in other fields.

We ask you to judge the sincerity of our purpose and the value of our product by calling on the authorized General Motors Radio dealer nearest you.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO.

(Continued from Page 42)

nervous that they fired promiscuously at elk not seventy yards distant, dropping only a few, but crippling many.

Losing all control of themselves, they blazed away until their ammunition was exhausted, discharging several thousand shots in a quarter of an hour. Then there was a mad rush for the slaughtered animals. No single hunter could positively claim his animal. But that mattered little. There were enough to go around and some left over for the game wardens to give to charitable institutions. Of the 200 elk that had huddled together, knowing not what it was all about, more than 100 had been killed. One guess is as good as another as to how many more were wounded.

There is such a thing as hunting and there is such a thing as slaughter. No more enthusiastic sportsman ever lived than Theodore Roosevelt, but he was a hunter, not a butcher. We have gone over his writings and have found a reference that fits such a situation as is here described.

"No chase," he writes under the title Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter, "is more fascinating than that of the wapiti. In the old days, when the mighty antlered beasts were found upon the open plains, they could be followed upon horseback, without hounds. Nowadays [1905] when they dwell in the mountains, they are to be killed only by the rifle-bearing still hunter. Needless butchery of any kind of animal is repulsive, but in the case of the wapiti it is little short of criminal. He is the grandest of the deer kind throughout the world, and he has already vanished from most of the places where he once dwelt in his pride. Every true sportsman should feel it incumbent upon him to do all in his power to preserve so noble a beast of the chase from extinction."

If Colonel Roosevelt were alive today he would be the first to raise his voice against the wanton killing of elk, which are experiencing the greatest difficulty to perpetuate themselves. Yet, we venture to say, even he might countenance the slaughter of the animals if it could be known in advance that the winter was to be severe. Death by shooting is preferable to the tortures of starvation.

The unvarnished fact is that there is not sufficient winter feed for more elk than we have in the Yellowstone-Jackson Hole country even at this time, notwithstanding that the summer season offers a contrast. They can care for themselves during the warm months; indeed, there is sufficient spring, summer and fall range for several times the elk that inhabit this region. But there is another story to tell as regards the months of cold. A conservative estimate would fix 40,000 as the optimum number that can be supported the year around. This means that 20,000 should be maintained in the Jackson Hole country, under the care of the Forest Service, the Biological Survey and the state of Wyoming, and a similar number in Yellowstone Park under the protection of the National Park Service in the summer, and cared for in the winter by that service in conjunction with the Forest Service and the state of Montana, depending upon whether the elk range inside or outside of the park.

Dangers of the Winter

There is ample range, both summer and winter, for more elk in the Shoshone country east of the park and in the Wind River area southeast of the park and east of the Continental Divide; but settlements are close to these latter areas, and consequently there is conflict of interests because of the rights and privileges given the stock-raising industry for grazing sheep and cattle.

Wherever the elk are allowed to roam their numbers depend on winter conditions. If the weather be severe, they must be fed; otherwise they will starve. Whatever hay is available must be distributed. When the supply is exhausted, an appeal for a deficiency appropriation to meet the emergency must be made to Congress. Appeals are made, too, to private parties for funds, which may or may not be forthcoming.

At this stage the elk, especially the prospective mother elk and the calves of the previous year, die quickly. This is the worst time of all—worse even than the slaughter season. If next winter should be severe and outside help should not come, the northern herd might be cut down beyond the danger line. There would be plenty of individuals here and there in the hills hardy enough to survive, but the herd itself would be gone.

Although we are most insistent upon sounding a warning, we do not want to paint too gloomy a picture. Under favorable conditions, we believe it is possible by painstaking effort to bring these great elk herds back to the optimum number of 40,000.

The National Park Service, the Biological Survey and the Forest Service, in cooperation with the state game commissions of Montana and Wyoming, have been studying the elk problem in its general aspects for many years. Experts have devoted years to conducting investigations. Two research projects are in progress now—one by the Biological Survey, in Jackson Hole, under O. J. Murie, and the other, in Yellowstone and adjacent Montana territory, by the National Park Service, the Forest Service and the Montana Game Commission, coöperating in the employment of W. M. Rush.

The Conservationists Get Busy

These men are studying the elk in an effort to complete its life history. They are surveying its range, feed, migrations and diseases. An enormous quantity of valuable material and photographs has been assembled. This research work will continue for several years in order to cover the great territory of elk range and to observe conditions during seasons of varying weather.

We know even now what additions to the park, state game preserves and winter feeding areas are needed to maintain the herds at the desirable numbers. Congress recognized the need for winter feeding in the Jackson Hole country in 1911, when it appropriated $20,000 to feed elk and make a preliminary investigation as to possible methods of relieving the problem by moving elk to other sections of the United States. In 1912 and 1913, an appropriation of $50,000 was made to buy 1760 acres of land in the Flat Creek Basin of the Jackson Hole. The same legislation authorized the addition of 1000 acres of public land to this preserve, making a total of 2760 acres. In 1925, at a cost of $40,000, the Izaak Walton League of America acquired 1760 acres of land in the same basin. These lands were donated to the United States two years later. The preserves, however, have not been connected.

In 1927, under the chairmanship of the late Charles Sheldon, one of our greatest conservationists, the Commission on the Conservation of Jackson Hole Elk was organized. It included representatives of the three bureaus of the Federal Government identified with wild-life conservation, the American Society of Mammalogists, the Izaak Walton League, the principal big-game associations, the governor of Wyoming, the Dude Ranchers' Association and the Jackson Hole land and stock interests. These men assembled in Washington and studied all the data available on the Jackson Hole elk. Later they prepared a report strongly recommending the purchase of some 9000 acres of land to connect holdings already owned by the Government, and also urged withdrawal of other public lands to round out the winter refuge.

About this time, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., becoming interested in wild-life problems and in the great Teton Mountains, which have since been made a national park, formed the Snake River Land Company, and through it began buying up private holdings lying astride the drift trails used by elk in moving from summer to winter range. His idea was to assist in the solution of the elk-conservation problem and at the same time protect the approaches to the Teton Mountains, which were being made unsightly by nondescript structures catering to the growing tourist trade. This project became at once one of the most important efforts ever made to preserve American wilderness conditions for the benefit of posterity.

This Jackson Hole land never should have been opened to settlement. It is of a rocky, glacial drift formation and not adapted to agriculture. Even more serious is the question of temperature, for at this elevation of 6000 feet there is freezing weather almost every month in the year.

Settlers were glad to sell at figures considerably higher than the assessed valuations. The purchase of the land is progressing. Within the next few years these areas will be given to the Federal Government. Already the Snake River Land Company has acquired more than 20,000 acres, at a cost of nearly $800,000, as compared with an assessed valuation of about $300,000. The figures not only show the great liberality accorded the pioneer settlers but the interest that wealthy men have in the preservation of wilderness country and in the protection of wild life. Some of the holdings will go to the Grand Teton National Park, and the remainder will be turned over for the elk refuge administered by the Biological Survey for the care of elk in winter.

It remains for the United States to connect these lands with those already owned by it in the Flat Creek Basin, thus giving the elk opportunity to move from summer to winter range without encountering fences or raiding haystacks and granaries in the path of their migration. All fences and other obstructions will be eliminated. The cost to the Government will be approximately $350,000.

It is not surprising that there should be some local opposition to the withdrawal of these great tracts of land from taxation. Teton County, Wyoming, is nearly all in Federal reserves of one kind or another, and it would seem that in taking over additional land for elk an annual contribution from Federal revenues to the county treasury in lieu of taxes will have to be made, unless increase of tourist facilities brings the taxable property back to normal assessable values, which, however, is almost certain to happen.

Congress Aids the Movement

So much for the lands needed to guarantee the perpetuation of 20,000 head in the Jackson Hole and Grand Teton country. What of the northern or strictly Yellowstone Park herd? In 1925, Thomas Cochran, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., became interested in the elk and, for that matter, the antelope of Yellowstone Park. After looking over the ground he decided that the lands in the Yellowstone River basin below and around Gardiner, but outside the park, should be acquired. He authorized, at once, the purchase of the strategically located Hoppe Ranch on the west side of the river, and this 1000-acre place has been available for winter feeding for several years. With the assistance of George D. Pratt and several other men of great public spirit he formed the Game Preservation Company, which is acquiring many more holdings.

Appreciative of the efforts of these public-spirited men, Congress passed the Leavitt Acts, extending the Absaroka and Gallatin National Forests to protect more winter range in this watershed, authorizing an expenditure of $150,000 to assist in completing the project. Altogether 46,000 acres are to be acquired. Areas totaling 6377 acres have been acquired already; 17,000 are in process of being secured through exchange with the Northern Pacific Railway, and 22,700 acres remain to be acquired. The law stipulates that 8000 acres of these lands may be added to the Yellowstone National Park in order to assure the perpetuation of the antelope and deer that frequent, in winter, the low lands adjacent to the park. Of course large bands of elk will also be cared for in this section.

Splendid coöperation has been given by private citizens in these land-acquisition projects. They have advanced far more money than the Government will ever be asked to provide, but it does seem that whatever public funds are needed to carry through these essential projects should not be delayed too long. Otherwise, efforts to save the elk may be too late in being made fully effective.

Having fixed 40,000 as the proper size of the herds, having secured the lands on which to protect and feed them in winter, and having worked out plans for management of the lands so as to protect the interests of the states and the remaining local settlers, how are the herds to be kept from increasing and eventually presenting a new winter-feeding problem?

Decimation of Smaller Herds

Plans have been carefully made on these particulars. First, surplus elk will be shipped, whenever possible, to other favored regions, new herds being built up or old herds improved. Secondly, there will always be hunting under the supervision of the state game departments of Wyoming and Montana on fall ranges outside of Yellowstone National Park and the adjacent state preserves. This hunting, however, should be under the limited-license system—that is, the number to be killed should be determined in advance, and only enough permitted to insure the desired reduction. Third, if hunting does not control the increase, final recourse would be to kill the remaining surplus as domestic stock, and dispose of the meat for the benefit of the state game-protection funds. Already bison which range within the park are being controlled through killing the surplus, and the meat is being marketed under government supervision. Approximately 100 bison are slaughtered annually to keep the Yellowstone herd within the limit of 1200 head. By the adoption of the foregoing measures, the northern elk herd may be kept at around 20,000 head and the Jackson Hole herd at a similar limit.

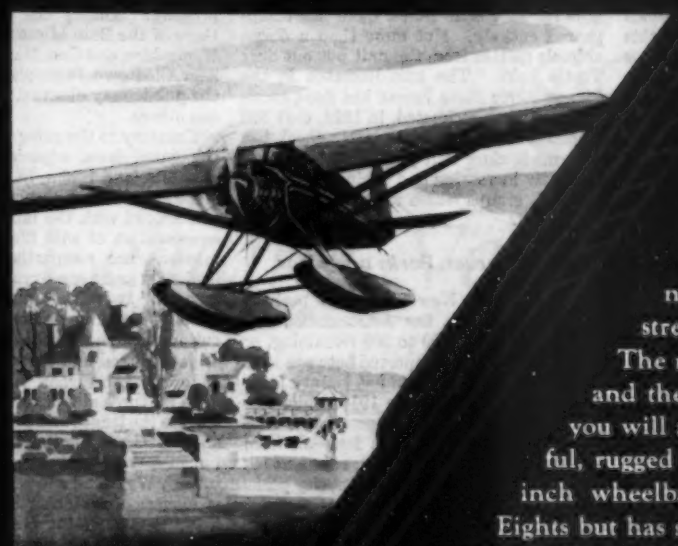
Although the Yellowstone and Jackson Hole herds are by far the largest, there are other herds, varying in size, in other sections, but, like those in the greatest of the breeding grounds, they are experiencing difficulties. Glacier Park's herds, carefully protected and built up with infinite patience, are subject always to slaughter by Blackfeet Indians, who claim the right to hunt the year round on their reservation, which adjoins the park. Last winter, during periods of great cold and deep snow, the best of Glacier's herds went down to the hunting grounds of the Blackfeet and were practically wiped out.

Wyoming authorities claim from 12,000 to 15,000 head aside from the Jackson Hole herds. Montana estimated there were more than 4000 in the Sun River region last fall. Alas, one out of every four in the Sun River section were lost during the past winter. Sheep and cattle left the range bare last fall. The elk herd could not survive even the mild winter, and had the weather been severe, extermination would have been approached if not actually experienced.

Like most Western states, Montana and Wyoming have large and influential sheep and cattle interests, opposed in principle to great game preserves and herds. Associations of wool growers and cattlemen almost invariably pass strong resolutions against increasing game preserves and parks whenever they hold conventions. Yet it must be said that, but for the coöperation of these very interests, many of these Western states would not have the liberal game laws they enjoy today.

Idaho has some 8000 elk in her wilderness sections, but, except for a few herds not far from Yellowstone, these bands have been built up from shipments of elk from the park, particularly to Bannock and Shoshone counties. Altogether Yellowstone has

(Continued on Page 46)



It is not an accident that Auburn now enables the public's dollar to purchase more and better automobile value than ever before. Auburn has seized this opportunity to advance its leadership in the fine car field. Maximum motoring advantages are now put within the reach of thousands who have wanted them. Utmost comfort, road steadiness, riding luxury, distinction and enduring strength can now be enjoyed without extravagance. The more seriously you take the purchase of a motor car and the more carefully you make comparisons, the more you will appreciate the economy of investing in this powerful, rugged and enduring Straight Eight; 125 horsepower, 130-inch wheelbase. Auburn is not experimenting with Straight Eights but has several years of leadership and experience ahead of others. Tens of thousands of owners testify to the proven efficiency and durability of Auburn Straight Eights, with their double re-enforced armor-plate frames, Lycoming motors, hydraulic shock absorbers, hydraulic 4-wheel brakes and Bijur chassis lubrication. The appeal of this car is irresistible to those who demand the most for their dollars. The body style illustrated here is the convertible Phaeton Sedan, a type of car formerly restricted to custom makers. We urge you to investigate the different Series 125 Models, confident there is one that best meets your personal taste and requirements and that offers the best possible automobile investment.

Model 125 Phaeton Sedan
130" Wheelbase - 125 Horsepower
Convertible custom type: top up and completely enclosed, or top down
$1695

AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

6-85 Sedan $1095; 6-85 Sport Sedan $995; 6-85 Cabriolet $1095; 8-95 Sedan $1295; 8-95 Sport Sedan $1195; 8-95 Phaeton Sedan $1395; 8-95 Cabriolet $1295; 125 Sedan $1595; 125 Sport Sedan $1495; 125 Phaeton Sedan $1695; 125 Cabriolet $1595. Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Ind. AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA. *Equipment other than standard, extra.*

Airmail postage has been reduced to 5 cents for the first ounce and 10 cents for each additional ounce. Use Airmail daily for quicker communication. The development of aviation is vital to American progress

(Continued from Page 44)

shipped 293 elk to Idaho. Utah's latest report shows 2000 elk, built up from 228 shipped from Yellowstone and Jackson Hole, beginning in 1912. Recently cattlemen have been urging reduction of elk in the state. It must be said that 2000 head are not enough to guarantee the species in Utah. There is real danger that the animal may not survive there.

Arizona, which formerly had a peculiar species, exterminated nearly forty years ago, now has 500 to 600 Rocky Mountain elk, all built up from Yellowstone shipments, the first being 200 in 1917. Arizona had a smaller number as foundation for building up its herds, or possibly Utah's totals have been overestimated. New Mexico lost its last native elk in 1900. It imported fifty head in 1915, and subsequently another fifty head. The present estimate is 1500 head. Oregon has more than this number, but some are native coastal, or Roosevelt elk. The indications are that owing to range conditions Oregon never will be able to build up large herds.

California's Disappearing Elk

Washington and California have native species, which are being carefully protected, in addition to elk imported from the Yellowstone country. In Washington there are about 1500 head, descendants of Yellowstone animals. These range in Eastern Washington and on the east side of the Cascades. In the Olympic peninsula are perhaps 7000 head of Roosevelt elk. They are well protected in a great wilderness. Pressure of civilization, cutting of the forests and other potential commercial developments, however, may endanger this species. It should be preserved for posterity under any and all circumstances.

In the redwood belt of Humboldt and Del Norte counties, and in the western part of the Siskiyou Mountains, in California, are about 200 elk, native to the region, which is the southernmost habitat of the Roosevelt, or coastal elk. In Lassen, Shasta and Modoc counties, in the northeastern part of the state, are 150 Rocky Mountain elk imported from Yellowstone, and a few liberated from George Wingfield's preserve in Lassen County. Like Oregon, California is topographically unsuited to large elk herds.

A species peculiar to California, and very important, is the valley, dwarf, or tule elk found in Kern County. They are sometimes known as the Miller & Lux elk, because this firm of landholders protected them for years. About 400 or 500 of these elk range in the valleys, which they prefer to the mountains. They are in real danger of extermination as a wild species. Unless action is taken soon to guarantee their preservation, they will be greatly reduced, with only remnants remaining for city parks. The California Academy of Sciences, in 1921, placed twelve of these elk in Yosemite Valley, of which three soon died, leaving three bulls, three cows and three calves; today we have twenty-three animals in the herd—ten bulls, nine cows, three last-year calves and one this spring. Altogether, the California Academy of Sciences has distributed 146 of these indigenous California elk to nineteen different preserves.

Colorado reports several good-sized herds, partly descendants of the 368 imported from Yellowstone. These herds include the elk of Rocky Mountain National Park, which has some especially find bands, destined to increase if additional lowlands can be obtained for winter grazing. This Rocky Mountain Park region, especially Estes Park, was the great hunting ground of the Earl of Dunraven, and in Lord Dunraven's day there were elk in abundance in that part of the Rockies. In 1929, Colorado permitted a three-day open season in four counties.

Moving eastward, South Dakota estimates her elk at 3500 head, mostly in the Black Hills and Custer State Park. These have come from 231 imported from the Yellowstone region, showing the extent to which the animals can multiply under favorable conditions. Oklahoma comes next with 300 or 400 head on the Wichita Game Preserve, maintained by the Federal Government. These came from twenty-one imported animals, but there were also later shipments from the West.

Michigan, where elk once flourished, has had difficulty in reëstablishing the animals. Of a carload planted in three sections twelve years ago, only one has flourished. The unit released near Black Lake has disappeared entirely. Not more than a dozen animals remain from the unit put out near Turtle Lake. The unit liberated in the Pigeon River State Forest has done excellently. It was estimated, in 1925, that 300 animals roamed the region. No check has been made since that year, but the herd is evidently increasing and beginning to split off small groups which range far from the main herd.

In Preserves, Parks and Zoos

In the East, New York has perhaps twelve wild elk in the Adirondacks, and Pennsylvania has 150 to 200 remaining, or descended from 200 imported between 1914 and 1925. West Virginia has twenty from the importation of five in 1916, while Virginia claims 600 from importations. Alabama, in the South, has a few—all from importations. The other states have no elk except those in private preserves, city parks or zoos.

The total number of elk shipped from the Yellowstone National Park since the practice of distributing these animals began in 1911 is 3515. From the Jackson Hole country 330 have been shipped by Federal authorities and 482 under the supervision of the state of Wyoming, and from other points—principally the area in Montana near the northern entrance of the Yellowstone—approximately 400 elk have been shipped, or a grand total of a little more than 4700 head.

Elk do well in zoos and private preserves. Small but excellent herds are to be seen in the zoölogical parks in the larger cities; Denver, in her great system of mountain parks back in the foothills of the Rockies, and Chicago, in her Cook County Forest Preserve, having especially fine herds. The superintendent of the latter told us the other day that his herd of thirty-seven animals was the finest in appearance in the United States. It comprises some of an original shipment of ten animals transplanted from the Yellowstone, and their progeny. Among the private herds are those of the Blue Mountain Forest in New Hampshire, and Gen. Harry Trexler's estate near Allentown, Pennsylvania, both of which the public may observe. There are numerous others.

Contrary to the generally accepted view, the game laws, especially of Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, in which the Yellowstone Park lies, are exceptionally well drawn and accord with the latest practice in the conservation of wild life. The game commissions are nonpartisan and comprise leaders in game conservation—good sportsmen all. It is likely that, in the appointment of these commissions, the governors act on recommendations of sportsmen's associations, rod-and-gun clubs, and the local chapters of the Izaak Walton League.

In all three states the legislatures fix by statute the length and period of the hunting season. Generally the season is thirty days, but in counties near the Yellowstone Park, in both Wyoming and Montana, the season is longer. In Montana it opens October fifteenth and closes December twentieth, and, in Wyoming, September fifteenth to November thirtieth. These are long open seasons, but it is rarely that elk come down out of the park and adjacent state preserves early in the season. In case of great storms driving the elk down early, the game commission may close the open season in Montana by giving five days' notice, and, in Wyoming, by announcing the closure ten days in advance. This closing period is more important to Montana, because of the situation at Gardiner, near the railroad, in order that slaughter be stopped quicker than in Wyoming, where the hunting

(Continued on Page 138)

'BOUT FACE

(Continued from Page 27)

There ain't no use going into no more details about how we built that lad up, and how we got that right of his to act like TNT. But when we got everything ready and our bookings was most up, I called Doc into private conference and shoved a paper under his nose.

"Sign it," I says.

It's a document which says that he owes me one-half of everything he makes handling a certain fighter, to witness: Teddy Mack. Also I have drawn up a contract which Mack is to sign with Doc to manage him—said contract giving Doc one-half of Teddy's gross earnings from then henceforward. Doc signs quick enough and asks me what's in the wind.

"You go get Teddy's signature and find out if he's agreeable," I orders.

In one hour Doc is back. "Teddy signed, and he's awful agreeable."

"To anything?"

"Everything."

"Good. Now here's the lay, Doc. I'm handling the swellest middleweight in the world. He can kill 'em all, which means that if it hadn't of been for this vaudeville engagement, I'd be eating beans in the poorhouse. Right?"

"Check!"

"My big problem, Doc, is to build up a bout where I can grab off a little real dough. Big money, see? How much do you think Kayo could draw this summer in an open-air show if he was matched with a boy that everybody thought was going to knock him goofy?"

Doc's eyes narrowed. "With all the ham heavies and light-heavies in the world today, Tommy, and all the other champs fightin' non-title bouts, I think the bugs would sheil out a half million gross, easy."

"And thirty per cent of that is how much?"

"Hundred and fifty thousand," he answers quick as a flash.

"Right you are. Now here's the idea, Doc. We're going to give Kayo the works on account of him being so dumb."

"How?"

"I've worked on Teddy until he's got the greatest short right in the world. Of course he couldn't never hit no clever boy with it, but what couldn't he do to a guy that didn't know it was coming?"

"Kill him," answers Doc with a queer expression which indicates that he is beginning to get hep.

"Sure it would. And it would make the feller which landed it, wouldn't it?"

"And how!"

I lower my voice and edge closer. "All right, Doc," I whispers. "The thing to do now is to get Teddy ribbed up right. He's a broad-minded kid, and won't be squeamish about the double-cross. None of us business fellers mind a little thing like that. And when he's ready——"

"For what?"

"To hang one on Kayo's button, of course."

Doc whistles. "You mean it?"

"I don't mean nothing else. We play Chi next week and they're goofy about pugs in that town. First time we get a real good house we'll give Teddy the signal. He'll go in and start sparring with Kayo like he always does, and Kayo will be boxing easy for fear he'll kill the kid. We'll let Teddy keep playing for the body until Kayo's guard is way down, and then the lad is to shoot one right for the jaw with all the power he's got. And I ask you, Doc—what happens then?"

"Kayo goes to sleep right away. But my gosh! Tommy, ain't that an awful dirty trick to play on your boy?"

"What if it is? Didn't he play a dirty trick on me by being such a swell fighter? Ain't it dirty that he won't carry none of these guys? Could it be any dirtier than that I should go broke handling a world's champion? Answer me them queries, Doc."

Doc shakes his head. "You got lots of logic, Tommy, but it still sounds wrong. And you'll break Kayo's heart."

"He ain't got a heart. Besides, if he has he oughtn't. And in the fifth place, I'm doing him a favor."

"How come?"

"I'm building up some dough for him. First of all, Teddy Mack knocks him cuckoo right before a crowded house, and right away every newspaper comes out screeching about how an unknown youngster has flattened the great Kayo Wilson. I pretend to get sore and fire Teddy as sparring partner, so there ain't no chance of Kayo getting another crack at him and having to stand trial for manslaughter.

"Then Mister Doc Hutchins blossoms out as the kid's manager and begins pulling down nice money for his boy against a bunch of push-overs. And remember this, Doc—don't you never match that lad against anybody which ain't a mark for a right.

"Well, there's Teddy getting worlds of publicity and good money for his battles. The newspapers get all steamed up over a bout with Kayo—especially when Teddy begins winning from these other lads. The four best middleweights ain't going to have any of his game because they've all been licked by Kayo and they won't be hungry to fight the man which knocked out the champ and, besides, you wouldn't sign with them anyway.

"All right. We then sign up for a fifteen-round title bout in the open air of New York and right away you withdraw Teddy from circulation, and—like you said—half the folks are going to think Teddy can repeat. It's a natural. If a half million don't come through that gate, Doc, then I'm a persimmon.

"Finally they fight, and Kayo ruins the boy, but what's the dif? Teddy has got more money than he ever thought of having and also a rep which will make him a good drawing card in all the tank towns. You've got plenty and so have I—because, Doc, we're both going to lay all our extra cash that Kayo will knock Teddy out—which we know is a cinch. What do you say?"

Doc slips me five. "You're a wizzid, Tommy," he congratulates; and even without thinking it over, I know he ain't exaggerated any.

Well, the big night finally arrives during the week in Chicago and the house is packed. Standing room on sale, and none of that left.

Kayo has been making eyes at a blond cutie behind the scenes and ain't in the mood for a peppy exhibition. Teddy is kind of grim, and so I speak to him.

"You all set, kid?"

"Yep."

"Think you can stop him with one punch?"

Teddy gives a hoarse laugh. "That big bum? Say, when I finish with him, he'll wisht he had of been a ladies' tailor instead of a pug."

(Continued on Page 48)

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

The New Graham Coupe
$895
Leading Value in Its Field

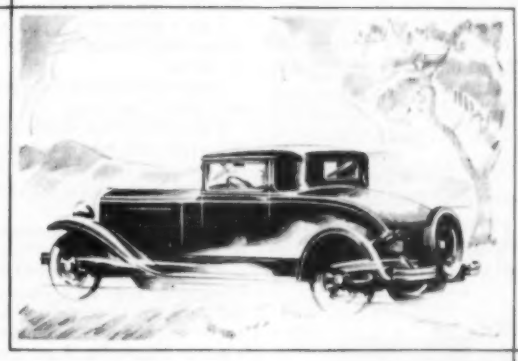
GRAHAM

QUALITY IS THE BEST POLICY

GRAHAM cars are known and noted for their great value in both the six-cylinder and eight-cylinder classifications; but Graham has produced no model or type to surpass its new $895 Standard Six Coupe in value.

All who have need or desire for a coupe of their own will do well to see this new Graham and to check its obvious quality against the field of coupes. To do so is to establish Graham leadership in that field.

The chassis here, of course, is the famous-for-quality Graham Standard Six—a six with 66 horsepower, a six with 3⅛ x 4½ inch cylinders and 207 cubic inches displacement, a six with a husky seven-bearing crankshaft and the insurance of 81.4 square inches of main-bearing surface against ever replacing main bearings.



The soft, deeply-cushioned seat is amply wide for three persons and is adjustable over a total range of 4 inches. Under the rear deck is a world of luggage and parcel space.

But to store luggage and parcels, you merely tip forward the back of the seat, for it is securely hinged at the bottom for convenient access to the deck compartment.

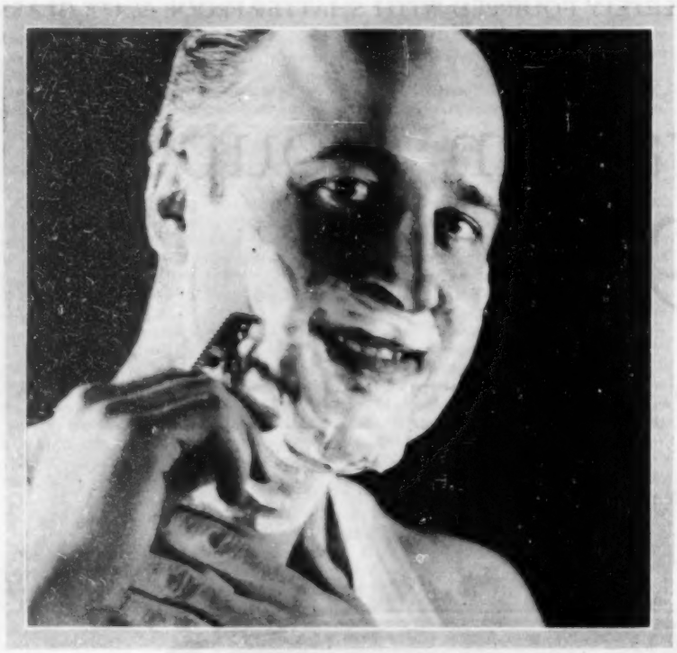
You enjoy the riding ease and comfort of a long 115-inch wheelbase; the security of internal hydraulic brakes operating on big 12-inch drums, and of complete equipment of shatter-proof *plate* glass as described below.

Mere recital of such superior points should be conclusive for any buyer; but the clinching answer is to see the Graham Six Coupe and then try to find equal value at a price close to $895.

Graham Standard Six, Four-door Town Sedan, $845
Universal Six-window Sedan, $895
Standard and Special Sixes, $845 up. Standard and Special Eights, $1445 up. Prices at factory. Special Sixes and Special Eights equipped with Graham time-proved four-speed transmission

Graham cars give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields—protection for yourself and your family from the hazards of broken glass. Complete equipment of shatter-proof plate glass at the lowest extra cost ever placed on such equipment in any car

GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Don't buy until you're sold

This remarkable shaving cream is its own salesman. 86% of those who try it, adopt it.

Just mail the coupon, please, for your free test.

GENTLEMEN: A remarkable sales policy—and a remarkable product—have made new records in the shaving cream field in the past few years.

A comparative newcomer has become the world's fastest selling shaving cream. A simple, man-to-man introductory plan has been largely responsible.

When we perfected our new product—Palmolive Shaving Cream—we offered it to men fearlessly, resting on their judgment. Instead of asking for sales, we asked for the opportunity to prove, at our expense, the things we claim.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.

Out of every hundred men who try Palmolive Shaving Cream, 86 find what they have sought, and never desert it. Thus it has supplanted old methods and brought new shaving comfort and ease to millions.

What men wanted

1000 men were consulted before we started work. Their requirements were our guide. Our great 68-year-old laboratories strove to fulfill their exacting order. After 129 formulas were discarded, success came. A shaving cream made on the olive oil principle, that embodied 5 exclusive features, was perfected.

Now, the test, please

Whether your present method suits you or not, won't you try our new way? After all, *we* take the risk of pleasing *you*. So won't you mail the coupon now, please?

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-809, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

(Please print your name and address)

5 Great Advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

(Continued from Page 46)

"Hate yourself, don't you?"

"I'm good, I am."

"Sure you are. But you ain't so good that you can take chances. Wait till you see his button flirting with you and then attach that right hook. And make it terrible, kid—make it terrible."

Funny about how uppish Teddy was. Kind of gave me a pain in the neck, so that while I was watching Kayo punch the bag on the stage I get a little sorry for him. You see, Kayo is a good sort even if he is dumb. And he's a credit to the profesh, because his idea of a fighter's life is to fight, and while that's awful old-fashioned it certainly ought to get him a break.

Kayo's pride is how good he is. His ambition is not to ever get knocked off his feet, and I know he will be wild when he takes the count. It's going to be awful ignominous, too, because they're using eight-ounce gloves, and while of course those are the kind Dempsey knocked out Carpentier with, it's kind of tough for a feller to go out that kind of way.

But it's all for Kayo's good. I keep telling myself that—not forgetting that I ain't going to lose either. I'm not only going to get half of everything Doc makes handling Teddy but also I'm in for half of Kayo's purse when the big bout takes place. And besides, he's going to stage a big comeback when he really fights Teddy in the summer and that will make him more pop'lar than ever.

Well, Kayo finishes his training stuff and goes into his spiel. Then he dons the mittens with Bing Foster, and as soon as they start I see that the champ is cocking his eye at the little cutie in the wings and ain't paying a lot of attention to the boxing. After that Teddy comes strutting into the ring.

I'm as excited as a kid at his first fight when them two fellers commence. I've seen 'em a million times before, but tonight something is going to happen. It all depends on that one punch. I'm wondering can Teddy really sock as hard as I think he can. Because if one punch don't stop Kayo I know I will have some funeral expenses on my hands concerning a certain Mister Mack.

Kayo is sparring wide open; just playing around with the kid. He's grinning, and Teddy is pulling his guard down. The first round is tame and the second starts even tamer.

Kayo's left is low and way out. Teddy is shoving away at Kayo's midriff, and the champ is pretending like he's interested in the bout—which he ain't, on account of the dame in the wings.

And then, like a boat out of the blue, Teddy's right comes over. Blooie!

I ain't never seen a punch that hard in all my life. It hurt me right clear down to my heels.

I hear somebody in the back of the house say "Gee!" out loud.

Kayo takes that punch right on the side of his jaw. His eyes get glassy and his body stiffens. He teeters around for a half second, and then pitches forward on his face, dead to the world.

The curtain is rung down quick, but the house is in an uproar. Them bimbos are just beginning to understand that they have seen a world's champion knocked out—and what a world's champ too.

For fear the house manager won't know what is happening, I go rushing to him. "Don't you telephone no newspapers," I yell.

"Why not?"

"Do you reckon I want everybody to know that my champ has been knocked out on your stage? Why, there ain't a paper in Chi that won't smear the story all over the first page."

Immediately he telephones all the newspapers, which he probly wouldn't of thought of doing if I hadn't reminded him not to. Then I run backstage again and put on a lot more play acting. I call Teddy all kinds of a dirty bum and tell him he is fired and to get out of that theater and never let me see him again. Also I mention to Doc he had better beat it with the kid before Kayo comes to, because I'm afraid the champ might exterminate the lad right there on account of him being so ashamed and all.

Finally Kayo comes back to conscientiousness. He lays one hand against his jaw and asks what happened. I plant a sad expression on my map.

"Teddy double-crossed you, Kayo."

"How?"

"He hit you on the jaw when you wasn't looking."

"What with?"

"His fist."

Kayo flinches. "Did—did he knock me out?"

"Uh-huh. For at least five minutes."

The champ gets up off that couch and he looks plumb annoyed. "Just leave me find that dirty bum," he growls. "I'll pulverize him."

"He's gone," I mourns. "I fired him."

"I'll get him!"

"Sure you will," I encourage. "I'll match you up for a big open-air show, and there will be a hundred and fifty grand in it for the two of us."

Well, Kayo sinks right back into this here slow of despond and nothing I can do will pull him out. Also the Chicago papers of the next day don't help things any. According to them, a hitherto invincible champ had met his Waterloo; a hitherto unknown had knocked a world's champion cold with a single punch; a hitherto ham-and-egger had leaped into prominence as contender for the middleweight title; and a dozen hitherto unknown promoters was offering the lad bouts.

Doc Hutchins had been on the job too. There, in every paper, was Teddy's record. It wasn't much in quality, but there was quantity a-plenty. These artichokes he had been licking didn't have names that anybody knew, but they filled space, and it made things look like he was a new phenom.

Kayo and me prepared a statement in which we said that Teddy was an ungrateful ham who didn't have the guts to fight it out right away, and he never could of done this if it had been expected, and anyway it was a fluke. Right away the sporting editors jump on us for being rotten sports—which was what I wanted—and the New York scribes took up the argument in a big way. One of them said in a few words what all the others was remarking in many. Says he:

Let it be admitted that young Mack did take advantage of a situation; let it be admitted that Kayo Wilson was off guard. In spite of that, one fact stands out distinctly, and that is that this Teddy Mack has a devastating punch. The best middleweights of the past five years have hit the champion and failed to dent his grin. And here a youngster lands one punch with a gymnasium sparring glove and renders the champion unconscious for fifteen minutes. A survey of Mack's record shows twenty-two straight knock-outs, each within three rounds. The chances are that he would whip Kayo Wilson if they fought again. He now has confidence in himself—an invaluable asset. Psychology is on his side. And it must not be forgotten that Kayo hasn't fought in almost two years and he is getting soft and stale. One thing is certain: A fifteen-round title battle between these two gladiators is a natural for the outdoor season. Judging from the reports from both camps, the public need not worry as to whether any bout they stage will be a genuine grudge battle.

Doc already has his contract with Teddy and he takes him out to gather experience—which he does a-plenty.

Of course I'm working with Doc under cover and I'm careful to see that Teddy ain't matched with no good boxers who can stay away from his right and make him look foolish. We don't feed him nobody but fair sockers who don't know nothing but to stand up and trade punches—and that is where Mister Teddy Mack shines.

He knocks 'em over like a champ at a bowling congress. One, two rounds—and never more than five. If he had got pop'lar by stopping the champ with a trick wallop, he was sure winning the public now. And the more steamed up they got, the more I played cagey, until every sporting editor in

(Continued on Page 50)

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Dealer Bulletin

Every Car Owner Wants Better Performance At This Low Cost

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

(This is sales bulletin number seven from Toledo to Champion Spark Plug dealers. Written for the Champion sales organization, it is broadcast in the Saturday Evening Post because Champion policy need not be secret from the great public served by Champions.)

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

There is no reason to hesitate in urging a customer to change to Champions if, by any chance, he may be using some other spark plugs.

Champion is the *one* spark plug that gives better performance in every kind of engine. That is why Champions outperform on land, on water and in the air, alike.

Your customers need not be experts to realize that Champions are the better spark plugs. They can feel their improved performance—in faster acceleration, more power, speed and general operating efficiency.

Not one in a hundred Champion users could be induced to use anything else.

Just as the engine is the heart of every motor car, so are the spark plugs the life of the engine.

Few people realize that each spark plug fires at least 1500 times for every mile they run their cars. In 10,000 miles that means 15,000,000 electrical flashes of high voltage, and each spark plug must deliver each spark at the precise hundredth of a second, under intense heat and stress.

Small wonder that they have earned the right to be retired after the long and faithful service which is represented by 10,000 miles of running.

It is also true that few of your customers realize what an additional savage strain and stress the modern engine imposes on spark plugs, and that the necessity for changing them by the set at least every 10,000 miles is now more important to fine performance than ever before.

Large organizations, which know to the fraction of a cent the cost of operating each vehicle in their fleets, install new Champions at regular intervals because they actually save money in so doing. Their experience only bears out what has been known for years—that new Champions more than pay their cost in gas and oil savings alone.

The increased power, speed, acceleration and economy enjoyed by those of your customers who changed spark plugs during the recent Champion National Change Week should be an incentive to you to continue to foster this practice. Many customers reach the 10,000-mile mark at various times throughout the year, and your opportunity is accordingly continuous.

You can do even more than we can to further this change, because you meet your customers face to face, you enjoy their confidence and can point out the essential facts of Champion's superior qualities by word of mouth.

You are interested in your customer's satisfaction and the better performance of his car almost as much as he is. Both you and he want the best performance he can get. You can help him by telling him why he should use Champions. He will thank you for it.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

©1930 C.S.P. Co.

NEW·FINER
PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

$590

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

Here is a car that is smart, dependable and *economical* at a price right down with the lowest. In addition, these extra-value features: Weather-proof internal hydraulic brakes . . . *full size* . . . Safety-Steel bodies . . . safety gas tank in rear, with gauge on dash . . . and the kind of speed, power and quality that is the exclusive result of Chrysler Motors engineering. More car, more satisfaction, at no extra cost!

PRICES

4-door Sedan, 3-window, $625; Coupe, $590; Roadster (rumble seat), $610; Coupe (rumble seat), $625; Touring, $625; Convertible Coupe, $695. All prices f. o. b. factory.

SOLD BY CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND DE SOTO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

FULL Plymouth SIZE

(Continued from Page 48)

the country was yelling that Kayo Wilson was scared to risk his title against Teddy.

Of course, Kayo don't do nothing but froth at the mouth twenty hours a day over all that publicity, and he don't seem to understand that it is the best thing in the world for us. With Teddy taking on the set-ups, it begins to look like an open-air show in New York is going to pull a million-dollar gate and that our share will put me in the black for the first time since I have been handling this fighter who is so foolish that he don't want to do nothing but fight.

Of course there are times when I get sorry for Kayo, like one night in Baltimore when we went to see a scrap and he was introduced from the ring only to get a large razzberry from the fans—him who has always give the best he had. They all yell why don't he fight Teddy Mack and they don't listen to him saying with tears in his voice that he will be glad to.

That's the way with fight fans—they're all for a winner until they think there is a chance for somebody else to beat him, and then they are on the other side. And of course with me playing like I was scared, that makes Teddy look better than he really is.

Once I get together with Doc Hutchins.

"How's Teddy coming?" I ask.

"Swell," he says sadly.

"Why so melancholy?"

"He's got big head. He's hard to handle. He thinks he can murder Kayo Wilson any time they get in a ring."

"That's a ha-ha, Doc. Two minutes after they square off, Teddy will be listening to the cuckoos."

"I know that, Tommy—and you know it. But Teddy don't know it. Honest, that kid ain't sweet and unspoiled no more. He's positively insulting."

"And he's got lots of confidence?"

"Sweet mamma! He's only sorry Kayo ain't twins so he could knock 'em both out. Honest, he's read all these boosts of himself until he has got plumb dumb on what a second-rater he is." Doc heaves a sigh. "How's Kayo?"

"Heartbroken," I confess. "Like a wife whose favorite husband has just left her flat."

"You done him an awful dirty trick."

"I know it, Doc, but sediment ain't got no place in business; and besides I couldn't gyp my creditors out of all the money I owe them."

"Does Kayo want to fight Teddy?"

"Want to fight? Say, listen, that bird don't hardly eat, thinking of different ways of committing manslaughter. And when they do get together—the gate'll be a million."

"At least."

"And ain't I the clever boy to build this whole thing up out of nothing? What difference does it make if Kayo has been the goat? Ain't nothing but his pride been hurt—unless you want to get technical and count his jaw that night in Chi."

"Sometimes," says Doc seriously, "a feller which has had his heart broke ain't the same afterward."

"Meaning Kayo?"

"Uh-huh."

"Don't you worry about him, Doc. I'll handle that baby. You just keep yellin' for a match with us. Me, personally, I'm just about ready to sign. I figure the minute we get them articles drawn up you won't have to take no more chances of having Teddy knocked off, and between now and June we can get the fans so steamed up they will borrow the nickels out of baby's bank to see the battle."

Well, everything is fine, and so I sit down and send a letter out to all the big sporting editors and press associations. In this article I say that Kayo is tired of seeing himself devillified in print and is ready to give Teddy a fight, and will promoters please come forward with their very best offers.

That sets the country by the ears. I reckon there ain't been that much excitement over a fight since Jeffries and Johnson got together. It's arranged that they are to battle in the open air of New York and we're to get 37½ per cent of the gross, with Teddy taking the customary challenger's end of 12½.

Am I happy? It looks like I'm to cash in heavy on my stuteness after all these here lean years. But even when I tell Kayo, he don't hardly do no more than grunt. If it wasn't for all the dough I'm going to get out of it, I would be ashamed of the way I have treated that guy.

Well, the promoting syndicate is sinking a lot of cash in this bout, and we agree that everything has got to be done right, because the bugs like their trimmings. So we draw up the contract, and me and Doc agree on everything and then we arrange a great day when the fighters themselves are to sign on the dotted lines.

It's a wonderful occasion. Every big sport writer is there, also lots of other prominent folks. All the news-reel companies yell that they want talking pictures of the event, so we invite everybody to come down with their cameras—this being the swellest publicity we could get. And that don't count dozens of other cameramen and a half dozen maiden ladies who work on newspapers writing sad stuff about virulent he men.

Well, sir, the afternoon they was to sign up you would have thought there was a picnic on foot or something. The minute we walk in, the talkie cameras start grinding and recording sound; and right away they ask Kayo to say something. He just scowls and remarks that he ain't got nothing to say and that he'll let his fists do his talking for him.

Then Teddy comes in with Doc. And boy, howdy! No pansy ever had nothing on that gimmick's clothes. He's the original stylish lad, what I mean. He's even wearing gray spats and gloves to match and is carrying a cane, and when they ask him to say something into the sound cameras, he waltzes right over and commences talking.

"This here so-called champ is a lemon," he says loudly. "When I finish with him they're going to try me for murder, but it's worth it. He's scared to death of me and is only taking this bout because there's money in it. He's a bum who always was a bum and always will be, and when we get together ——"

Just then the mikes pick up a roar like a bull, and a cyclone goes sweeping across that floor. It's Kayo Wilson.

Well, I'm telling you, it all happened so fast that nobody could move to stop it. Kayo slips one hand in Teddy's collar and whirls him around.

"A bum, am I? Put up your hands—and quick!"

Teddy hesitates and Kayo speaks again. "Put 'em up! This knock-out ain't gonna be no fluke."

Teddy seen what was coming. He makes a pass at Kayo and the champ ducks.

Boy! What happened then was positively sickening. In spite of everybody which was trying to tear them fellers apart, they fought. That is, Kayo Wilson fought. All the misery he had been having for six months was packed in each wallop he turned loose. His bare fists smacked on Teddy's face like drops of rain on a window.

Then—wham! Teddy takes it on the button and goes down like a team of oxes.

And with him goes not less than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars of good hard cash. No chance to save anything out of the wreckage, either. The cameras had caught sound and action, and nobody that ever seen that picture could mistake that Kayo had it over Teddy Mack like a tent.

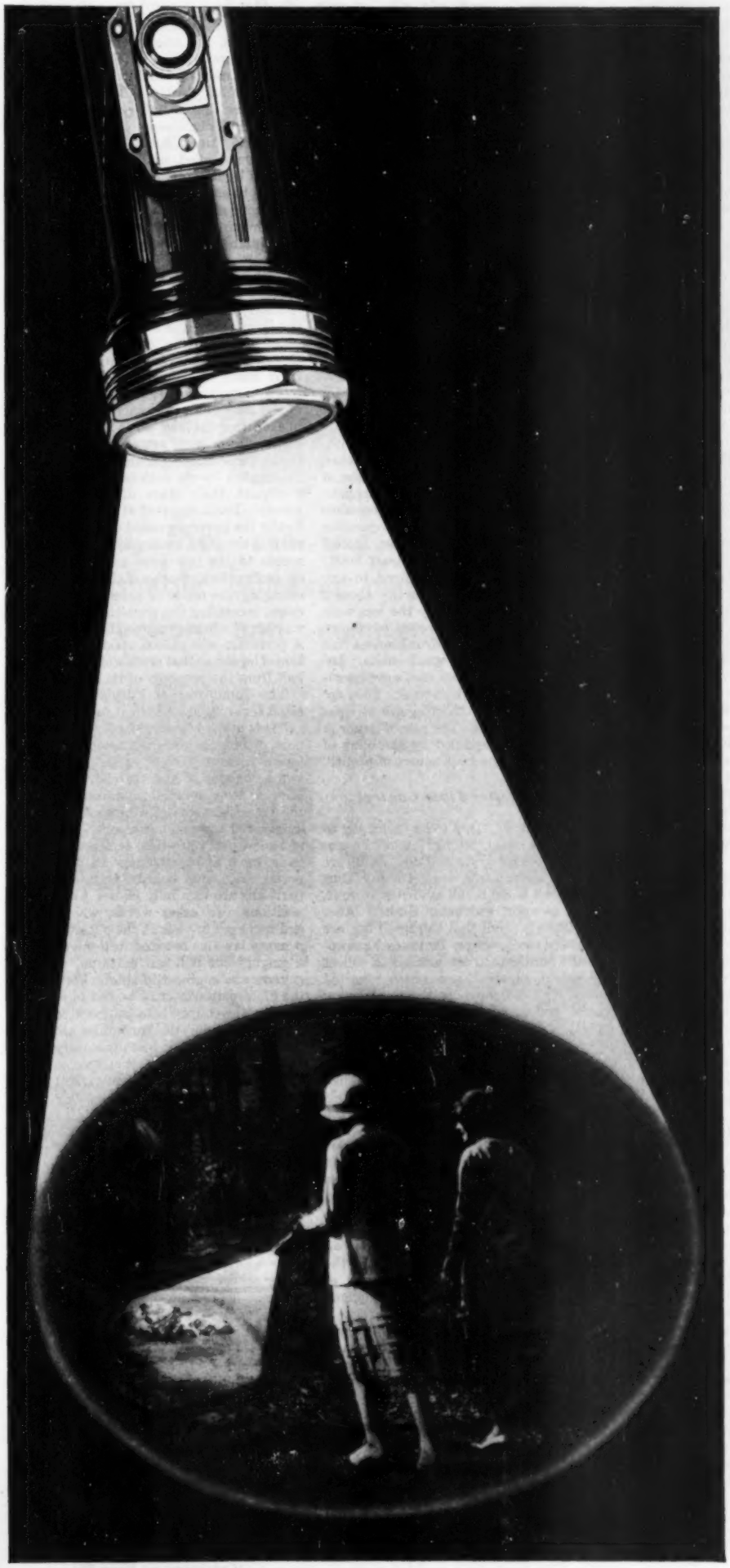
The newspaper and camera boys are happy. This is the break of their lives. The promoter announces that the bout is off, and Kayo walks over to me grinning like a Cheesy Cat.

"Wasn't that swell?" he inquires in a goofy manner. "Ain't you proud of me?"

"I might as well be," I groan. "Because pride is all I have got left."

VACATION DAYS ARE FLASHLIGHT NIGHTS

Ribbon marking on case covered by registered trade-mark



MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME WITH AN EVEREADY

WHEN you shove off on your vacation, you're headed for strange places. But you're right at home, and you're *safe*, when you carry an Eveready Flashlight.

Its brilliant beam paves your path with light . . . batters down the blackness. You can't help but *know* where you're going. You can climb from a canoe to an unlighted landing without launching yourself in the lake. Or suppose you go for a drive at night, and have a hunch the gas is low. Don't take chances on collecting the insurance—look at the tank with an Eveready. It *can't* start a fire! And for night-work on a "flat," you need an Eveready as much as a rim-wrench.

No matter where you go, or what you do, you're safer with an Eveready Flashlight. Get one today. And be sure it's loaded with Eveready Flashlight Batteries. They're 10c everywhere, and give months of reliable service.

* * *

The Eveready Hour, radio's oldest commercial feature, is broadcast every Tuesday evening at nine (New York time) from WEAF over a nation-wide N. B. C. network of 30 stations.

Eveready Flashlight Batteries fit and improve all makes of flashlights. Only ten cents each.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

General Offices: New York, N. Y.

Branches: Chicago Kansas City New York San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF PROHIBITION

(Continued from Page 21)

"It would require the authority of the general Government," wrote the Committee of Fifty, "and an immense expenditure to make an exhaustive statistical inquiry on the subject of the consumption of alcoholic drinks, and it is very doubtful if even the National Government could obtain all the important facts on this most difficult topic. The considerable consumption of alcohol for medicinal and industrial purposes masks the consumption for drinking purposes. The amount of alcohol produced in the country gives, of course, no clew to the amount consumed as drink in any single state. The internal-revenue laws of the United States and the freedom of interstate commerce complicate the whole situation. Neither have the researches of Doctor Wines and Mr. Koren resulted in complete statistical statements of the number of arrests for drunkenness, or for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, or of the number of crimes attributable to alcohol. Indeed, one of the results of their investigations is that no secure conclusions can be based on any such statistics now in existence, so much are the accessible statistics affected by temporary, local and shifting conditions. . . . The reports relate to communities which differ widely in character. Some relate to compact and some to scattered populations; some to people most of whom are native-born, and some to communities in which there is a large admixture of foreign-born persons. The principal occupations in the states examined differ widely. Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis contain chiefly a manufacturing and trading population, while the population of South Carolina and Iowa is in the main agricultural."

The Law and Public Sentiment

"The difficulties in the way of researches of this kind are enormous. In matters which affect private character, truthful reports are proverbially hard to obtain. The accessible statistics are incomplete or inaccurate, or both. The effects of intemperance in promoting vice and crime are often mixed with the effects of many other causes, such as unhealthful occupations, bad lodgings, poor food and inherited disabilities; and it is very difficult to disentangle intemperance as a cause from other causes of vice, crime and pauperism. At every point connected with these investigations the studious observer encounters an intense partisanship, which blinds the eyes of witnesses and obscures the judgment of writers and speakers on the subject. The reports deal with some communities in which the local sentiment has been in favor of the enforcement of restrictive laws, and with others in which the sentiment has been adverse to such enforcement. . . .

"Prohibitory legislation has succeeded in abolishing and preventing the manufacture on a large scale of distilled and malt liquors within the areas covered by it. In districts where public sentiment has been strongly in its favor, it has made it hard to obtain intoxicants, thereby removing temptation from the young and from persons disposed to alcoholic excesses. In pursuing its main object—which is to make the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, first, impossible, or, secondly, disreputable, if possible—it has incidentally promoted the invention and adoption of many useful restrictions on the liquor traffic. But prohibitory legislation has failed to exclude intoxicants completely even from districts where public sentiment has been favorable. In districts where public sentiment has been adverse or strongly divided, the traffic in alcoholic beverages has been sometimes repressed or harassed, but never exterminated or rendered unprofitable. In Maine and Iowa there have always been counties and municipalities in complete and successful rebellion against the law. The incidental difficulties created by the United States revenue laws, the industrial and medicinal demand for alcohol, and the freedom of interstate commerce have never been overcome. . . . Experience with prohibitory legislation has brought into clear relief the fact that sumptuary legislation which is not supported by local public sentiment is apt to prove locally impotent, or worse."

Taking up the various systems of restriction in effect, the committee found that "granting of licenses tended to throw the liquor traffic into politics, making of every licensing board or agency a powerful political machine; the making of a high license fee brought speak-easies and illicit distribution." The committee made these recommendations, based on the experience of various states and communities:

"There should be no selling to minors, intoxicated persons or habitual drunkards.

"There should be no selling on Sundays, election days or legal holidays in general, such as Christmas Day, Memorial Day and the Fourth of July. Where, however, such a restriction is openly disregarded, as in St. Louis, it is injurious to have it in the law.

"Saloons should not be allowed to become places of entertainment, and to this end they should not be allowed to provide musical instruments, billiard or pool tables, bowling alleys, cards or dice.

"Saloons should not be licensed in theaters or concert halls; and no boxing, wrestling, cockfighting or other exhibition should be allowed in saloons.

"Every saloon should be wide open to public inspection from the highway, no screens or partitions being permitted.

"There should be a limit to the hours of selling, and the shorter the hours the better. In the different states saloons close at various hours. Thus, in Maine cities in which saloons are openly maintained, the hour for closing is ten P.M., and in Massachusetts it is eleven P.M.; but the county dispensaries of South Carolina close at six P.M.

"It has been found necessary to prevent by police regulation the display of obscene pictures in saloons and the employment of women as bartenders, waitresses, singers or actresses.

"Most of the above restrictions can be executed in any place where there is a reasonably good police force, provided that public opinion accepts such restrictions as desirable. If public sentiment does not support them, they will be disregarded and evaded, as they are in St. Louis, although the Missouri law is a good one in respect to restrictions on licenses. The prohibition of Sunday selling is an old restriction in the United States—Indiana, 1816—and the more Sunday is converted into a public holiday the more important this restriction becomes, if public sentiment will sustain it."

Speak-Easies of the Mauve Decade

"All restrictions on the licensed saloons have a tendency to develop illicit selling, but much experience has proved that illicit selling cannot get a large development by the side of licensed selling, if the police administration be at all effective. It is only in regions where prohibition prevails that illicit selling assumes large proportions. In license cities, where the regulations forbid sales after ten or eleven o'clock on Saturday evening and sales on Sundays, the illicit traffic is most developed after hours on Saturday and on Sunday."

Difficulties were encountered as early as 1886 with the system of dispensing liquor at the drug store. Efforts were made by law to prevent the sale of liquor by pharmacists unless they were registered, and druggists were forbidden to sell without a written prescription. Yet the committee confessed "that the sale of liquor by druggists cannot be perfectly controlled by either or both of these regulations."

Most familiar in the committee's comments are its observations on the difficulty of getting the courts to deal effectively and promptly with liquor cases. Here is a curious parallel, for instance, with the recent criticism which the wets have made of the Jones Law.

"Experience in various states," remarks the Committee of Fifty, "has shown that the penalty of imprisonment prevents obtaining convictions in liquor cases. This penalty has been tried over and over again by ardent legislators, but in practice has never succeeded—at least for first offenses. Fines have seemed to ordinary judges and juries sufficient penalties for liquor offenses. Laws with severe penalties have often been passed and courts have often been deprived of all choice between fine and imprisonment, but in practice such enactments have proved less effective than milder ones."

Nor is the speak-easy, which has sprung up in some cities of the United States, entirely the product of present-day prohibition. In the early 90's, when the high-license law was in operation, an investigator in a large Eastern city for the Committee of Fifty reported:

"At the present time liquor is sold without license at the speak-easy or kitchen bars, at chartered and unchartered clubs, at houses of ill fame, and by some druggists. A policeman having an intimate acquaintance with all sections of the city in question as to the number of speak-easies, replied unhesitatingly, 'There are at least 6000.' The speak-easies are not confined to any particular localities, but naturally abound in the districts inhabited by the less well-to-do people and in the so-called slums. Other vices than that of drunkenness find a congenial spot in the speak-easies. Another class of speak-easies continues operations throughout the whole week. They are commonly run under the disguise of cigar stores or news stands. The sale of liquor in a rear room, accompanied by gambling of various kinds, is the main source of profit."

Liquor Under State Control

"The question, 'Don't the police try to suppress the illicit selling?' must be answered both with a yes and no. Raids are made—in some years, a good many—but never unless there is full evidence of guilt, and all is upon warrant. On the other hand, there is proof that the small fish are caught and the big let go. Instances have appeared where detectives detailed to collect evidence about speak-easies have reported their non-existence in direct contradiction to the testimony of reputable citizens. When a ward leader undertook to defy the law, he was permitted to run an establishment differing but little in appointments and size from an ordinary saloon. When the complainants grow too clamorous, it often happens that the police will warn the offender and give him time for an exit. The friendly relations between police officers and speak-easy keepers is shown by the fact that strangers may be introduced to the resorts of the latter by policemen in person. It is vain to deny that the police profit from the illicit trade."

The foregoing description continues on with details not a bit different from the racketeering which has been going on in Chicago. Thirty-five years have not changed the ways of those who would break the law by bribing local police. State constabularies have often been urged as a means of accomplishing better enforcement in areas where public sentiment is adverse to restriction.

South Carolina, by its Dispensary Law, tried the system of distributing liquor by state control. After years of agitation and discontent, there was passed in 1892 a law which went into effect a year later, whereby the state itself, through the governor and a commission, bought all liquors for lawful sale. County boards of control, consisting of three members each, appointed by a state board, were empowered to make rules for the sale in each county. The manufacturers of liquor could sell only to the state within its borders, but they were authorized to manufacture for sale outside. The profits were paid monthly, half to the counties and the other half to the municipalities. Saloons were closed, but whisky flowed into the state through many unsuspected channels. Blind tigers, as the unlicensed liquor shops were called, made their appearance. Serious legal complications arose from attempts to enforce the law. Court decisions were rendered to the effect that the law was unconstitutional and that it interfered with interstate commerce.

More Jobs for the Politicians

Later, in the year 1893, amendments to the Dispensary Law were adopted with the hope of improving enforcement and by threats to withhold from the municipalities their share of dispensary profits if they failed to suppress illegal sales. The powers of the constables were increased. Friction in executing the laws led to bloodshed. The state officers were armed with rifles, and finally three cities—Columbia, Florence and Darlington—were notified that they must relinquish their share of the dispensary money. Riots occurred at Darlington, and finally the governor called out the militia to protect the state monopoly. More amendments to the law were adopted in 1895, extending the authority of the governor and changing the mode of procedure in liquor cases, increasing the penalties and also the number of officials engaged in enforcement. A premium was placed upon the confiscation of liquor, so that certain officials derived half from the proceeds of its sale.

The Committee of Fifty's report criticized severely the political factor.

"It is perhaps unavoidable," said the report, "that the unusual powers thus conferred upon the chief executive and the two associates of his own choosing should have a deep political significance. Since the establishment of a dispensary means an assured competence to one or two men and some party prestige, accompanied, perhaps, by a little patronage to those composing the county boards of control, strong partisans are naturally chosen to fill those positions. In other words, whether this end was kept in view at the outset, the dispensary law has resulted in the creation of a magnificent political machine, with the governor as engineer in chief. For each of the 81 dispensaries may be reckoned 2 employes; the county boards of control number 105 persons; the constables about 60; the employes at the chief dispensary about 57, in all some 384 men, scattered over the state. All the constables and several others may at any time be sent at public expense to any part of the state.

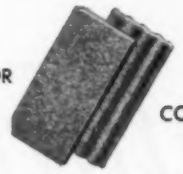
"An obvious danger of the dispensary system is the temptation to accept undue profits constantly besetting those who purchase the state liquor. Anyone in the least familiar with the methods of the liquor trade knows that, under the keen competition existing, inducements in the line of rebates or commissions are held out to those who purchase goods, especially if it be for others."

Notwithstanding the gradual effectiveness of enforcement by reason of a strong force of constabulary, reports from various sections of the state insisted that there had been a marked increase in drunkenness, because "blind tigers may be found at every crossroad and whisky wagons had a large business."

It is interesting to note that rural districts, where police protection was not efficient, began to complain of the ills of the dispensary system. The Supreme Court of the United States finally decided, on January 17, 1897, that the provisions of the Dispensary Law which forbade citizens of the state from importing liquors for their

(Continued on Page 56)

SOME OF TRANSITE'S 1000 USES CAN HELP YOU



FLAT OR CORRUGATED

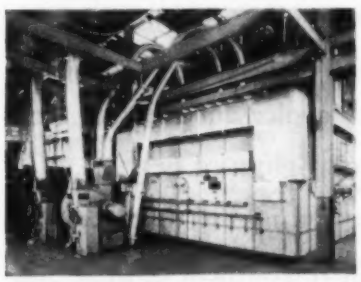
You, too, can use this fireproof imperishable building material to cut construction and maintenance costs

AS STUCCO—This residence at Cleveland, Ohio, shows Transite used in place of stucco. Transite can also be used for half-timber construction and provides a substantial, water-tight, crack free, economical material, easily and quickly applied, and good looking.

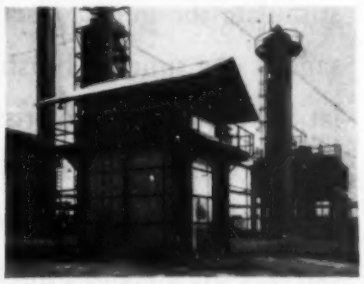
ROOFING AND SIDING—This entire plant of the Morton Salt Co., at Newark, California, is roofed and walled with Corrugated Transite, which was used here because of its resistance to corrosion in addition to its protection against fire and weather.

FOR DRY KILNS—Dry Kilns, such as this example at the Sterling Wood Products Company of Knoxville, Tenn., are unaffected by temperature changes within or without. Transite is also ideal for fume hoods, ventilators, louvres, smoke jacks and tank houses.

MACHINE HOODS—This is a Transite machine hood at the Consolidated Water Power & Paper Company mill, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin. Transite, because of its strength and resistance to moisture—is widely used for machine hoods in other industries.



BOILER AND FURNACE CASING—This Transite casing for boiler furnace at the Rochester Gas & Electric Company, Rochester, N. Y., is unaffected by heat or moisture. Transite is also used extensively in leading electric stations for arc-barriers and cell structures.



FOR FIRE SAFETY—Here the furnace of a tube still of the Richards Refining Co., Big Spring, Texas, is safely enclosed in a Transite wall. Fire barriers and flare-backs of Transite have saved millions by preventing fires in many oil fields from becoming disastrous.

WITH Transite you can provide imperishable protection for industrial buildings—decorate a handsome show-window—build an airplane hangar, or safeguard your home. You can use Transite for any of these, or for a thousand other purposes.

The photograph above shows what beautiful effects can be obtained when Transite is used as an interior finish for a room decorated in the modern manner. In the illustrations at the left, Transite is shown as used in place of stucco on a residence, as roofing and siding for an entire factory, and to enclose industrial equipment.

Thus it can be seen that Transite is truly a material of almost limitless uses. It is the most versatile performer among Johns-Manville products. Daily its long list of uses grows, as new users discover its remarkable qualities.

Transite is an imperishable union of asbestos fibres and Portland Cement. It is made in large sheets which are so easily handled and worked that it has been called a "stone lumber." Of course, Transite is not lumber, but it is a building material that can be worked with ordinary tools, and it is perfectly adapted for safe, durable enclosures of every variety.

Transite stands punishment

Transite asks neither favors, nor gentle treatment. It is fireproof. It is not damaged by the usual industrial fumes, vapors or smoke. As for weather—Transite is actually improved by exposure. Its toughness increases with the passing years. Transite, whether used indoors or out, will not split, rot, corrode, buckle, warp or crumble. It requires no paint, no other finish, and costs nothing to maintain.

Transite is made flat or corrugated, in sheets of several sizes and thicknesses, which provide suitable stock sizes for practically any job.

We will gladly mail you our free book, "J-M Transite." We welcome inquiries about ways in which Transite can save you money. You will find that your return on an investment in Transite will be freedom alike from worry and expense.

Johns-Manville

TRANSITE—Flat or Corrugated

A BUILDING MATERIAL THAT DEFIES FIRE, TIME AND WEATHER

This J-M trade-mark is the stamp of quality on heat insulations of every variety; brake linings for motor cars; sound-absorbing materials for offices, auditoriums, hospitals, theatres or other interiors; packings; insulating board; built-up roofs; asbestos shingles and many other products.

Address JOHNS-MANVILLE, 292 Madison Avenue, New York City
If West of Rocky Mountains, address San Francisco, Cal.
Canadian address: Johns-Manville, Toronto, Canada

Please send me a copy of your free book, "J-M Transite."

Name .....

T-55-6

Address .....

Any mouth may have pyorrhea and at forty the odds are 4 out of 5

The Dentists' Dentifrice Should be Your Family Dentifrice

MANY people remember the time when trips to the dentist were made only to get relief from pain. In those days, no one thought of going for prevention, before pain developed.

And today, there are people who do not think of using Forhan's, until their mouths show premature signs of age.

But the well mouth needs Forhan's. It is a dentifrice safe and pure and mild—as fine as a dentist can make it, for it was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

The tiny teeth of children—those precious first teeth which have such an influence on the future health and beauty of the mouth—need the scientific cleansing which they will get with this gentle dentifrice.

The teeth of boys and girls also need Forhan's protection, to supplement the dentist's watchful care. No dentifrice can do a more thorough job of reaching every fissure and crevice of the teeth during these critical years.

In the adult mouth, Forhan's serves a double purpose. It cleans the teeth, of course, but in addition it helps to stimulate the gums. Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, it rouses sluggish circulation, brings to gum tissues a pleasant tingling, and helps to keep them in the coral glow of health.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that Forhan's can take the place of professional treatment of pyorrhea. If you suspect that you have this ailment, if your gums

The gleaming beauty of those teeth is too precious to be trusted to any but the finest dentifrice. Forhan's is scientifically safe and gentle and pure. "The dentists' dentifrice."

are tender, see your dentist at once. When the mouth is healthy—before any tenderness develops—is the time to adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice. It is far better to avoid disease than to treat it after it develops. The use of this scientific dentifrice will help you to keep the mouth of youth well into middle age.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢, a few cents a tube more than ordinary tooth-paste, and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

Forhan's

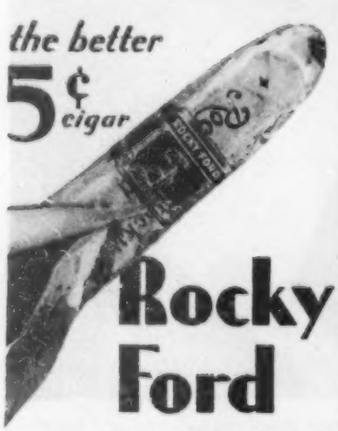
YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

When you approach the critical years, your gums as well as your teeth deserve daily care. Massage with Forhan's is a wise precaution, at the same time you brush your teeth.

Fully 85% of all molars coming through the gums contain tiny surface cracks or fissures—the breeding place of future trouble unless regularly cleaned with a mild, safe dentifrice.

If you light your first Rocky Ford before you reach for your change, don't make the old mistake of trying to give the clerk back a nickel! He'll just slide it back to you with a grin. . . . 'cause nearly every day some appreciative cigar smoker tries to pay a dime for a Rocky Ford. It does taste like a ten center. . . . but it costs only a nickel!

ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout.



(Continued from Page 52)

own use were in conflict with the Federal Constitution and therefore invalid. It did not, however, say whether a state, in the exercise of its police power, could monopolize the traffic within a state or regulate its own liquor traffic. The effect of the decision, was, in a sense, to remove some opposition to the law, because it gave the privilege of importing liquors for private use, while, at the same time, rendering difficult the illicit distribution of alcohol which reached the state through lawful transit.

Out of its many reports and investigations the Committee of Fifty came to a conclusion which is worth quoting here, because it is doubtful whether the report of the Wickersham Commission will be able to say much more than is compressed in these few lines in the following paragraph:

"It cannot be positively affirmed that any one kind of liquor legislation has been more successful than another in promoting real temperance. Legislation as a cause of improvement can rarely be separated from other possible causes. The influences of race or nationality are apparently more important than legislation. That law is best which is best administered. Even when external improvements have undoubtedly been effected by new legislation, it often remains doubtful, or at least not demonstrable, whether or not the visible improvements have been accompanied by a diminution in the amount of drinking. Thus, a reduction in the number of saloons in proportion to the population undoubtedly promotes order, quiet and outward decency, but it is not certain that the surviving saloons sell less liquor in total than the previous more numerous saloons. Again, it is often said that restrictions on drinking at public bars tend to increase drinking at home or in private, and there is probably truth in this allegation, but comparative statistics of public and private consumption are not attainable, so that it is impossible to hold a well-grounded opinion on this point. The wise course for the community at large is to strive after all external, visible improvements, even if it be impossible to prove that internal, fundamental improvement accompanies them."

The New Wet Organization

Thus has prohibition come through various stages of restriction as to the quantity an individual may buy, of government control with its effort to eliminate the element of profit, of restrictive laws to safeguard the young and to reduce consumption, of statewide prohibition, which was more or less defeated by the fact that liquors could be imported from one state into another, until, finally, came a constitutional amendment making it unlawful to manufacture, sell or transport liquor within the jurisdiction of the United States and leaving it to both the states and the Federal Government to do the enforcing.

President Hoover has undertaken to get at the facts of present-day prohibition. The National Commission on Law Observance is tackling a job that has required many years of investigation whenever such a disinterested survey has been attempted in the past. Thus far, the Commission has been trying to find out how enforcement can be improved. It cannot, in the short space of a year or two, make comparisons on the effects of prohibition, though five years from now, if the inquiries are pursued without interruption, an even more valuable research will have been accomplished. Some of the very people who are arguing that the law is enforceable are doing their utmost to prevent its enforcement. This complicates the question for an investigator who is supposed to discover where the flaws are on the administrative side. But even if the results should show that enforcement is difficult, if not impossible, the burden of proof may come to rest upon those who argue for the repeal or modification of the Eighteenth Amendment. On them may devolve responsibility of providing a constructive alternative to existing conditions.

The pendulum has swung backward and forward in the past hundred years. Sometimes the protest against the invasion of personal rights, as they have often been characterized, reaches such a point of intensity as to line up all the protest votes on one side without even suggesting an alternative. In other words, a negative verdict against things has sometimes swept out the existing law without providing a satisfactory substitute. The dry organizations today are not so well organized or so well financed as they were before national prohibition was adopted. The wet organizations, on the other hand, have not, until the past two years, succeeded in getting nation-wide organization and sufficient funds to develop sentiment in opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment.

A Water Wheel in the Desert

The charts of history show upward and downward curves on prohibition, with changes for a few years, only to reveal in the long run a gradually increasing sentiment against the legalized sale of intoxicating liquors in retail distribution. The drug store, the grocery, the cigar store, the club, have all developed into the saloon in the past, and no system of distribution has entirely eliminated illicit selling.

And perennially there is an outcry for honest enforcement. The part that public sentiment and efficient administration have played in the enforcement problem can be visualized when we read the speech of Governor Dutton, of Connecticut, in 1865, at the Fifth National Temperance Convention. He had served as governor in 1854, when prohibition was enacted in that state. His intellectual attainments may be inferred from the fact that he was also Kent professor of law at Yale. He said:

"One principal difficulty was this: It was not so much the enemies of temperance, it was not so much the rum sellers that destroyed, to a great extent, the force of that law, as it was the temperance men themselves. They made a great effort to pass the law, and they succeeded in passing it, and then they supposed that they had done all that was necessary for them to do. They thought if they could only get a temperance law, that intemperance would come to an end; if they could only make it illegal to sell, why, nobody would sell. 'Well, now, sir, we all know there is no greater fallacy in the world than that. Anybody that knows anything about legislation knows that a mere naked law upon the statute book is the most contemptible and idle thing in this world. It is no better than a water wheel would be in a desert. If you do not have the water to turn the wheel, you might as well not have the wheel. Now, they stopped just there. They said, 'We have got a law, and now let the law take care of these men.' That was the first great cause, in my judgment, why that law was not carried into effect. But then there was another cause of failure, which was, perhaps, more effectual than the other—namely, that the temperance men allowed the execution of the law to go right into the hands of men who didn't care a straw for the law, and who made use of it for the purpose merely of making money. They were perfectly willing to have the law executed in such a way that it would become odious. The duty fell right into the hands of grand jurors, of state attorneys and others who were not temperance men. Many of them were opposed to the law, many of them preferred that the law should prove a failure, and used the form of legal proceedings in such a way as to make money. What was the result? Why, it made the law odious. . . . Then these officers of the law who undertook to execute it allowed our docket to be full of cases, and these cases crowded out other cases, and that way another set of men became opposed to the execution of the law. In these various ways the law became odious."

Governor Dutton's remarks might have been uttered yesterday by some of the leaders of the dry organizations. In the sixty-five years that have elapsed, the same criticism has been voiced again and again.

So we come, at the end of a hundred years of prohibition, to the climax—namely, a situation in which the Federal Government has for ten years endeavored to enforce national prohibition. During that same period of time an organized liquor traffic of bootleggers and racketeers has thrust its ugly head into the life of the nation, defying law and authority, and producing popular resentment as well as the provocative query as to whether conditions are any better today than they were in pre-Volstead days. Those who answer the question by their personal predilection, or by what they, as individuals, think are sociological conditions, can hardly trust their own judgment.

Are conditions better or worse? They are both better in some respects and worse in others. With characteristic zeal for fact-finding, the President of the United States has asked a commission of disinterested men to make an investigation. Their reports will be published during the latter part of the year and will indicate the immensity of the task they have undertaken. They probably will have to pursue their inquiry under a new set of conditions when Congress provides fresh sinews of enforcement. For the problem is twofold—the administration of the law properly on the statute books and the wisdom of the law growing out of the Eighteenth Amendment. The Commission is not going to deal very much with the latter, because only a referendum will ever tell if a majority or a minority want the Eighteenth Amendment retained, and such a referendum can only be taken when it is divorced from all other issues in local or general elections, and when the question is so phrased that the voter not only understands that he is voting to repeal or retain the Eighteenth Amendment but also is fully aware of just what is proposed as a substitute.

409

For the Good of the Community

Through 300 years or more, from the days when the Pilgrim Fathers saw the wisdom of prohibiting the sale of fire water to the Indians, through the various phases of restrictive legislation aimed primarily to prevent the evils of intoxicants, to this day, the problem has always been the same—how to make a law that would prevent the consequences that come from drinking to excess and, at the same time, permit individual liberty to those who, in the parlance of today, "know how to handle it." The differences are even more fundamental. Community life has grown up in the modern state on the theory that the good of the community demands the suppression of vices and the elimination of as many causes as may lead to crime. The many who do not, and probably never would, drink to excess have had to see their privileges taken away because of the uncontrollable passion of the few. And in the past hundred years they have seen other restrictions, such as vaccination to prevent the spread of disease, laws on sanitation, the restricted use of narcotics, the proper labeling of foods, and even the restricted parking of cars in front of one's own home or office building.

The day may come when some genius will invent a method whereby those who know how to behave can travel on an upper level, enjoying freedom from all legislative interference, while the rest of the world moves along separate paths, carefully guarded and restricted; but about all that the past hundred years of prohibition have taught is that the distribution of alcohol, unrestricted and unrestrained, is one of the worst evils of community life in the forward as well as the backward areas of the world, and that no matter whether public sentiment swings for a few years toward the dry side or the wet side, the tendency, as indicated by history, is to seek conscientiously a way to minimize, if not eliminate, the social evils of the saloon or of any other form of retail distribution of intoxicating beverages.

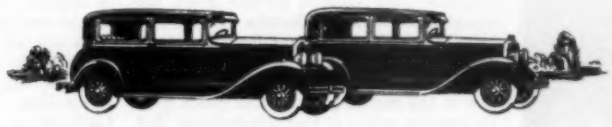
Editor's Note—This is the third and last of three articles by Mr. Lawrence.

Three *Important Features* of the *new* Oakland-Pontiac Service Policy . .

1 ***No charge for parts or labor under warranty replacements.***

2 ***Inspection and adjustment during initial driving period at no cost to owner.***

3 ***3-Point Free Adjustment Service at 90-day intervals.***



WHEN you buy an Oakland Eight or a Pontiac Big Six you not only get qualities of performance, appearance, comfort and long life exceptional at the price, but you also receive definite assurance that your car will operate satisfactorily over a long period of time.

This assurance is provided in two ways: First, in the care with which the Oakland Eight and Pontiac Six are designed and built; and second, in the unusual provisions for the efficient servicing of these two fine automobiles.

Throughout the United States are thousands of competent Oakland-Pontiac service organizations. And now they are operating under a new Owner Service Policy which is broader and more liberal in its scope.

This new policy is a printed document which is handed to you when you take delivery of your car. It carries the backing of both the dealer and the Oakland Motor Car Company. It guarantees that the car will be delivered to you properly inspected, adjusted and lubricated. And furthermore, it definitely specifies the following:

1—*No charge for labor or for parts* replaced under the standard warranty which covers a period of 90 days or 4,000 miles, whichever occurs first. This operation will be carried out by any Oakland-Pontiac dealer anywhere in the United States upon presentation of the owner's identification card.

2—Expert inspection and adjustment during the initial driving period furnished *at no cost to the owner* by the dealer making delivery.

(*a*) At 500 miles the dealer will give your car a road test—check the oil in the engine, rear axle and transmission—and adjust the ignition, carburetor, timing and brakes.

(*b*) At 1500 miles he will give the car another road test and precautionary re-checking, performing the following operations: align the front wheels—tune the engine—adjust the brakes, steering gear and fan belt—tighten all body and chassis bolts. In addition he will check the radiator, tires and lights—test and fill the battery—lubricate the car completely—all without cost except for the grease and oil used.

3—3-Point *Free* Adjustment Service at 90-day intervals—checking and adjusting ignition, carburetor and timing.

* * *

This new service policy constitutes definite protection of your investment when you buy an Oakland Eight or a Pontiac Big Six. And it reflects the sincere desire of the Oakland Motor Car Company not only to build fine automobiles, but to make certain that every owner enjoys the maximum motoring satisfaction at minimum expense.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Pontiac, Michigan

Burglars don't take vacations

At least, they don't take them while you are taking yours...

BURGLARY Insurance will, of course, save you any financial loss from the depredations of burglars.

However, the following precautions may save you, as well, the annoyance of a burglary and the loss of belongings that have a sentimental value beyond their intrinsic worth:

Avoid "advertising" the fact that your home is unoccupied, by stopping the delivery of newspapers, milk, etc. during your absence.

Do not pull down the window shades except where actually necessary to keep rugs or draperies from fading.

Secure a small electric bulb for one wall fixture on each floor and leave them burning continuously. The current used will amount to very little in all, and the lights will make your home look at night as though some member of the family were momentarily expected.

Provide a door slot for the reception of mail, so that any accumulation will not be in evidence, as it would be in a box.

Ask some neighboring friend to make an interior inspection of your home each week.

Even with the exercise of greatest care, insurance is an economic necessity. The agent of this Company in your city will be pleased to study your insurance problems and assist you in arranging needed insurance.

Indemnity Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and affiliated North America Companies write practically every form of insurance except life.

WHY RETURN HOME AFTER TWENTY YEARS ABROAD?

(Continued from Page 32)

ugly forces swiftly rising in this nation, European nations, fundamentally, *moralement*, were becoming a trifle weary, a little weak. Then, before the war, America was still groping about, seemed to be trying to catch up with Europe, but not realizing that the catch-up was inevitable. Also then the American visitor found living agreeable over there, and far cheaper. Only since the war has the reverse of the situation been clear—European nations today all trying to imitate the United States, and not making a very good job of it.

But twenty years ago Europe thrilled, fascinated. We were glad of the chance to be there, to live and learn. On our first day in London, Edward VII died. On that afternoon we stood before Buckingham Palace, in a thin drizzle of rain, with the thousands that mourned the passing of a king. Later we witnessed a pageant of empire—the funeral cortège that included two emperors, in which reigning kings rode three abreast, followed by queens, princes, potentates and glittering soldiery.

In matters of pomp and soldiery, Europe was not weary, as the war amply proved, and she is not completely fatigued today. The resplendent Life Guards still pose statuelike in Whitehall. The Cuirassiers continue their colorful parade down the Champs Élysées on Bastille Day. The grim Reichswehr of Republican Germany make the ground tremble under an iron tread as they march down Unter den Linden in the morning, to mount guard over the somber palace of Von Hindenburg. But the forces behind all this—forces that shall determine whether such is to be or not to be—are changing—were changing then, but far more swiftly today.

The mastership of such forces—forces that are shaping the future destiny of mankind—center now in the United States. The world now voices acceptance—grudgingly at times—of the new rôle of the United States in the postwar readjustment of nations.

Not Homesick, but Sick of Home

The World War, of course, gave ample reason even for an expatriate to remain abroad. Our profession permitted us a close-up of carnage upon the battle fronts of five nations, and being in Paris both at the beginning and the end was to have, indeed, lived. Then the Armistice period in Berlin—black days and black bread, the Spartacist riots and machine guns raking the streets with fire. The postwar reconstruction, feverish days of Ruhr occupation, and the fall of the German mark, when, with an air, one flung a billion to a beggar, and was actually out of pocket a dime one day, a nickel the next—such being the sliding value of the billion, down to nothingness.

Then the sessions at the League of Nations, the various reparations and disarmament conferences—all high lights of a long period, when reasons for home-going were like faint, quickly dying echoes, never stirring us to the point of going to the steamship office with passage money in hand. It seemed quite natural for an eyewitness at Armageddon to remain for the new order, or for the end of the story. But finally came the pause, the moment for reflection, and the boat ride home.

Fellow Americans abroad—some of them—had to do with it—not near all, but we will pay them respects at this stage of argument.

So many of the American Parisians, the American Londoners, American Berliners, or the Americans anywhere at all except in America, got on our nerves. Constant shoulder rubbing with them, mixing up with them unavoidably, and sometimes being mistaken for one of them, became a nuisance. We started to write about them once, under the title as herein suggested, but then, in Paris, we could not get the proper perspective on their importance, or unimportance. Now they seem like strange animals in a circus menagerie. Almost we can hear the keeper's ballyhoo:

"Step up, ladies and gents, and see the Americans who won't go home, and those who may not go. This little blonde over here has a lover at Deauville, or at Monte Carlo, according to season, and declares that clothes can be purchased only in the Place Vendôme. The old boy over on that side wrecked an industry and lives in a palace. The antique duffer being led along by the terrier is an early drought refugee. That couple declare home is a vulgar place, not fit to live in. The fat boy in the striped suit—his family pays him to stay here—will now oblige with the song made popular in our American bars, entitled, Oh, When I Say I'm Homesick, That Means I'm Sick of Home."

Wearied of Being a Foreigner

Astonishing! Not at all. All wrong, if you like, but the colony is large and fixed. Quite incapable of acquiring any language but its own, it supports the papers printed in English, and entertains itself madly at all the best places.

In the art and education section, particularly the new American Latin Quarter of Paris, the *terrasses* seethe with conversationalists. They are indulgent toward Leonardo da Vinci, generous toward Mozart—even Shakspere was good in his day—but now, now in the great advance of modernism, even the great Mencken is slipping back, and George Jean Nathan, since it was learned that he threatens matrimony, is completely out. Modernism, futurism and postfuturism above all. Shriekers of execrable French, moved only since the war and the disturbing air raids from Greenwich Village to La Rotonde or the Dome, they sit constantly expounding their theories, except for the brief ride over to the bank once monthly to touch the remittance from home. Writers, musicians, painters, sculptors, entirely too sophisticated for work, immersed in weird dadaist conceptions, with nothing emerging but the loud-speaker. The native pays them scant or no attention. They have only one another to entertain, and remain foreigners always, in full and smug satisfaction. As for us, the idea of always being foreigners became wearisome at last, just as it does to most of the other class—the Paris Americans who have real and legitimate work abroad, or even to tourists, often, toward the end of the trip, when the excitement of sight-seeing has worn off and thoughts turn to home.

Over here we note that our proud Americans have now assumed what once we thought to be a peculiarly British trait—namely, that all others are foreigners except ourselves, but that never can we be held in such low estate, no matter where we be.

Frequently, in social and business relations, Americans abroad do get preferential treatment. But the fact remains that an American sojourning in London, Paris, Berlin, or any place abroad, is a foreigner just about as much as though he came from China, and politically he is so treated. No matter how wealthy he is, no matter what the international treaty rights, no matter what recognition may be given him for popular service—often pretty little ribbons to wear in his coat lapel—politically he remains in exactly the same position as the foreigner in the United States who has not taken out first papers; a position of never quite belonging anywhere, always outside and apart from many things sacred to the citizens or subjects of that particular land.

(Continued on Page 60)

The MONITOR TOP

makes this record possible

Of the hundreds of thousands of owners of General Electric Refrigerators NOT ONE has paid a cent for service.

SEALED IN STEEL

The Monitor Top—just look at it—scarcely bigger than a hat box—yet one of the most amazing—one of the most revolutionary—triumphs of modern engineering.

Scarcely bigger than a hat box—yet sealed within it is the *entire mechanism* that will operate a General Electric Refrigerator year in and year out, without a thought, without a worry, without so much as a drop of oil from you.

In the Monitor Top—*sealed in steel* and *permanently* oiled—is a mechanism so remarkable, so unbelievably efficient, that for three whole years not a single owner of a General Electric Refrigerator has paid a cent for service. Picture the comfort, the convenience—the *economy* in owning such a refrigerator!

Why not look at a General Electric Refrigerator this very day? Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory, and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. You'll find a model exactly suited to your own particular needs—a refrigerator of such quiet, efficient, and economical operation as you never dreamed of—ready to go to work for you tomorrow morning! Write for our illustrated booklet. Section S-6B, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

• • •

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS • ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS • COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS

(Continued from Page 58)

If he remains abroad for a long time, he is liable to form ideas as to how the government should be run.

But nothing can be done about it. He may change nothing. He may not, as a foreigner, openly disagree with that government without sensing its displeasure at least in the form of a chill.

Excellent as we considered the choice of school for our children, the problem of education entered largely into the decision to come home. We prefer that boys shall remain boys as long as possible, but, after all, when they grow up, we want them to be men.

Could they as men be properly equipped to take a proper place in American life, with only the background of a French education? Possibly, because everything is possible, but probably not. Well, then, what would they do—remain in France? And if so, under what banner? Would they start out in life as Americans or would they become Frenchmen? As Americans, what chance would they have? Obviously, none at all, unless we backed them up with forces that we cannot afford, and which probably wouldn't do them any real good anyway. Europe has enough to do without providing careers for foreigners, which indicates merely another symptom of her weariness. The land of opportunity is not over there. Then what if they became Frenchmen? They can think in French as rapidly as the native. They can fight with each other—as often brothers do—faster and more picturesquely in French than in English. As Frenchmen they might compete with Frenchmen on equal terms. Putting our own feelings—which, naturally, were all against the French plan—to one side, we called the youngsters into conference.

"How do you get that way?" replied the usually polite elder one.

"Shucks, nothin' doin'," returned the younger roughneck.

Then, both in unison: "Say, if we're Americans, what are we doin' over here anyway? Why don't we all get home?"

Home—home—so that was it. That beauty spot beside the Seine; their own boat landing, with sailboat and canoe, diving platform—that was not home, but just a temporary residence for these boys, born in France, but so American to the very bone that we remembered how, as babies, they informed visitors that they were "not French," and who always preferred to speak English, even though at times the French word came more easily to their lips. Strange! Passing strange. But then, at that moment, our decision was fixed. Our thoughts wandered across seas to America, to the educational possibilities there.

A Janitor's Rise to Fame

Opportunity, at any rate, was there. We remembered an American kid in our town and just our age. His parents had nothing and as a little boy he sold newspapers. How he picked up an education we do not know now, but he did pick it up, and in his practical mind, which has made him a millionaire, was idealism, too; poetry and music in his soul, forcing, driving him to do beautiful things for the satisfaction of his soul, along with making money for his material comfort. He chose amusement enterprises as his *métier*, and soon abandoning the sale of papers, he became janitor in a theater, where with bucket and mop he cleaned out the lobby every morning. From that he became ticket taker, then advanced step by step to house manager. Now he—but we must not identify him. Sufficient to say that now, seemingly at the pinnacle of success, he plans things even greater, more wonderful, more artistic, than the world has yet dreamed; a conception that will develop opportunity not only for the youth of America but the youth of the world.

He told us about it a short while ago, sitting in his home—a palace where he has brought the artistry of all the earth into an atmosphere of beauty and culture that softens, mellows his own hard features as he talks with erudition upon music, painting, philosophy, law, religion, and explains that the making of money is necessary for the betterment of human existence. An exceptional illustration, certainly, but not one of yesterday, but of today and tomorrow. And so our children, with the extra advantages of more schooling to be offered them, are booked for an indefinite stay in this homeland that they have craved, to take their knocks, as hard as may be, and to learn for themselves the problem that America now sets for her rising generation. Real opportunity does not exist in Europe. Europe is a continent of the past, much of it living, thinking in the past. America looks directly into the future. What is new today is old tomorrow, and still the new comes along—the new in science, in religion, in business, in art, in everything—vital and tremendous, even though crude in spots, and framing the history of tomorrow.

The New Internationalism

Since the war, Europe for the first time has really become America-conscious, and to the same extent that America has long been, and still is, Europe-conscious. But this is mainly because the United States is now strong in politics, finance, industry, even in humanity; for our wealth has permitted us to make gestures of generosity never before known, and only now but partially believed, despite the fact that the philanthropic purpose to which the American dollar has been put in Europe literally cannot be estimated. That we are "flushed with progress and convinced of our superiority" remains the European criticism, and forms another reason, even though it be proclaimed a selfish one, why Americans should now stick together to see the job through in the proper spirit of world progress and of idealism upon which this government is founded. America can and does insist that her own problems are now greater than those of Europe, but never has America made a single gesture toward Europe, political or otherwise, that has been anything but friendly, made in a spirit of cooperation, based upon conviction that since the war the two continents have been brought closer together psychologically than anyone has ever thought would be possible.

American Europe-consciousness fully admits that the Old World and the New have been bound together by links of common interest, needs and opportunities. Now, we all know that purely national thinking cannot solve world problems; also that the solution of world problems is intimately necessary to the individual welfare of every nation.

The new era thinks in international terms. Its problems are problems of the world. International exchange of thought and fact is definitely demanded. The world has indeed grown smaller. The globe-encircling voyage of the Graf Zeppelin; the probability of regular transatlantic air crossings; the possibility, even, of three-day, vibrationless, electrically engined boats; radio possibilities; television, which soon may permit us to see happenings upon another continent, if not upon another world; mere passing of the hand or vibrations of a voice across beams of invisible light that fall outside the range of the human eye—beams so controlled that they will unlock doors or cause trains to start or stand still. America senses these things—the wonders that shall be—just as Tennyson, in Locksley Hall, "dipt into the Future, far as human eye could see" and found his aerial navies. America's understanding, ahead of other nations, of all these things that eventually must bring the nations of the earth even closer together has contributed to the advanced position of her lead. Far more than upon the finesse of politics, in which the trained statesmen of old Europe have lost none of their cunning, America counts upon such matters in order to keep her leadership secure.

This international situation and the position of the United States, naturally, was one of our good reasons for climbing back upon the band wagon that we deserted so many years ago. How do we find the going? Is it good, or is the ground bumpy, especially when we consider things in the æsthetic sense which, to Europeanized Americans, becomes somewhat habitual?

When we consider Europe's present as decadence, certainly we are taking debatable ground. Such a broad statement cannot apply to all phases and conditions of European living, or even to Europe's political future. But we take it to illustrate merely the truth of the old adage that "westward the course of empire takes its way," because of our certainty that the sun of world supremacy now rests above the American republic; and, furthermore, that this supremacy is vested in good hands—hands that will not abuse power, but always temper it with both good humor and fair play.

Europeans can, and do, insist with certain reason that many of life's refinements are to be found on their side of the Atlantic. The painters and sculptors still go to Paris, and those who go to work—the conversationalists are now eliminated—continue to find instruction, inspiration, as perhaps nowhere else. The French continue in knowing "how to live," as they express it. Their cuisine still tops that of any nation, and family life remains quiet, constructive, simple; sometimes petty, but, on the whole, far more moral than the world at large believes. The moral decadence of France exists largely in the minds of foreigners who visit vice dens in Paris that are literally unknown to the real Paris of the French. Much that can be said for France likewise applies to Italy, particularly in music, where the modern school rivals that of Vienna and Munich, and where life in general is far from arid in any sense. Also for England. Even though half the year in fog, England still manages somehow, under great difficulties, to muddle through.

Germany's Place in the Sun

German Kultur magnificently survived the war and the belittlement of silly wartime propaganda. German universities still hold their own against any in the world. In science, even the eminent Ph.D.'s of our research laboratories keep a careful eye on what is going on under the benevolent care of the Reich.

Many of our own great discoveries, we find, have a counterpart in the workshops of Berlin. In the science of aviation particularly, we, until now, have been mass producers, while the Germans have excelled in inventions, as a result of which Germany today is more air-minded than we are, and far ahead of any other Continental nation in the air. Besides all this, the Germans still possess all their genius for both work and organization, which, in a nation of sixty millions, makes them a formidable economic rival to anybody.

Considering at close range, as we have, the marvelous comeback of the defeated nation, it would, indeed, appear well that Germany lost the war, in as much as she seems to be the only European nation able to pay for it. With the exception of ourselves, it might be asked whether any other nation could carry such burdens as Germany shoulders today with as little visible strain. And with the gradual breaking of her reparations shackles she cannot help but again demand and probably attain, a place in the sun. Germany, of all European nations, bears the most watching.

War, however, is out of present consideration. One hears less talk of war in Germany than elsewhere, which proves that the Germans are concentrating upon other things. Even the warlike defense plans of France leave the Germans cold. "Let them spend money that way if they like," the German tells you, with a shrug. "We simply are not bothering about such matters now, and possibly never." Which adds to our conviction that Germany will again lead the nations of the European continent, possibly even take command of the proposed United States of Europe, which, as rival to ourselves, would indeed give us pause for earnest thought.

But again taking instantaneous flight from Europe to the United States, we find the things that all these nations have, America also has or is getting very rapidly—things spiritual as well as material, and which complete the harmony of life.

America Catches Up on Art

It is admitted that the United States emerged from the World War the strongest nation, in comparison with the rest of the world, that ever existed. Could nations have reincarnations, then we would suggest that today America's is that of Imperial Rome, while Europe represents ancient Greece; with New York standing for the city on the Tiber, while Paris presents the graces and beauties of Athens. The vital difference, however, in this comparison is that the might of Rome and all her glory were founded upon militarism—her far-flung legions—while the strength of America is based upon economic principles; something far more difficult to understand, presenting more and harder problems to solve.

Prewar Germany, based upon the finest army that ever existed, was a more complete comparison, until that army finally dissolved, and postwar science has probably made it impossible for such a fighting machine ever again to exist.

However, the immediate result of the America-Rome comparison seems the same, no matter what the foundation of power. America is today, as was Rome centuries ago, the great motive force making the wheels of the age spin around, while Europe, as Greece, still leads in the more æsthetic forms of art and culture. But even in these matters America is fast catching up, and thus continues comparison with the mighty capital crouching upon her seven hills, which finally erected temples and monuments that, even after the relentless toll of the centuries, are numbered among the beauties and splendors of all time.

But, anyhow, nations take a long time dying, and we are not considering that any of the present ones are anywhere near the disintegration point. And even the dead ones come back again with a big kick, as witness Rome today, and Greece, still full of attraction and charm. Of course, Britain, France, Italy, and even small European states, will remain strong units for, perhaps, centuries to come, with Russia for the present, and possibly for future decades, continuing to be an unknown quantity of potential power. But the prediction merely is that when the history of the future centuries is written, the American chapter, from this date, will turn many pages marking constant progress before the point is reached where our country has arrived at the fullness of her destiny, the zenith of her splendor. All this, of course, unless some new force is born of this wondrous electrical age, to intervene and force mankind into common kinship—which seems possible. Apparently the things that are now impossible are only those we have not yet learned how to do.

Oh, yes, we are entirely satisfied to have returned to the land of our birth; also that we managed to present this reconsideration without dragging in prohibition.

GUARANTEE . . .
We guarantee this tire to outwear any other tire of equal price when run under the same conditions
MILLER RUBBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

The *Shot* that was heard throughout the tire industry

ABOVE is the famous Miller guarantee that shocked the tire industry of America into a realization that Miller had dealt a fatal blow to *mileage guarantees.*

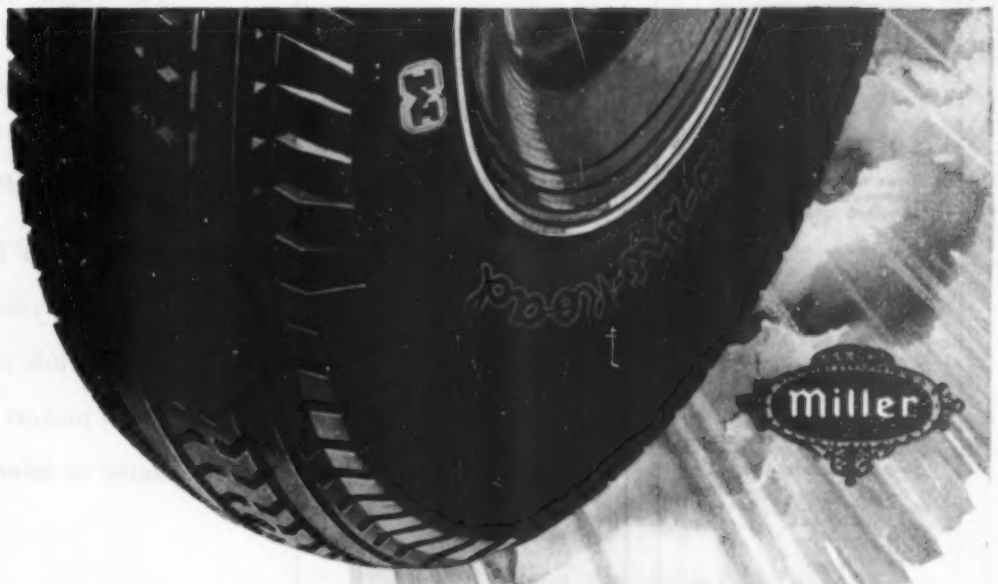
Read it—you will readily see why this unsurpassable guarantee created a sensation among tire makers and tire dealers as well as among motorists.

When this startling guarantee was first announced we were besieged with such questions as "Do you mean it?" and "How can you do it?" We know why we can do it—just as you will know after you've used Miller Tires.

It caused thousands to buy their first set of Miller Tires. The reason is obvious. It's the only kind of guarantee that insures maximum value for your dollars. Read it again, and judge whether this is true.

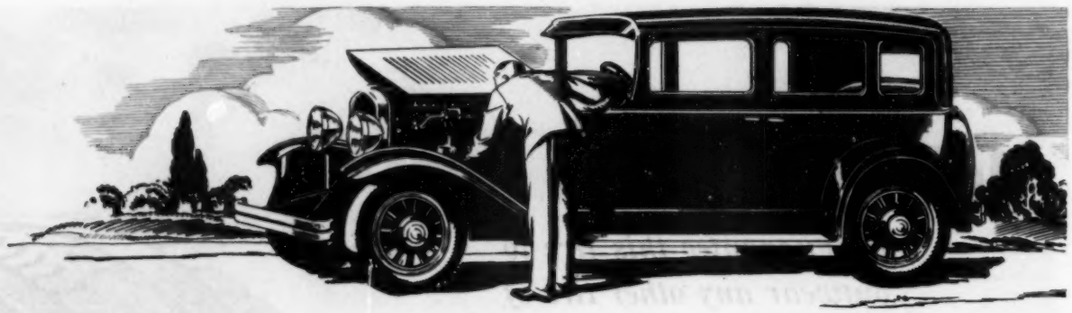
If you agree, you will do what thousands are doing—you will go to a Miller Tire Dealer for your next tire, or set of tires. Would you like us to send you his name and address now?

Miller Rubber Products Company
(Incorporated)
Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.



MILLER

TIRES · TUBES · ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS · DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR · SHUGLOV FOOTWEAR · RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS



Somebody's

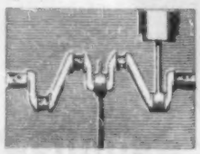
TWO OILS MAY LOOK ALIKE

They may show no marked difference in performance immediately. But here is what happens in your engine:

A DEFICIENT OIL

—may pile up hard carbon deposits on cylinders, pistons and valves. Over-frequent carbon removal necessary.

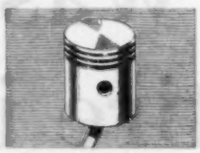
—may oxidize. This results in valves gumming and sticking — and clogging of oil system.



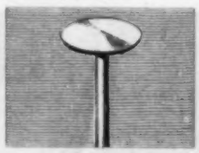
—may lack sufficient oily character to keep down wear in your engine. Your car grows old before its time.

—may lack heat resistance—"use up" too quickly. With fast driving, to be economical, an oil must *last!*

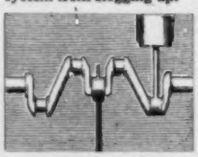
A FULL-DUTY OIL



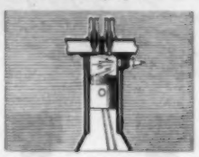
—will keep down hard carbon deposits on cylinders, pistons and valves. Save your engine's power.



—will control oxidation. Keep your valves from gumming and sticking, and oil system from clogging up.



—will provide sufficient oily character to hold down wear and prevent your engine from loosening up.



—will provide heat resistance—last long and not "use up" too quickly under high speeds of modern driving.

ASK ANY AUTHORITY on lubrication this question: "Can the 'crude' in itself ever control the quality of a finished motor oil?"

"No," he would answer. "Because manufacturing always changes the oil properties present in the 'crude.' From the same 'crude' you can get a dozen oils of widely different quality."

Yet you hear somebody say—"This is the best oil for your engine because it was made from such and such 'crude'".

Somebody's mistaken! Motor oil is made—not found.

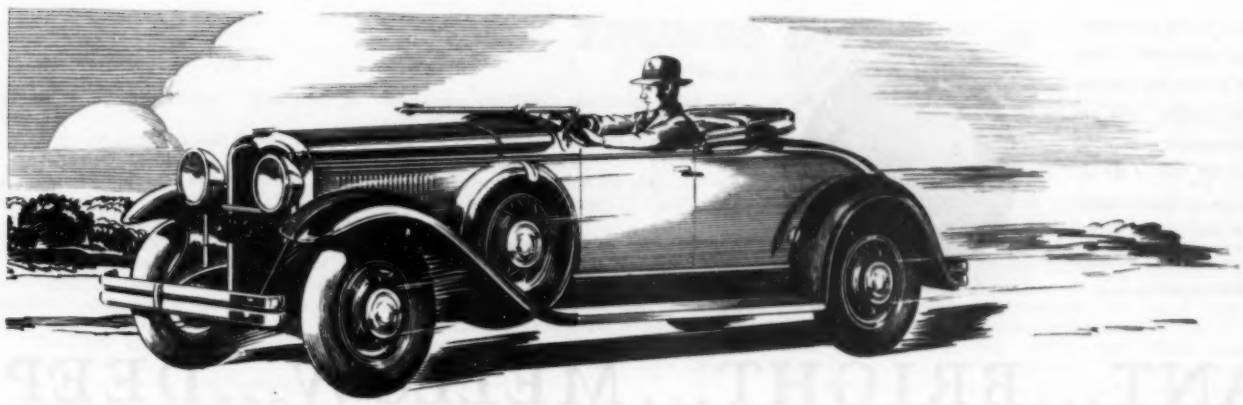
THE NEEDS OF YOUR ENGINE COME FIRST!

Quality in a lubricant can be measured only by suitability *for your engine.*

The crude oil alone never guarantees quality!

The makers of Mobiloil start with the needs of your engine in mind—not with the crude that happens to be

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN



mistaken!

available. From the most thorough study of gasoline engines ever made, they know lubrication needs. These needs dictate the processes, the equipment, and the choice of "crudes" to be used in the manufacture of Mobiloil.

WHAT ARE THE NEEDS OF YOUR ENGINE?

Mobiloil manufacturing methods build into the grade of Mobiloil recommended for your engine *all* these properties in exactly the right proportions: *Carbon control, heat resistance, oily character,* and *oxidation control.*

These properties are made—not found.

Put the manufacturing experience of the acknowledged world leaders in lubrication to work in the crankcase of your engine. Drive in where you see the Mobiloil sign. The Mobiloil Chart tells you exactly which grade of Mobiloil to ask for.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Mobiloil

Your Mobiloil dealer cordially invites you to hear the famous Mobiloil Concerts each Wednesday evening . . . WEAF and 29 associated N.B.C. stations.

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

PHILCO TONE-CONTROL
You can turn the Philco Tone-Control to these four positions of tone quality. *You can modulate speech or music by this knob on the front of the set, giving you* personal *control over the tone sent you by the radio station. It is truly "radio's newest miracle."*

BRILLIANT... BRIGHT... MELLOW... DEEP
with Philco Tone-Control

NOW, with your own hand, you can reach out and, with a knob on the front of the receiver, instantly change the tone of radio stations and programs to suit your tastes and moods.

Bring in your favorite jazz band with the crisp, snappy tone of dance-floor *reality!* Bring in classical music, great singers, famous speakers, with the particular tonal pitch best suited for each! Reproduce all programs the way YOU PERSONALLY like best! And for radio stations which come in harshly in your locality, or are marred by "interference", subdue with Philco Tone-Control the noise and stridency and enjoy many additional fine programs!

The radio world has been waiting for the perfection of this invention. Everybody has wondered when the radio *listener* could take a hand in the performance, right at home.

Here it is at last! It was the sensation of the national radio show at Atlantic City. It has been hailed by Philco dealers as the greatest step forward in radio reception since the perfection of Philco Balanced Units, which *still* serve to give you the wonderful, lifelike, *undistorted* Philco Tone.

It is natural that Philco should again lead the industry with *Philco Tone-Control*. In 1929 these marvelous sets became world leaders, in popular favor and in sales, because of the wonderful tone produced by Philco's Balanced Units; new circuits of extraordinary selectivity; tremendous distance ability, opening up vast new fields of enjoyment.

All these great features are retained and Philco Tone-Control is *added*. In addition all the new Philcos have a new illuminated dial on which you can permanently log your favorite stations. Philco offers *all you can buy* in radio, no matter what you pay. There is nothing greater—no other sets in the world offer such a *combination* of exclusive features. And in Philco Screen Grid Plus, *Automatic Volume Control* counteracts fading, so you can *hold* and enjoy far distant programs.

The new Philco cabinets are most beautiful and tasteful. Such values are hard to believe until you inspect the Philco line at your nearest dealer's. He wants you to see and hear and operate the new Philco with Tone-Control in your own home. The demonstration won't cost you a cent. Have a new Philco installed today. Easy terms, of course, if you decide to buy.

PHILCO
BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

Furniture models from $95 to $198 (radio-phonograph), less tubes. Slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Available for AC *or* DC *current and also in a battery set.*

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

When a solo violin in the Philco Symphony Orchestra comes to you over the air, a radio set, whose units are but partially balanced, can only bring you the distorted tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear, undistorted tone pictured at the right.

THUMBS DOWN

(Continued from Page 11)

goaded on by their silence: 'The house is empty!'

"'Did you go in?' asked Troy.

"'I did not. I looked in. I listened. I—I wouldn't go in there alone for—for a million dollars.'

"'What's that on your thumb?'—it was Troy's sharp query.

"The telephone girl shrieked—one of those ghastly, helpless shrieks of a woman suddenly gripped by horror. The door opener was staring at his thumb.

"'The door knob—it was wet!' he was gasping.

"'Call the cop on post,' ordered Troy. 'No, wait.' He took up the telephone. 'I want the police,' he said. To the first voice he heard, he was saying: 'We've got a telephone off the hook up here that looks bad'—and they switched him to the Homicide Bureau. He was saying to a tired voice that made a living out of this sort of thing: 'We've got an unlocked street door with blood on the knob,' when at that instant the switchboard lamp, at which they were all staring as if it held some strange hypnoidal power, went out. Someone in Maisonette A had restored the receiver to the hook."

Parr smiled rather grimly. "We were there in three minutes," he said. "Morel happened to be at Fifty-first Street."

"And your dead man?" invited Armiston.

"Dead woman," said Parr dully. "Shot through the head. Powder marks on the skull."

He was eying Oliver sharply. It was his method, in consulting his highly sensitive oracle, to pay out his rope of facts inch by inch, never giving any slack. The idea was to avoid blurring any images that might be forming, and to avoid a double exposure, so to speak.

"Oh, not Aleck?" cried Oliver.

"Not quite," said Parr. "We found Aleck with his head bashed in, unconscious, in a closet in the same room. The door was locked on the outside, and the key was in the lock." There was an almost imperceptible pause. "We've got him in Bellevue Hospital. I think he will pull through."

"It would be a tough break for Aleck if he didn't, with an alibi like that," remarked Oliver. "Who was the woman?"

"We don't know," admitted Parr, frowning. "We found a name—Flora Kinsel—with an address in East Fiftieth Street, printed in indelible ink on the inside of her pocketbook. We found a Flora Kinsel at that address. It was not her pocketbook. She never owned one with her name in it. And she never heard of these people. Odd about some dead people," mused the deputy. "They borrow apartments for murder or suicide—and frequently are very exacting about it. I don't see any reason why they shouldn't occasionally borrow somebody's name."

There was a long silence. Parr had a great deal more to tell, but he hoped, if he went slow, Oliver would probably tell it to him from an entirely new viewpoint. Oliver sat up in his chair and made an imaginary design with the tip of a finger on a pad; he pushed the pad aside.

"Parr, if I were writing this story," said the extinct author, "I'd find her finger prints on the key turning the lock of that closet door; on the knob of the street door; on the blackjack that bashed Aleck; on the gun that was pressed so close to her skull when the trigger was pulled; and on the telephone receiver that was lifted off the hook to summon help."

"We've done that," admitted Parr casually. "Oliver, just when did she lift that receiver off the hook to summon help?"

"Not before she was shot," said Armiston. "Your telephone girl would have heard the shot. Even with a so-called silencer, it would have been heard. And she didn't lift it off after she was shot. She was dead then; she didn't need help. It was the man in the closet who needed help. He didn't want to be left to bleed to death after going to all that trouble."

The police deputy relit his stogy, drew a few more puffs preliminary to abandoning it for good.

"That is substantially our case," he admitted—"that is, gliding gracefully over a few insurmountable obstacles. I have been given to understand that there are such things as forged finger prints. I have never seen one to pass inspection."

"These won't be forged," said Oliver. "They are hers."

Parr gave Armiston a shy, hurt look.

"Sometimes it occurs to me, Parr," mused Oliver, opening a desk drawer and taking out a lacquer snuffbox, "that you share, with many other truly great men, a positive genius in selecting lieutenants. You couldn't have done a cleverer thing this morning than coming here and selecting me as your telephone girl."

Parr gave him a short look and winked secretly at the old bronze Buddha toasting his shins at the fire.

"Let me have your watch," directed Oliver. "First, be sure the crystal contains no incriminating finger prints."

The deputy, smiling, polished the crystal of his watch with his handkerchief; not until he satisfied himself it was perfectly clean did he pass the watch to Oliver.

"Whose finger prints would you like to find here?" asked Oliver, with a vast air of legerdemain.

"Mine," said Parr blandly.

"Elementary, Watson," said Oliver, chuckling. "Lest you gather the wrong idea, I confess I have your print here, Parr." He took several pellicles of what appeared to be sheet gelatin, about the size of postage stamps, from the snuff box, and with the aid of a magnifying glass selected one. "This is it," he said. "Watch me." He breathed lightly on the pellicle and pressed it gently on the watch crystal for a moment, and passed the watch to Parr. Parr studied it with the glass. He nodded.

"Is there any reason why I couldn't leave that print on a gun, or a blackjack, or a telephone receiver?" demanded Armiston.

"It's a perfect forgery," admitted the deputy.

"It is not a forgery," protested Oliver. "It is your finger print. That is, it is a photographic reproduction of your finger print, printed on bichromatized gelatin, so that the image stands out in relief and accepts ink like a lithograph. In fact, it is the basis of an old method of printing that antedates the photogravure. First get the finger print. Then photograph it. You left yours on a drinking glass the other day. I must confess I have been stalking you for weeks. I never realized, before I started stalking, how few finger prints are readable—most of them are merely smears. I suppose all of hers were perfectly readable?"

Parr took down his phone.

"Is Ferrault there, Morel?" he asked. "Ask him how good those prints are. Are they suspiciously good, Morel?"

"Very good," reported Morel a moment later. In an aside, Morel said, "It seems to annoy him, to find how good they are. He is taking another look."

"Ask him what fingers he got," directed Oliver.

"The right thumb in every instance," came the answer.

"Not a very versatile fellow—this Aleck," mused Oliver.

Ferrault had taken over the phone at the other end. He was talking fast. Evidently, being a true scientist, he was further qualifying some previous statements. He made such free use of subjunctives and semicolons that the deputy, winking at Oliver, said soothingly, "All right—all right. I'll come right over," and hung up.

Parr smiled pleasantly to himself. He had a trained troupe of scientifics of whom he was inordinately proud; with their test tubes and microscopes and X rays, there was no wall too dense for them to see through. But they were as temperamental as a cageful of prima donnas.

"This fellow is annoyed with himself," said Parr. "On second look, it appears that all these prints are upside down. The lady must have been hanging from a chandelier to make them."

"Beautiful!" ejaculated Armiston. He sprang to his feet, seized his hat and coat, pushed Parr ahead of him. At the last minute he ran back for his snuff box.

They found a taxi around the first corner, shining its brasses and enjoying a quiet smoke. And it seemed perfectly in accord with what one knew of the deputy to discover that it belonged to him. When they got in, it made off at a great rate, knowing just where to go. They passed through that down-at-heels section, of many children playing in the street, known derisively as the Near East, which interposes itself between the more elegant portions of midtown and that slowly spreading film of culture, refinement and high rents that is taking possession of the old gas-house neighborhood along the river.

"Architects use bichromate for blue prints," said Oliver. "Remember our syllabus on vocational tools of murder, Parr? We had a dark-room operator using cyanide in a unique way. We had a polo player bashing a head accidentally with a mallet. We had a great swimmer luring his victim out beyond his depth. Every man makes use of the tool with which he is most familiar. Here we have an architect ——"

"Using a blue print," said Parr dryly.

"You anticipate me."

"Do I indeed?"

"Parr, we have a great many estimates—mostly by public-spirited reformers who do not like you—of how many murders go undetected. Have you ever seen a reliable estimate on how many murders go uncommitted?"

"Now, there is something for the parlor penologists," exclaimed the deputy, with mock enthusiasm.

"Uncommitted for lack of opportunity," pursued Oliver. "Some prospective murderers are capable of calm deliberation, high police opinion to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Yes, but somewhere along the line he looks back and begins to hurry," said Parr. "There is something about the mere decision to murder that stampedes him, drives him on helplessly to the act itself. The more he deliberates, the more mistakes he makes. That is why premeditated killings are usually easy to solve. Whereas crimes of sudden passion may baffle us. This fellow is clever, Oliver. He plants it as a crime of passion—a woman, coming secretly by night and striking him down, then killing herself. Even the lifting of the phone off the hook is clever—and unlocking the street door—women have a horror of lying undiscovered."

"Did she put the phone back on the hook an hour later?"

"I admit that annoys me," said Parr, scowling.

"You say this architect used a blue print for a lethal weapon, Parr. That is a very profound thought, and opens a new vista. . . . Parr," cried Oliver, "Aleck built that house! Aleck superintended the construction! Aleck was there morning, noon and night! Have you ever watched those fellows? They snoop around noons, when the mechanics are at dinner. Parr, if Aleck wanted to use that house for murder, to provide himself a get-away, is there anything in the way of a loose brick or a hollow wall that he could not have planted?"

"We have gone over every inch of that closet—if that's what you are driving at—floor, walls, ceiling."

"Aleck was a protégé of the old man," pursued Oliver. "Was it Aleck who maneuvered this world tour for old Gallagher, so he could move himself in and get his job of murder done?"

They drew up at the maisonette. Though there was a high stoop and a basement areaway for old time's sake, the façade itself was integral with the skyscraper. A curious crowd stood staring fixedly at the place, as if the mere fact of tragedy had in some subtle way changed the brick and mortar into something strange and horrible. Morel came down the steps and opened the door.

"Get in," said Parr shortly. The dapper Morel drew out the jumper seat and, fastidiously disposing of his coat tails, sat down facing them. "Is there a connection, on any landing, to the apartment itself, so that anyone could enter without passing through the street?"

"No, sir, but the plans show break-out spots in the walls on every floor, so doors could be put in easily," said Morel.

"Morel," said Parr, "consider this: He brought her here to kill her. He had everything ready for his own get-away. Remember, he built this house himself. That implies preparation over a long period of time—years. What does that suggest to you?"

"A wife," said Morel, without hesitation. "A woman long since abandoned, who must be rubbed out before he can put into effect some long-cherished plan."

"That fits your hypothesis, Oliver," commented Parr. "And what is this long-cherished plan, Morel?"

"An ambitious marriage," said Morel, concealing a surge of elation. This was a moment of triumph, but he took no credit to himself; it was Parr's trick of putting a question, at a certain stage in the game, that implied its own answer. Morel stared out of the window, signaled absently to a man in the street to push back the crowd that was edging nearer. He looked at his two companions. "Odd," he said, "how everything begins to dovetail when the break finally comes!"

"Well?" said Parr impatiently.

"There was a girl—a very self-possessed young lady—here about an hour ago," said Morel. "She thinks she should have him removed from Bellevue to a private hospital. She thinks he will get better care with his own doctors. Her name is Shannon. She is Red Gallagher's niece. There's your ambitious marriage."

"Well," said Parr, "I'm afraid Aleck will have to content himself where he is until he decides to come out of his coma. I want a talkie movie of Aleck when he comes to. I have an idea he is rehearsing his lines right now. After that, we will let her have him. I want him very confident, sure of himself, before I surprise him. Morel, your job is to trace that early marriage. Probably under the name Cline. Drop everything else."

They got down and went in.

II

ONE afternoon late in March, some weeks after the opening of the maisonette murder—which enjoyed a run of a week on the front page and then, like a new play that failed to click, was folded up and carried to the storehouse—Parr's taxi, after its usual maneuver to shake off spies, turned into Oliver's quiet side street, and pausing at the curb to deposit Mr. Parr, started off again for new customers—but pulled up around the first corner for a quiet smoke. Parr glanced up and down the street. It was his fond hope and belief that this hideout of his was unsuspected by the criminal classes who studied him and exchanged information concerning his interesting habits among themselves, much as if he were a rare bug and they entomologists. In the street now there was only a street sweeper hopefully waiting for a wind to blow some litter his way, and a nurse girl in a white cap with blue streamers and cape, *tout entièrement français*, riding herd on a rich underprivileged child that played lugubriously with some toys on the sidewalk. The

(Continued on Page 69)

There'd be more pipes smoked if more men knew:

Dill's Best

Dill's Best (rubbed or sliced) is sold almost everywhere in 15-cent tins, and in half-pound and full-pound sizes. In vacuum-pack tins of rubbed or flaked slice.

is America's Best

The delicate fragrance and coolness of Dill's Best come from use of only the flavor-full blades (no stems) of choice, mellow-ripe leaf—the best that grows for pipe smoking. Dill's Best smooth-smoking qualities are never spoiled by dust or powdery particles that would clog the pipe.

There are *no stems in Dill's.* Nature stores real tobacco taste and fragrance in the tender *blade* of the leaf—not in the stem. Only the tender *blade* is used in making Dill's Best.

Pipeful after pipeful of smoking Dill's Best Tobacco—all the way to the bottom—leaves the bowl dry and sweet. Taste, fragrance, comfort and satisfaction, as enjoyable in the last pipeful as in the first! That's one sure test of a good smoking tobacco—a tobacco to depend on.

TRAIN AHOY!

Before railroads adopted the telegraph in 1851, waiting passengers never knew when a train would come along. Enterprising station agents kept "lookouts" seated on high poles to watch the horizon for the smoke that foretold the locomotive's coming. Beyond doubt, many lonely vigils were brightened by Dill's Best in the pipes of these human semaphores.

If you do not happen to be a Dill's Best regular, let 15c introduce you today to perfect pipe-smoking enjoyment and satisfaction. Dill's Best is America's oldest brand of tobacco. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

15¢

and a pipeful lasts longer

Dill's Best SINCE 1848

NO STEMS IN DILL'S **TOBACCO** NO STEMS IN DILL'S

"CATERPILLARS" LICK THE TOUGH JOBS

HERE'S a new telephone line going straight across country. New poles marching in single file up hill and down dale. No time to build roads or even trails —so "Caterpillar" Tractors haul the poles. Just now one of them, winch-equipped, has trundled a heavy reel up a breathless hill and is stringing the cable. Power and traction teamed together not only lick tough jobs, but do routine tasks *better, quicker, cheaper!*

Prices—f. o. b. Peoria, Illinois

TEN	$1100	TWENTY	$1900
FIFTEEN	$1450	THIRTY	$2375
	SIXTY $4175		

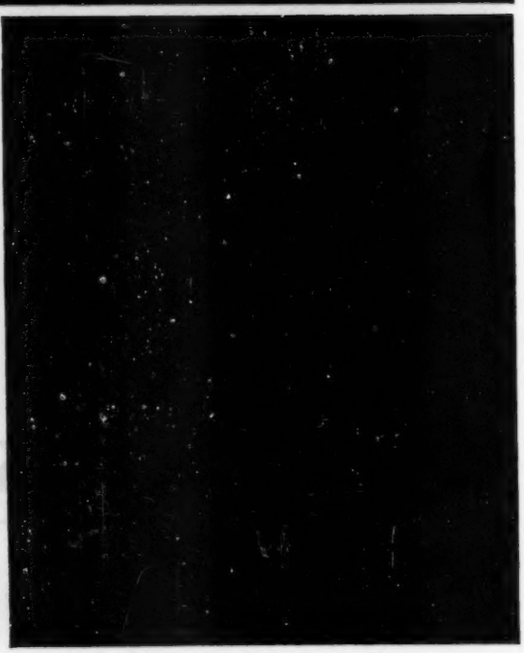
Caterpillar Tractor Co.

PEORIA, ILL. *and* SAN LEANDRO, CALIF., U. S. A.

Track-type Tractors Combines Road Machinery

(There's a "Caterpillar" Dealer Near You)

CATERPILLAR REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. TRACTOR



(Continued from Page 65)

coast being clear, Parr punched the bell, successfully got by the scowls of Oliver's housekeeper—who had her own ideas about policemen wishing themselves and their nefarious goings-on on honest folk—and entered Armiston's study. He nodded curtly to Oliver, took his usual chair and selected a stogy. Then he said:

"I saw a friend of yours driving in the Park just now. Aleck! Yes, first time out. I think Aleck put more English on that celebrated forehand stroke of his than he realized. I was afraid, for a time, that he was going to pass out."

He lifted his head, listening. The doorbell was ringing. The housekeeper was opening the street door; there was a mumble of voices, then silence. The housekeeper entered with a card.

"Maureen Shannon," Oliver read.

Parr considered this, drumming the desk; finally he nodded.

"All right. Let's see what she's got," he said.

It was the nurse girl with the blue streamers. As the study door opened, she was offering the child to the housekeeper. It seemed quite the usual thing for this child to be left with servants, for it suffered itself to be led away without surprise or protest. The nurse girl closed the door and stood facing the two men who had risen.

"I borrowed the dear little thing and this costume to come here today," she said. And then, fixing her Irish-gray eyes on Parr, she asked with an odd directness:

"Are your men shadowing me?"

"No," said Parr.

This gave her pause, but she was not convinced.

"Are you sure?" she cried.

"Perfectly," said Parr. To Oliver's surprise, Parr took down his phone and spoke into it. "Back-track her when she leaves here," he said. "They are getting a report on her."

She sank into a chair Oliver put out for her, and they sat down.

"Oh, you don't know how good it is to be here! I've hardly dared think my own thoughts for weeks," she murmured. "It is about my uncle. I have been trying for days to reach him." She paused, and they waited—a trick of Parr's that Oliver had picked up—and she began to speak again: "I think my mail is being opened. I must get word to my uncle. He will be home almost any time now. He must not enter that house without being warned."

"We have already warned him," said Parr, smiling. "Being a Gallagher from the gas-house district, his idea was to come running. But I think we have persuaded him to let us handle it." He lowered his voice. "What have you found?" he asked.

She said, in a tone scarcely above a whisper: "I have been getting the house ready for him. The lights have been changed in my uncle's bathroom. I had an electrician look at them. He was very much surprised. He said they were connected to the 'high' side—the 'high'-side of something in the street—whatever that meant. . . . Oh, I had to see you! There is no one I could talk to. What did he mean by 'high'? The word terrified me! What with that closet door ——"

"Oh, you did know about the door, did you?" muttered Parr, eying Oliver.

"I saw that it opened inwards," she said. "I don't think I had ever seen a closet door open inwards like that one. I saw he could lift the door out of the frame from the inside by taking out the hinge pins."

Parr said, in his hypnotic undertone: "Was that your first suspicion?"

She pondered her answer, gazing moodily at the fire.

"I don't know," she said finally. "Now that I look back, in the light of what has happened, it seems there was always a suspicion in my mind. Nothing tangible—just a woman's feeling about it. It's—it's rather difficult to put in words. You know he expected to marry me. Do you know that?" she asked with her swift directness. Parr nodded. "He hadn't spoken yet. I don't know what I would have said to him. I suppose it would have been yes. My uncle, I think, counted on it; he was very fond of Aleck, and wanted to see me settled."

She paused again, watching the fire absently.

She said, with a wan smile: "There was something charming about Aleck. Uncle depended on his judgment in many things. It was always good. And apparently disinterested. Aleck had almost a child's sense of right and wrong—which is pretty likely to be a true one. It seems incredible he could plot evil."

"And yet you always suspected him," said Parr.

"Yes," she said. "I had a feeling he was holding himself back all the time. Maybe it was caution—he was afraid to lose everything by being too precipitate." She looked full at Parr. "Do you really believe he plotted to murder my uncle?" she asked.

"If your uncle had stepped into the shower room in his bare feet and reached up to turn on the light, he would have been electrocuted—like that!" Parr snapped his fingers. "Twenty-two hundred volts. That's a fatal dose. Very cleverly done, too—it would have looked like another leaky transformer shorting to ground."

She rested her chin in the palm of her hand and regarded him thoughtfully.

"That was his wife he murdered, wasn't it?" she asked, with that startling directness again. Oliver had never seen Parr subject himself to question before, and he was keenly enjoying the spectacle.

"What makes you think so?" asked the deputy.

She smiled vaguely. "Nothing else fits," she said. She shot another question at his head: "Have you found out who she is yet?"

"No," admitted Parr. He was watching her closely.

"Would you think it presumptuous if I made a suggestion?" she asked.

"Help yourself," said Parr.

"We have been terribly poor," she said earnestly. "When my mother was alive, just before uncle came back, we were wretched. I know the shifts the poor are put to, to save their miserable pennies barely to keep alive. They are forever moving from place to place, running away from their little debts. Obscure?" she cried; she laughed bitterly. "There is nothing obscure about poverty. Try to flee from it! The trail clings like the trail of a cuttlefish. There is no one easier to trace than a poor family. Aleck was poor before uncle picked him up," she added. "Do you follow me?"

Parr shook his head. "Proceed," he said.

"Take a gas bill—two or three dollars," she said, tapping the desk. "We've got to have gas, or starve. We're always slipping away, leaving gas bills over and above the deposit. We apply for gas in the next place, changing our name slightly, thinking they can't trace us. But one day someone knocks on the door, or comes in without knocking, more like. And there's the collector, come for the old bill! Oh, they have reduced it to a science! Now you follow! That was our life. That was Aleck's life, too, I guess." She leaned forward, her eyes holding Parr. "Mr. Commissioner, could you get me a job in the gas-company office as clerk?" She was suddenly breathless. "Some of those records must be in existence yet! . . . Leave it to me! I know my East Side! Get me the job! We'll find out where he lived, and how."

Parr took down his trusty phone. It was like the magic lamp; he could summon whomever he wished through it. This time, after a few preliminary passes, he got the ear of a personage whom he called George—there was no doubt about its being a personage.

Parr said: "George, I want to put a girl in your accounting department, where she can have access to the records of unpaid bills and forfeited deposits. Her name will be—her name will be Katie McGovern. She will be a mahogany brunette. And she will call on you at nine o'clock in the morning. Thank you. I'll say a good word for you in court some day."

He put up the phone and faced the young woman sternly.

"Were there ever any cops in your family?" he demanded.

"My father was a cop; he was in Eldridge Street for twenty-two years."

"Not the mick on post in front of the Tub?" ejaculated Parr.

"The same," she said.

"I was thinking you talked our language!" exclaimed the deputy. "First, tell me this—did anyone follow you here today?" He scowled at her with the utmost ferocity.

"I lost them," she said, smiling. "I lost them in the Roosevelt. Then I picked up my child and uniform, and came here to wait for you."

"Is there any reason why you should go back home?" asked Parr. "I want you to put on a disappearance act, child. Get the idea? Return your child and vanish. . . . Here! Get an eyeful of that street cleaner out there!" Parr pointed out through the window. "His name is Pelts. He'll always be in reach. Do everything he tells you. If you want to tell him anything, write it on an old envelope and toss it in his garbage can." Parr eyed her speculatively. "Have you got the nerve?"

Her eyes blazed. "I've had the nerve to face your Aleck every day," she told him. "Nothing you can think up now will worry me."

"You'd better get a cheap suit, and a hall room somewhere in the East Twenties. Want any money? With your uncle away, who will miss you?" he asked. "Who is apt to ask the police to send out an alarm?"

"Nobody but Aleck," she said rather pathetically.

She took out her vanity case and retouched such purely hypothetical damage as had marred her beauty during the interview. A tear or two may have escaped at some point in the ordeal, thought Oliver, studying her as she searched her own countenance in the tiny mirror. She arose, adjusting her nurse's garb, and calling for her child, took her departure.

Oliver's first reaction to Alexander Phiesan Whitter was that his topcoat was too loose at the shoulders and too tight at the hips. Certainly he could not have sat down in it without unbuttoning it. Odd, he thought, what insignificant trifles one selects to hang a prejudice on. Aleck had an unquestionable distinction in manner and appearance. His neck may have been a shade too round, his hair too well-behaved, but the devil had undoubtedly made this disciple glamorous to both men and women.

"I know who you are now!" said Aleck, taking off his gloves to shake hands. "I see you at concerts, recitals and first nights. I have heard it said there is a dependable phalanx of ten thousand souls who may be counted on, month in and month out, to support music—with students to fill in the dry spots. I believe I could cut the number down below that. I think I know everybody by sight downstairs. You always sit on the left side of the house, wherever you go. That might fit into one of the mystery stories you used to write."

He finally got his glove off the right hand and offered it—the hand—to Oliver. Oliver thought, when he took it, of the words he had heard the Shannon girl speak, when Parr asked her if she had the nerve: "I've faced your Aleck every day!" she had retorted. Oliver took the hand without qualms, smiling to himself.

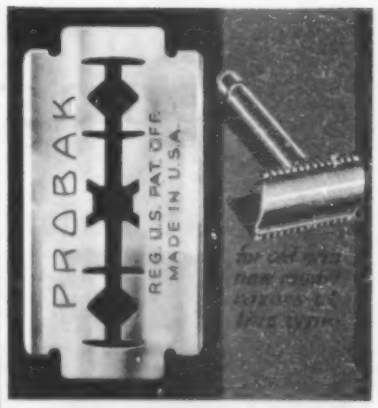
"I wonder why the commissioner asked me to meet him here, instead of downtown," said Aleck, getting out of his coat and placing it carefully across a chair.

"I thought it was you who called him," said Oliver.

"It was. I called him for an appointment. Why didn't he let me go downtown?"

"He is a great man," said Oliver, shaking his head. "Never ask him why. He always

(Continued on Page 72)



COMPARISON PROVES PROBAK IS A BETTER BLADE

AGAIN we tell you—shave alternately with Probak and the double-edge blades you have been using. Keep up this comparative shaving test till convinced beyond question. If two blades don't prove every Probak shave quicker, cooler, smoother—return the package. Your dealer will refund every cent.

Patented features enable us to pit Probak against the field—with absolute confidence of superiority. Butterfly channeling in 17% heavier, duo-tempered steel prevents edge distortion. There's not one sour blade in a million. Every Probak shave is free from pull, drag or vibration. Make the comparison test. Get better shaves—or get your money back. $1 for 10, 50c for 5.

Guaranteed by
PROBAK CORPORATION
Division of
AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC.
656 First Ave., New York City, N. Y.
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

Use coupon if your dealer has not yet stocked Probak

TRIAL OFFER COUPON

PROBAK CORPORATION, Dept. P-13
656 First Avenue, New York City
Send me a special trial package of Probak blades for which I enclose 25c (in coin or stamps).
Name
Address
City State
Dealer's Name

PROBAK BLADES

Protected by Patents Nos. 1,633,730; 1,639,335
Reissue No. 17,567. Other patents pending

Long curve of water curling

The keen vigor of its taste makes "Canada Dry" a necessary complement to watching the races from the deck of the club yacht . . . at Larchmont . . . at Pequot . . . at Newport and at many famous resorts.

from the bow...

close hauled the sails... keen eyes that watch to win!

PERCHED on the windward gunwale their expert eyes travel from jib to spinnaker to mainsail and back again . . . alert to take advantage of the light, fair breeze . . . hearing the sing of ropes . . . feeling the push of the tiller as a strong hand holds her to the wind.

These are the sun-tanned men, the sportsmen who race in bay and harbor . . . alert, slim, lithe through exercise, courageous and high of heart . . . these are the men who find keenness and vigor, a matching quality of sportsmanship in "Canada Dry" ginger ale.

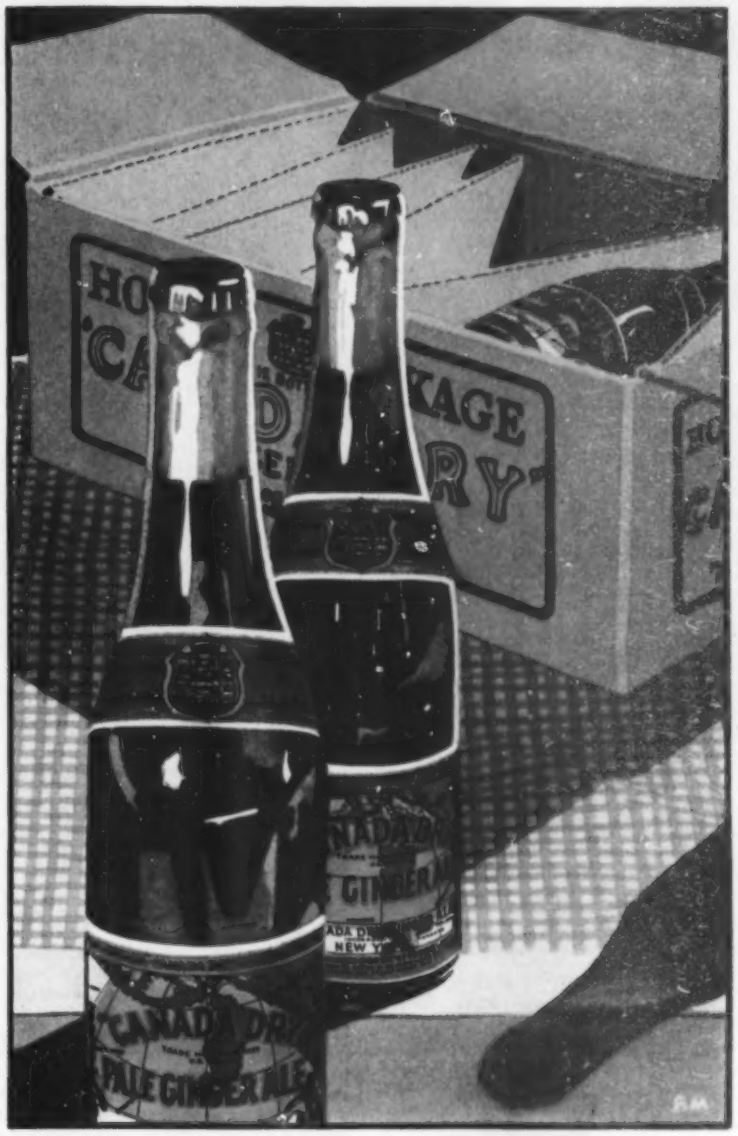
Vigor and exhilaration are the qualities of "Canada Dry"

And rightly. For here is a wonderful, exhilarating beverage, thirst-quenching and delightful, delicious and refreshing. It exactly suits men and women who live in the great outdoors.

Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. A special process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its sparkle long after the bottle has been opened. Such are our careful methods.

And the result—a marvelous ginger ale, a beverage which has won the approving nod of connoisseurs the wide world over . . . served in many New York hotels and clubs . . . in London . . . in Paris . . . in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . and in countless homes throughout this country and Canada.

Serve "Canada Dry" in your home. Let its keenness add more zest to dinner. Let its graciousness express your hospitality. Offer it to your friends when they come in to see you. Order "Canada Dry" in the Hostess Package of twelve bottles. Then you will always have plenty on hand.



Good friends on the veranda and a convenient Hostess Package of 12 bottles in the kitchen—here is a glorious combination to celebrate the glorious Fourth!

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

HAVE YOU TRIED—?

Canada Dry's new Golden Ginger Ale. Never before have you tasted a golden ginger ale with such a marvelous flavor. The secret of its delight comes from a secret and exclusive process of beverage making.

Canada Dry's new Sparkling Lime. This wonderfully refreshing beverage brings you the lure and romance of the tropics. Let it win you with its keen, cooling, lime taste as it is winning countless others daily.

© 1930

TO YOUR WIFE

WHEN, IF AND AS ISSUED

•

If you're a bounding bachelor, you can buy any old brand of tooth paste you please.

But the day you're married, you bow to the whims and conceits of the one and only woman!

Women buy about 84 per cent of all the tooth paste sold! Your own nomination of your choice of tooth paste vanishes.

Which probably is just as well. But if Ipana hasn't already made its appearance in your house, show these 3 simple statements to your wife:

1 **Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.**

2 **If your tooth brush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.**

3 **Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!**

•

Even though "pink tooth brush" or weak, tender gums may never threaten you, Ipana's double protection is a wise precaution. Thousands of dentists recommend Ipana.

Hand the coupon to your wife. The next time she buys tooth paste, ask her to try this modern dentifrice!

To my Better Half:

As the head of my household and bursar of the budget, may I respectfully suggest that, on my behalf and yours, you include upon your list of drug store necessities, one tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

*Signed*_____

(Continued from Page 69)

has a reason, but it is for his own use. You were sending out a confidential alarm, weren't you?"

There may have been the barest pause.

"Yes," Aleck replied.

"Is there any reason why he shouldn't want you to be seen entering headquarters—seen by the reporters, I mean?" went on Oliver smoothly. "You know no one gets in or out down there without being spotted."

The telephone rang—not Parr's, but Oliver's.

"Hello!" said Oliver.

"I've got an idea," said Parr. "How would you like to extort a confession from the murderer?"

"Oh, I say!" cried Oliver, in a panic.

"He thinks he is your sort," said Parr glibly. "He has been trying to kid himself that he is a first-nighter. Did you shake hands with him?"

"Yes," admitted Oliver.

"Good! Could you—could you accidentally—if I am delayed and you have to stall for me—could you accidentally show him your fingerprint collection? Explain some of the pitfalls for prospective murderers. I'll call up a little later. Oh, by the way, he is not armed. We frisked him, without his being aware, on the street car coming over. Have you got that gun of yours in your table drawer?"

Oliver, who had regained some of his sang-froid, laughed, and said: "Yes. But I've never used it, except in a gallery."

"Is it loaded?"

"No. I keep it for moral effect."

"Let him see it quite casually," instructed Parr. "Let him gradually edge over within reach of it. We won't be far. . . . Ta-ta!"

"Wait! Wait!" cried Armiston, prodding at the phone.

But the deputy had withdrawn beyond reach.

Oliver had frequently been in attendance with Parr or Morel when a murderer was brought to the point of confession. But he had never been pushed on the stage alone before. He sat down, frowning. He was quite conscious of the cold scrutiny of his visitor.

Aleck leaned forward.

"Was that by any chance the commissioner himself?"

Oliver nodded. He said absently, "He is delayed; he will be along directly," and he lifted his gaze to Aleck with the air of mild surprise, as though seeing the man for the first time in some strange new light. He continued to look at him for so long a time that Aleck, finding himself growing uncomfortable, resorted to the first refuge of the motion-picture actor in a situation that requires acting. He took out his gold cigarette case, selected a cigarette with finical care, closed the case and put it away; it was quite a ceremony. He tailored the cigarette to his liking, he busheled it and tamped it elegantly on the edge of Oliver's desk. By the time he came to lighting it, he had outgrown his uncomfortable feeling. He looked inquiringly at Armiston. Drawing a puff and exhaling it, he said:

"After Stokowski's little foreword the other day, I found one or two spots in Stravinsky that I could listen to without ear muffs."

Oliver said absently, "Is this—is this confidential alarm for the Shannon girl?"

Aleck's scalp lifted all but imperceptibly, as if he had suddenly shut his jaws together.

"Oh, you know about that!" he said.

Oliver smiled vaguely. "We knew about it before it was confidential," he said quietly. Now he avoided looking directly at Aleck Whitter, as one avoids looking directly at an animal in the first stages of training. He ran on quickly: "Set your mind at rest. Maureen is not missing. She is missing only for the benefit of the murderer. Parr has her up his sleeve. He will produce her at the psychological moment."

Oliver reached over and drew open the middle drawer of his desk, revealing inside two objects, one a glittering revolver, and the other the Chinese-lacquer snuffbox. He took out the snuffbox, leaving the drawer open.

"When you know Parr as well as I do—as I hope you will some day—you will understand why no murderer who deliberates can escape him. Murder of passion, yes. That might—in fact, frequently does—elude him for the time being." He paused. "Because there is no residue," he added. "But in a deliberate murder, the more the murderer deliberates, the more tracks he leaves—if you get me?"

Oliver lifted his gaze for the fraction of a second.

"Don't let the idea of time bother you," he said. "Time is always on the side of the police—against the fugitive. It lulls him; he relaxes his vigilance in spite of himself—the fugitive, I mean. Even terror can be made commonplace by time. Parr uses time scientifically. If you will take the pains to understand that, you won't grow impatient over this maisonette murder." Oliver paused on the word and softly pried up the lid of the snuffbox. He emptied the contents on the table—a dozen yellow pellicles of sheet gelatin made limp by some process. He examined them under a magnifying glass, and selecting one, he passed it to Aleck, holding it high.

"What do you make of that?" he asked. "Take it. Look at it under the glass."

He counted ten by the clock before Aleck's dull voice muttered, "Is it a thumb print?"

"Yes, a thumb print. My right thumb. Some of us know a great deal about fingerprints. Some of us only think we do. That is my right thumb. An exact duplicate, made by a photographic process."

He inked the pellicle of gelatin on an ink pad and made an impression of it on a sheet of hard paper.

"If you don't believe that is a print of my right thumb," said Oliver, apparently enchanted with the plaything, "look at this." He tamped his right thumb on the pad and made a print of it alongside the other, for comparison.

Aleck studied the two prints for a long time—for so long a time that Oliver looked at him and saw that for the moment, though he seemed to be staring at the prints, his eyes were tight shut.

"You see what I am driving at," urged Armiston quietly.

"Yes—oh, yes. Very clever, I say!"

"You don't see at all," said Oliver reprovingly. "You know this one is the print of my right thumb, because you saw me make it. You know the other is a print of my right thumb, because I tell you it is. You take my word for it. Look again, more sharply. Don't you see, they are identical—but reversed!"

As though on impulse, Oliver suddenly seized Aleck's arm, and Aleck shrank back, his eyes staring wildly.

Oliver did not appear to notice it. He went on rapidly:

"Note the lines in the knee of the curve below the main vortex. One points to the right, the other to the left. Those lines always point inward on every hand. On the right hand they point to the left; on the left hand, to the right."

Aleck rested his elbow on the desk and shaded his eyes with his hand. He said, drawing a deep breath:

"I think—I think maybe I'm stupid. I don't follow."

"In the maisonette murder," said Oliver, tapping out the words meticulously, "they found good prints of the woman's thumb at every single critical point in the layout. Pause a moment to see how dumb that was. In the first place, it was always her right thumb. Odd, that out of ten possible finger tips, that was the only one which registered. Point No. 2: The prints were found only at the critical points—on the telephone, the key, the door knob, the gun, the blackjack. Wouldn't you think any moron would have been versatile enough to let her touch something else, just to keep within the bounds of chance? These two slips alone are enough to hang him," ran on Oliver.

Aleck was staring dully at the fire.

"Aleck," cried Armiston abruptly, and he felt the man start violently at the word, "there is no possible way a human being could have left those fingerprints! Every print was reversed, upside down—like this one!" He jabbed the impression of the gelatin pellicle with his finger. "Even if she had hung from a chandelier, if she had stood on her head, she could not have left those finger prints on the scene of the murder. They were not made by her finger tips! They were made by a photographic reproduction of her finger print—like this one! They are not the same. One is always the negative of the other. It's the difference between print and type. This consummate idiot never saw that he reversed the prints in the process of photography. She couldn't have left them. . . . Here; try it yourself!"

As if actuated by sudden thought, Oliver seized the bright and shining revolver, and buffed it swiftly with a silk handkerchief to remove any possible marks.

"Here! Try it on this!" he cried, and he thrust the weapon toward the staring Aleck. Oliver sprang to his feet. He paced down the room, listening with all his ears. At the far end of the room he stopped before his radio and turned it on and pretended to listen for a moment. Then he turned it off again and sauntered back to his chair and sat down. Aleck sat staring at the carpet. He had broken open the revolver. Conscious of Oliver's gaze, he held the empty chambers up to the light and laid the weapon gently on the blotter.

"I supposed it would be stretching your hospitality too much for me to hope for one shell," he remarked sardonically.

One of those unfathomable pauses intervened. Finally Aleck looked up.

"I get it now," he said slowly. "To get a clearer print, I photographed her finger print instead of her finger tip itself. That's when I reversed the image." The vanity of the artist asserted itself. "Who noticed it? Parr's man?"

"With my assistance," replied Oliver.

Aleck turned on Oliver stolidly, saying, "I didn't know you were in the business."

"I dabble," said Oliver. He turned his head. "We have company." He went to the door and held it open. Maureen Shannon and little Pelts came in. Pelts was strangely clean, for him, and tidy, as if, in the springtime, his fancies stirred.

"Why, Aleck; I didn't know you were here," said Maureen. Still playing her part, she went to him, offered her hand. Aleck got up. A tall, graceful fellow, Oliver thought, with a strange tinge of envy, as he watched the scene. Whitter took the proffered hand and held it for a moment without a word.

"No use keeping it up," he said as he relinquished it. "I seem to have left residues all over the place." His eyes strayed but came back to her. "Where have you been, kid?" he asked.

"Down in Grove Street, Aleck; looking for this," said the girl. She opened her pocketbook and took out a slip of paper and gave to him. "That's a copy of your marriage certificate. I found it in the rectory of the old church down there. I traced you, through an old gas bill and a deposit slip you indorsed."

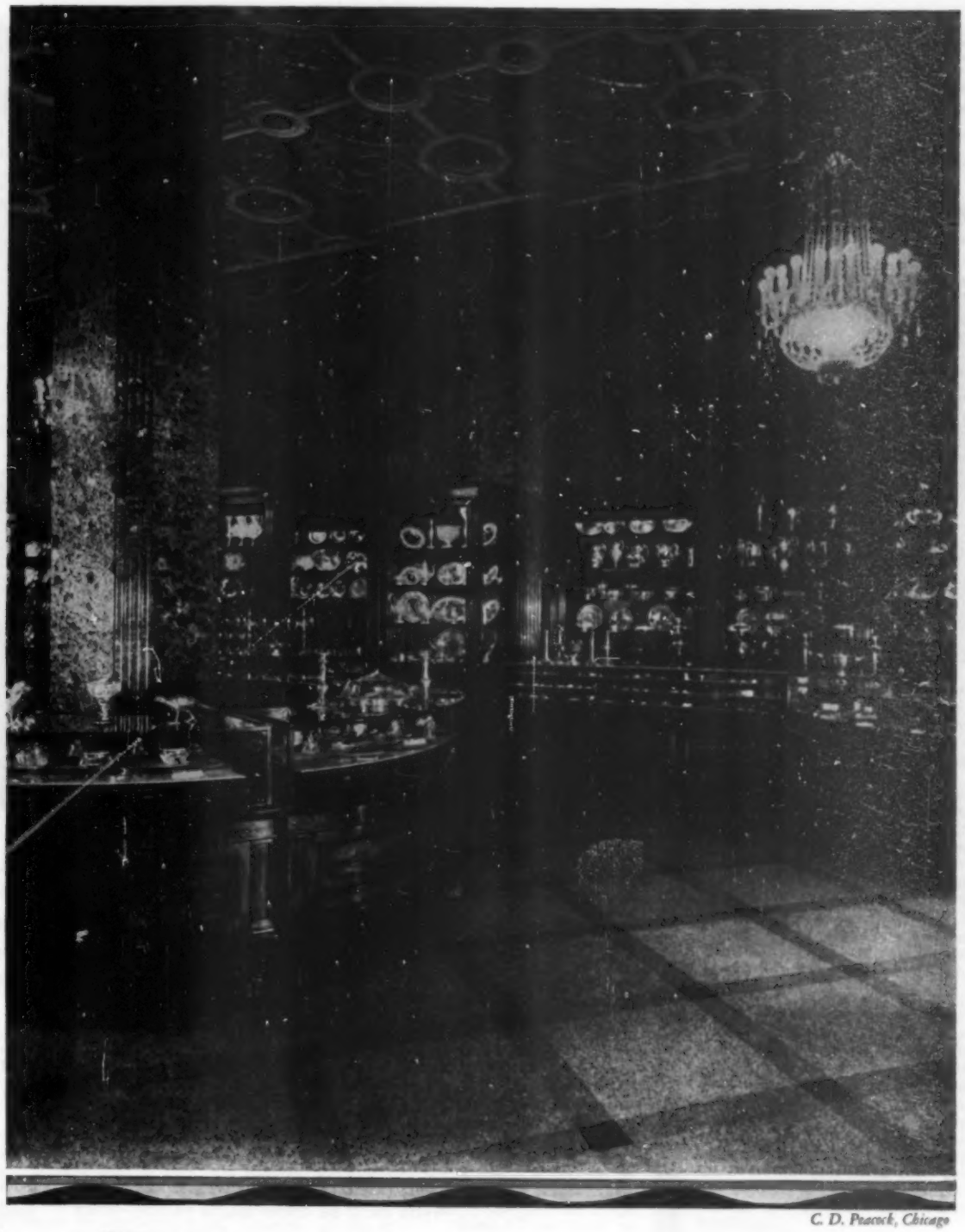
He looked casually at the paper and gave it back to her.

"I've been running out on gas bills all my life," he said. "There was all that money to be had for the taking. I'll give you a tip, kid. Look in your room—that is, the blue room on the third floor, with the porcelain bath. Eventually you were going to occupy that room as the mistress of the house. Have the electric wiring looked after. . . . Ah! Here comes the commissioner! I expect I will get better acquainted with him now—that's a fact, Armiston."

He sat down and was studying the reversed fingerprint when Parr entered. Parr looked sharply at him, and then at Oliver. Oliver nodded.

"Take him away," Parr ordered. At the clink of the shackles, Aleck looked up. Two men stood beside him.

"Coming," he said, and held up his hands.



C. D. Peacock, Chicago

A Century Old *and* Ever Progressive

Founded nearly 100 years ago, rich in tradition and prestige, C. D. Peacock, Chicago, meets the era of modern business with this magnificent jewelry store—*planned and equipped throughout by Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation.*

That so many of the country's leading merchants in every line entrust the planning and equipping of their stores to this organization, testifies to the satisfaction and efficiency of Grand Rapids service—readily available to any merchant anywhere.

There is no better time than NOW to *increase your volume* through scientific store planning.

Our free booklet, "The New Way Method in Merchandising," will be mailed to interested merchants on request, without obligation.

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Store planners, designers and manufacturers of fine store equipment. Factories: Grand Rapids; Portland, Oregon; Baltimore; New York City. Representatives everywhere.

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT

Enjoy Reliable, Economical Motoring by buying your Used Car from a Buick Dealer

It is truly wise—truly profitable to enjoy the roominess, comfort and power of a high grade used car when you can make absolutely certain of its quality by buying it from a Buick dealer.

There are remarkable values in used cars—greater values today than there have been in years—and your neighborhood Buick dealer is headquarters for used car satisfaction.

You *know* he is reliable—you *know* he has a particularly fine assortment of used cars—you *know* he offers sound values—when you consider these facts of his record as an automobile merchant—

—he wins more than twice as many new car customers as any other dealer in cars priced above $1200

—month after month, during the present year, he has won from 30 to 50 per cent of the combined sales of the 15 makes of cars in Buick's price class

—more than four out of five—88% of these new Buick customers—come back to buy from him again and again.

Naturally, he gets the very cream of the used car stock. Naturally, he is best able to supply you with the most reliable and most dependable used car, and to give you the best value for your dollar.

If your family is sitting at home this nice weather, while you have the car at business; if your children are riding crowded street cars and busses to their summer outings, or if you are looking for an ideal gift for a graduating son or daughter, consider a high grade used car.

And buy it from your Buick dealer in absolute confidence. He will gladly help you make your selection—and his advice will prove valuable—for he is an expert in transportation, whether you wish to pay $200 or $2000.

You want a car—a car of known reliability and quality—such as those offered for resale by the Buick dealer. Call upon him—today. His establishment is *the* place in your community to buy a used car.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.
Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

MIRTHFUL HAVEN

(Continued from Page 25)

her invalid somewhere, and her young friends all appear to be trooping back toward the bathhouses. I'm afraid that means it's time for luncheon, Mr. Warbeck."

Sighing, he followed the example she set him, and rose. "I suppose so," he said as they began the mild descent from the dunes. "I'm afraid we may be returning to a sea of troubles if my wife didn't find it better in her mind to suffer the slings and arrows of her outrageous humor, and I'm sorry that the pretty scene we've had before us didn't last longer. I must admit that I find Miss Shellpool fully as piquant as you do. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, brave in reverses, companioning a neurotic, then in free moments becoming a magically plastic Greek figurine with the instantaneous transformation into an unquestionable mermaid—something of Undine there, something of a watery, crystalline, luring mysteriousness that impels me toward an unreasoning sympathy with young Gordon Corning.

"Psychically speaking, I have a feeling that such a creature might prove too much for him—he's not an illuminated person, I take it. For my part I hope to catch further glimpses of Miss Shellpool, swimming or dancing or doing anything whatever, and it's a pleasure to me to imagine that just at this moment she's emerging from the water to sit upon a foam-splashed rock, with her extraordinary hair released from that cap and descending about her in the sunlight."

xxii

THE elderly gentleman's fancy in this little flight fell not so wide of the actual mark: as Edna scrambled out upon a float at the end of her father's pier, her cap was dislodged, fell into the water, and her hair, descending, came not far from presenting the picture sketched by the Warbeckian imagination.

A heavy-shouldered, short young man, rowing up-stream in a small dory, reversed the motion of his oars and admiringly remained in position for a continued view.

"My Godfrey, Edna!" he said covertly. "You're even cuter lookin' than you was before Vinnie Munson coaxed you from bein' my sweetheart. Set next you in the bus from New Yarmouth, I did, and you certain'y fooled me! Never let on a mite! Bet you laughed afterwards, didn't you?" He laughed himself, ingratiatingly, caught a corner of the float with a soiled brown hand and, speaking in a lowered, urgent voice, went on, "How 'bout you and me fixin' up a little date like old times, Edna? Vinnie Munson's steppin' out 'way up with them top-notchers on the Point and couldn't see you if you was standin' on the lid of a sardine can together, so how 'bout me? It's around town that Hugo Wicks already see you once slippin' in Pelter's along 'bout daylight since you come back to Mirthful Haven, and Hugo swears he's goin' to try to beat my time with you, Edna. How 'bout us bein' too smart fer him, what? How 'bout ——"

But she had retrieved her cap from the water and finished a hurried coiling of her hair about her head; she ran up the incline from the float, sped at top speed over the worn planking of the pier, gasped "Dinner for you in ten minutes!" to her father, whom she met in the doorway, and disappeared within the house.

Pelter came out upon the veranda and, observing that Henry Marsh in his dory remained tentatively alongside the float, walked out to the end of the pier and engaged in conversation with him. He was still thus occupied a quarter of an hour later when Edna called to him from the house that his dinner was ready. He returned reflectively to take his place at the table, but not to meet directly the eyes of his daughter; days had passed since either had looked at the other with a full and open gaze.

"Henry Ma'sh 'pears to be quite an up-and-doin' young cutter," he remarked. "Told me a week or so ago him and Web Hazzard was tryin' to git the cap'tal together to start up in a fish-shippin' business. Thought if they could git hold of a little cap'tal they could hire the rest of it from the New Yarmouth bank, lease Elligo's wharf maybe, buy all the fish the boats could bring in, summer and winter too, and ship to Boston, maybe by rail from New Yarmouth or maybe by good quick motorboats with 'frigerators in 'em—hadn't worked that part the idea out yet. 'Sides that, goin' to use the dock space fer dryin' and saltin' herrin' and smokin' haddock maybe. Quite a big idea, looks like, and one reason I kind o' take to it, why, it'd give Mirthful Haven an all-year-round business and one that wouldn't depend on the summer people. Henry Ma'sh wanted to know if I didn't want to fish fer 'em, because o' course they'd want to buy fish from anybody, and he thought maybe I'd even want to go in partners with 'em and furnish some o' the cap'tal. Didn't know but maybe I would, along later in the year, after I'd laid hands on a little more cap'tal myself."

"But couldn't you now?" Edna asked eagerly. "Oh, you could! Oh, please! I haven't touched that money I wanted you to take when I ——"

"Never mind 'bout that! I ain't a-goin' to take it and I don't need it. I got to stick the season out anyways with Anton, and I cal'late to clean up on it pretty good. Couldn't leave him high and dry all of a sudden; there's quite a number o' people involved in that business, and it'd take some little time to 'range 'bout my gittin' shet of it. Got to give Anton a chance to pick out some man that can handle my end of it right. No, I give him my word I'd finish the season with him, and I'll do it; yet I don't deny but what I been thinkin' some 'bout goin' in with Henry Ma'sh and Web Hazzard, come fall."

"Oh, you'll do it?" Edna cried, and her eyes were hopefully full upon him now as she clasped her hands upon her breast. "Oh, if you would, I think we could be —— I've been so anxious—I've been so ——"

"Anxious? What about?"

"About the—the warden."

"The warden!" Long Harry laughed, tilting back his chair; though his carefree glance, in this moment of genuine gayety, was not at her but out at the glimpse of harbor revealed by the open doorway. "Don't you never fret none 'bout that end of it! Them people ain't any hardly better lubbers so far as this stretch o' coast is concerned than if they was summer boarders. What chance they got against a man that's growed up on these waters pra'-tic'ly since the day he was born? Looks to me some nights like the only risk I run is they'll hear me laughin' at 'em! No, on that side o' the business I git so much enjoyment out o' them people lookin' fer me where I ain't, I'd 'most dislike to think I had only two three runs yet to make; but, 's I tell you, I'm thinkin' Henry Ma'sh and Web Hazzard's propositions over, and I guess they look good. Anyways, we'll see."

"Oh, say you will!" she cried impulsively. "Please, please say ——"

"Guess so," he said, and added in a thoughtful tone, "Yes, sir, reg'lar up-and-doin' cutter, that Henry Ma'sh; steady, too, when he settles down to business. Didn't git no schoolin' to speak of—kind o' backward that way, wun't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, schoolin' ain't everything," Pelter said, still apparently thoughtful. "Ma'shes ain't no special family, but then your own mother wun't either, fer that matter. She was a smart, quick-minded woman and when she dressed up you'd 'a' thought she owned the biggest cottage on the Point, but she never claimed to possess any facts 'bout her forefathers back o' jest grandparents. Family entitles you to pride; but it ain't everything. Hard-workin', Henry is, and got a lot o' good, commonsensible, go-ahead push to him. Looks to me like Henry Ma'sh might rise pretty high in life before he gits through, Edna."

With a lightened heart she had risen and was beginning to remove the dishes from the table, but, as she comprehended his suggestion, a rigidity seized her. She stood motionless; then, when a bodily convulsive impulse had passed without having its way with her, she went quietly on with her work. As for her father, she was only touched by his thought of her. It was as though, aware that she had involved herself in those complications of which he had gently warned her upon the night of her return to Mirthful Haven, he had sought a solution for her difficulties, and now, without pressure or even an advisory manner, did his best to offer in this hint one possible means of extricating herself. He would not speak of it again, she knew, and wondered painfully for the hundredth time how much he had guessed. He had guessed a great deal, she feared, and her fear was well-founded.

Stooping over some work upon his boat a little later, he affected a complete engrossment, yet was aware of her flight from the house. Dressed as Wye had seen her on the afternoon of her capture by Mildred Kerr, but with an inconsistent brown veil about her head, she scurried down River Road toward the village, and within ten minutes Pelter caught a flying glimpse of the brown veil and the green coat shrinking away from the window of a summer taxi that passed at speed toward Great Point. He remained in the moored boat all afternoon, abating his work at times to chat laconically with acquaintances who rowed, chugged or sailed by near him; but he took care to be stooping again at the time of his daughter's hurried return at sunset. After dinner he went to the village for a conference with Henry Marsh and Webster Hazzard, and when he returned, at half-past nine, he found Edna sitting beside the table with an open book in her hand as he had left her; he was a little surprised.

"Gave you a chance to git out among your great friends if you had a mind to," he thought. "Guess maybe you're goin' to take a night off and stay home." Then he noticed that she wore a silk shawl about her shoulders and covering her to the knees; only a wrist and the hand with which she held the book protruded from the folds of this garment, while the shadow of the table was deep upon the lower part of her.

"Gittin' chilly in the evenin's already," he observed, and, stooping to pick up an imaginary pin from the floor, caught a faint glitter of spangles through the lower fringe of the shawl. "Guess I'll be gittin' to bed," he said, straightening himself. "No run to make tonight and I might as well git back a little lost sleep. Come on, Prince."

Edna murmured "Good night" in a voice that perceptibly strove to be placid. He clumped up the stairs with the dog, went into his bedroom, moved about as though undressing, but did not undress, and then lay down upon the bed with his eyes open. Twenty minutes later he heard a vague, slight rustling downstairs and the barely audible, soft click that he knew meant the closing of the front door. Her feet were so light upon the platform beyond that he could not hear them, but he did hear the quick patter of them upon the board sidewalk as they began to run. He swung his legs down from the bed, stretched himself, went downstairs, lighted the lamp and prepared for an interval of reading.

"'Bout an hour, Prince, and I guess we'll have to leave you to keep house alone again a while," he said, for he had been judiciously untruthful when he informed his daughter that he had no "run" to make. "Guess I can beat her home without much trouble this time."

(Continued on Page 77)

..MY FAMOUS CHAMBERMAID TEST!..

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

IN SOME HOTELS they call me the big peep and snoop man from Newark. But when I want information, I go to headquarters. If chambermaids don't know what shaving cream men use who does?

So, with the permission of the manager, I ask the chambermaids to check up for me. "Just tell me what kind of shaving cream is on the bathroom shelf," I say to them.

And Mennen leads in every hotel where I've made the chambermaid test. Same on Pullman cars, where all I need to do is to use my eyes. The big fellows who use the best trains and the best hotels just naturally use the best shaving cream too.

MY GUARANTEE

Remember, I guarantee you two more good shaves per blade with Mennen, and I return your money if you think I'm wrong. Mennen Shaving Cream makes good on my guarantee and it makes good on your face. Gets whiskers so completely ready for the razor that the blade has less work to do. Penetrates skin pores, floats out dirt particles and oil secretions, preventing "muddy skin," pimples and blackheads.

And Mennen alone gives you two creams to choose from (1) Menthol-iced with its tingling lather (2) Without Menthol, smooth, bland lather without the icy feature.

Take me up on my guarantee offer. Buy one tube of Mennen. If it doesn't do everything I say, I'll refund your money.

Don't forget that Mennen Talcum for Men is a great finish to a Mennen Shave . . . matches a man's skin . . . removes face shine . . . absorbs facial oils during the day.

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAMS

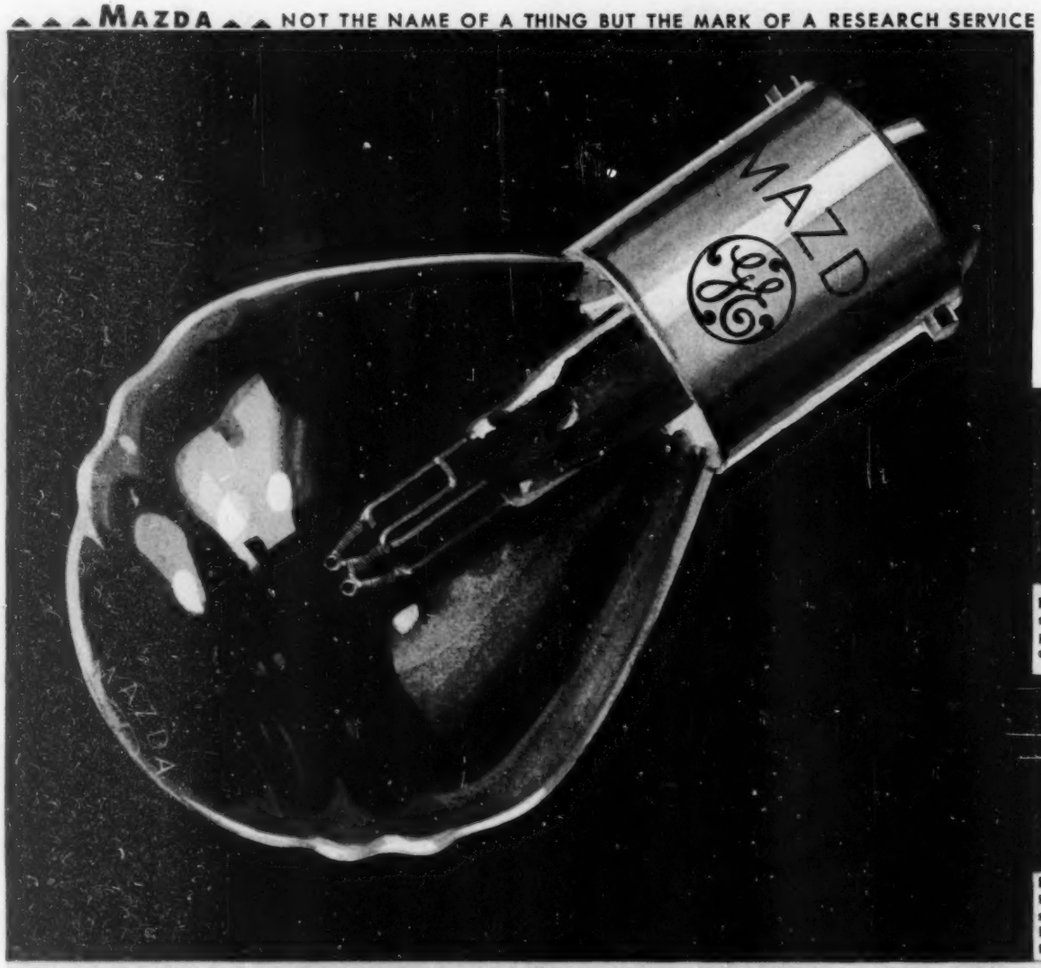
THE MENNEN CO., Dept. S-10, NEWARK, N. J.
Jim Henry: Show me. Jim. Send me a trial tube. I'll take a new blade and count the shaves.

Name .....

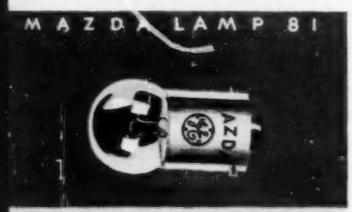
Address ..... City .....

Send me Mennen Menthol Iced ☐
Send me Mennen Without Menthol ☐

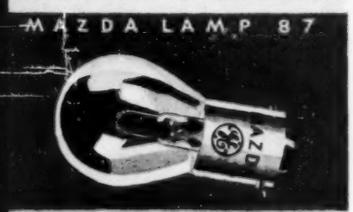
▲▲▲ MAZDA ▲▲▲ NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE



CHANGE *to these* NEW SUPER AUTO LAMPS



FOR DASH LIGHTS. This lamp gives twice as much light as MAZDA lamp No. 63 which you are probably using. Now a single glance gives you a quick, accurate reading of your instruments.



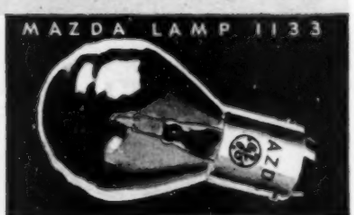
FOR DOME AND CORNER LIGHTS. Giving three times as much light as the lamps now used for these services, this lamp makes the inside of your car bright enough for easy reading of road maps. Use this lamp in place of MAZDA lamps No. 63 or 81.

NOW! A STEP AHEAD IN LIGHTING

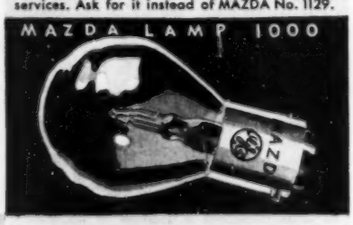
BRINGS EASIER, SAFER DRIVING . .

Big, easy-riding balloon tires? Of course you have them. Four wheel brakes? Who would drive without them! And now! The new G. E. MAZDA automobile lamps . . . super auto lamps . . . to turn every automobile in the land into super-lighted 1931 models. ++ Before you step on the gas this Summer, step up the lighting on your car with a set of these new lamps. Though they increase your light more than 50 per cent, super auto lamps add NO glare. Made with the precision which marks every General Electric product, G. E. MAZDA super auto lamps give you MORE light EXACTLY where you want it. ++ Economical? For two reasons. First, because they cost but little more initially and, second, because they will fit the sockets of your present car . . . no matter what year it may be. If the lamps on your car are over one year old you need new ones anyway . . but be sure that you ask for . . and get . . the new G. E. MAZDA super auto lamps. Insist upon 1931 lighting . . every place . . on your car for added safety and convenience. Now! NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

Join us in the General Electric Hour, broadcast every Saturday evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. Network.



FOR SINGLE BEAM HEADLIGHTS, Stop Lights, Spot Lights and Backing Lights. This single filament lamp adds 50 per cent to the performance of your lighting system for these services. Ask for it instead of MAZDA No. 1129.



FOR TILTING BEAM HEADLIGHTS. This new two filament G. E. MAZDA lamp gives you 50 per cent more light than MAZDA Lamp No. 1110. It provides powerful, glareless light for night driving at all speeds . . . giving 32 candle-power on both upper and lower beams.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

(Continued from Page 75)

The hour and place of his appointments at sea were intelligently varied; tonight he would be just off the southern tip of Parador Shoal at midnight, with only eight sea miles to run after he had received his cargo, and he could easily make his delivery to the truck up the river and reach Pelter's again before one o'clock. At a little after eleven he closed the worn magazine he had been reading, replaced it upon the shelf, blew out the lamp, and, stepping forth upon the rear veranda, closed the sliding door almost upon the wistful nose of the dog. Then he unlocked a rough wooden chest that stood against the outer wall of the house under shelter of the veranda roof, took from it a heavy rifle and a belt of cartridges, sauntered out through the darkness to the floats, and, seating himself in a flat-bottomed dinghy, rowed to the moored motorboat. He stepped on board, hauled the light dinghy into the cockpit at the stern, started his engine, cast off his mooring, extinguished his riding-light and glided down the harbor, careless of the low thunder from his exhaust. Outside he found a placid sea under a favorably darkened sky and all went well. The meeting at the rendezvous was prompt, brisk and brief; within ten minutes his cargo was aboard and his bow lifting from the water again as he sped toward the invisible coast.

Almost immediately a tiny white spark appeared just over that true-pointed bow, the arc light on Mirthful Haven breakwater; then to the right of this, and higher in the air, many minute glimmerings betokened the cottages upon Great Point; but farther to the right and low down, close to the water, there began to be visible a luminous galaxy that brightened quickly into clustered diadems of twinkling lights as he swept on toward the shore. At Mile Rock he slackened speed, his bow dropped to a less imperious position, the boat slid through the water not so noisily, and, a quarter of a mile out, encountered upon the breeze off the land a drift of jubilant, faint dance music. The lilting was borne to Pelter's ears; then he lost it, caught it again and lost it again. He uttered a sound not laughter but like it, abruptly altered his course and set his bow toward the clustered glitterings and darting, jeweled reflections of the Casino. A hundred yards off the jut of rock upon which the bright building stood, he dropped an anchor overboard, got his dinghy into the water and rowed to the outer rocks.

He fastened his painter about one of them, stepped out and climbed over others slippery with seaweed, surmounted the drier ledges above and stood at the edge of a cropped lawn. He flitted across it, ascended a grassy terrace, then moved along the wall of the building until he came to a window. The curtains were drawn aside, but at first he could see only the backs and profiles of black-coated men and white-shouldered women. He wondered why they were not dancing, for a proficient, large orchestra invisible to him was in full action, pulsating the air with a Spanish rhythm dramatized by castanets and almost tragically romantic. Neither were the people within his view talking, which caused him more wonder until he realized that they had become spectators, one by one evidently, for some of them stood in arrested attitudes, just relinquishing the dancing posture. The eager attention of all of them was upon a focus not within his sight, and his eye was caught by the peculiar and intense incredulity of expression worn by a face in profile to him, near the window—a face he recognized as that of Vincent Munson.

An impulsive regrouping left an open space before Pelter through which he could see a third of the ballroom; the central area of the glistening floor was being vacated by dancers who were pausing to watch and applaud something that was taking place in the part of the room not revealed to him, and behind and among these younger people he saw older summer colonists similarly attentive and applausive, and caught a glimpse of the beaming eye-glasses and clipped white moustache of Corning. Then it seemed to Pelter that the clicking of the castanets grew sharper and the music louder and sardonic, for, into the brilliant open space before him, slowly moved the lithe and spangled figure of his daughter—his daughter whose downcast lashes upon pale cheeks seemed haughtily to veil a passionate secret, while every exquisite movement and contour of her expressed a strange, meek stateliness. So, like some Saxon rebel peering within a Norman fastness to behold his daughter dancing before the conquerors, Long Harry Pelter looked in through that radiant window and saw his daughter, Edna Pelter, dancing the tango with young Wallace Corning at Mirthful Haven Casino.

XXIII

THE problem of her identity that had confused Edna's mind upon her return to Mirthful Haven had seemed to move near solution on the night when she had begged Gordon to know her, for a little while at least, as though they "both were dead". Somewhere within her, she had felt, there existed a self that was neither Edna Pelter nor Edna Shellpool, and this nameless self was the veritable core of her, the only real and imperishable part of her, while both Edna Pelter and Edna Shellpool were transient externals; yet her glimpse of the inner reality had been vague, and her hold upon a consciousness of it feeble. In fact, all such consciousness departed out of her within the hour of her capture by Mildred Kerr, and with it went Edna Pelter, too. Thenceforth she had been Edna Shellpool with only brief reversions to Edna Pelter when she was with her father—reversions that became shadowy to Edna Shellpool in her flashing career at Great Point.

Yet all the while it was this nameless self that did the thinking for her and was aware that when she seemed to be Edna Shellpool she merely acted a part and did the same thing, acting again, during the reversions to Edna Pelter. Moreover, the actress she had thus become was under the almost constant necessity of supporting a framework of lies, a structure that had to be kept neatly joined and upheld by frequent additions. Even so, it was perceptibly temporary and at every moment in danger of collapse, yet there were times when her acting so imbued her with faith in her Shellpoolness that the fairy building seemed substantial and permanent. At such times Pelter's became dreamlike; it even remained dreamlike when she returned to it. "How queer this is!" she would say to herself when she woke in her room in the morning. "Am I really here for a little while again? I don't really believe it!" Her anxiety for her father, too, lost vividness, helped to unreality by the prospect that soon there would be nothing to fear for him, and she no longer watched from the breakwater.

Never had her rickety magic palace seemed to her of such solidity as when the loud insistence of Mildred Kerr forced her into the tango with Wallace Corning, and the broad floor cleared while all of Great Point stood to watch them. As she danced it seemed to her that she emanated a radiance softer and brighter than the undulant twinkling of her spangles, and at the same time she seemed to be looking on, an ardent spectator, transported to see herself moving in this radiance. Upborne by her own acting, she enchanted herself; within her was the rapt excitement that came with the casting of a spell and perceiving that it held an audience bound. Through her lowered lashes she saw the kindled face of Gordon Corning, and she felt that he understood the message her quickened heart was beating out to him: "For you! For you! For you!"

Strangely, another face that she saw meant little to her, though it was Vinnie Munson's and almost aghast with recognition. She had realized that some such encounter must take place, for she knew that he was to be met anywhere at Great Point, especially anywhere near Agatha Corning; but Edna had comprehended him of old as timorous—in his climbing he would follow the safer course and not make revelations that might involve himself before he got through with them, she thought. After that shining night of the tango, moreover, she became day by day so absorbed in her Shellpoolness that a creature as feeble as he seemed to have no power to threaten its actuality; she had no fear of him at all.

Her Shellpoolness was nothing abnormal; there was no hypnotism in it and no essentially more extraordinary an example of what is called "dual personality" than one furnished by Mrs. Vandenbrock at tea in the Cornings' living-room, the last afternoon of the summer. Mrs. Vandenbrock was known as a beauty; a great part of her life was spent in that capacity, and when she was consciously upon exhibition she forgot all about everything except being the beautiful Mrs. Vandenbrock. Acting this part with profound conviction, she kept her face to contours never anything but serenely gracious, her attitudes and gestures to a picturesque suavity; she so genuinely lived the rôle, indeed, that neither she nor any of her friends doubted its reality, although middle age was now altering her appearance and an uninformed stranger might pass some little time with her before comprehending that she was a beauty. But at home, with only her family about her, Mrs. Vandenbrock's powerful maternal instinct so swayed her that she became no beauty at all, and her manner of being one—even her consciousness of being one—departed from her; she was never the two things, a mother and a beauty, at the same time. Thus, as she happened to glance out of one of the French windows at the end of the Cornings' long living-room, she saw her youngest son upon her own lawn, next door, outrageously carrying a distressed puppy by the tail. Within and without, she was instantly a changed person; for the moment she was unaware of the rather numerous company in the room and of the fact that as a beauty she was engaged in mild persiflage with Warbeck, who was almost startled to see what lines were capable of emerging from the delicate artificial coloring she used. "That child needs a spanking for his own good!" she said, and unconsciously made a vigorous but awkward, illustrative gesture; then, recalled to her other self by Warbeck's surprised inquiry, she fell without effort into her exhibition manner, became beautiful again and wholly forgot that she was a mother.

So, almost simultaneously, Edna glanced from another open window of the same room, looked down through a rift between trees, saw the ramshackle silhouette of Pelter's against blue water and thought, "That old stovepipe sticking out of the roof needs straightening," and yet was wholly Edna Shellpool within the same instant. Her eyes had wandered absently to the window during a brief interruption of her vivacious schoolmate's prattle. The two stood grouped with Gordon Corning and his cousin Lena, while Mildred maintained the constant chatter that was her light-hearted and light-headed habit; but she broke it off momentarily at the behest of a beckoning hand. The hand was Wallace Corning's; from a discreetly opened door near the window it made its appearance in company with a portion of his face and an eye that winked. Mildred skipped to the doorway, received a teacup in exchange for one she held upon a plate, whispered hurriedly, and, as the discreet door closed, returned to her friends by the window.

"Isn't he awful!" she said delightedly. "He's got a whole shakerful in the pantry; but he says I mustn't tell anybody, though he'll give me one more—strictly on account of my health—when I finish this one! Says he gave one to Sally and only let me in on it because tea's ruinous to the kind of constitution he's noticed I have. Gordon, I suppose your father'd ask him to 'step into the study' if he knew what his bad boy is up to!"

"I think he would," Gordon agreed with some seriousness. "Wallace does a little too much of that anyhow, I'm afraid, and if father knew that he was substituting cocktails for tea and reserving all except one or two for himself ——"

"Now, now!" Mildred cried. "Don't you get to scolding him, too! I gave him fits for it myself, last night, but it really doesn't amount to anything—it's just his last little fling before he has to commence being a model business man with you next week. Besides, wouldn't the poor thing naturally have to prime himself a little so that he won't break down when he takes me to the station this evening? You mustn't forget how he suffers, knowing that he's going to be separated from me for the next six or seven days! Think of your mother's inconsiderateness, too—letting all these people in here for tea so that he can't hope for a tête-à-tête with me! Don't be critical of my Wallie!"

"It's a good thing for your Wallie that one of his critics isn't here," Lena Gordon said. "Agatha's got so poisonous about your Wallie that she'd be leading Uncle George straight to that doorway, if she were here instead of out in her sheik's sloop. How she can get herself in such a state over that silver-screen ideal—murder!"

"What!" Mildred exclaimed. "Why, look at me and the state I'm in over Wallie! It's possible to be in a state over almost anybody!" She finished the contents of her teacup, gasped "Whew!" and laughed with the fresh inspiration to a rash mischievousness. "Look at the state almost everybody's in over somebody. For instance, Lena, just look at poor Gordie right here and see the state he's in over —— No! I guess it's too soon to say it publicly!" She laughed more loudly and put her disengaged arm about Edna's waist. "Solemn things!" she cried. "I mean you and Gordon! Edna, you've been pretty nearly as solemn these last two or three days as you were when you first came to Miss Branch's. Golly, what a wondering-eyed thing you were, and how I pounced on you and grabbed you up! I always did wonder how I managed to persuade such a deep-natured, still creature to let a little flibbertigibbet like me adopt her for a soul sister. Don't you dare to forget you've sworn to be decent to me about writing! I suppose your crazy old scarecrow of a Miss Pemberton won't hear of such a thing as your coming to the train to see me off?"

"No, no," Edna said hurriedly. "In fact, I've got to be getting back to her in a very little while; she was to meet me ——"

"Gracious!" Miss Kerr shouted, interrupting. "Lena, do look at Gordon. For pity's sake let's run and stand by the piano to keep anybody from singing Good-by Summer! If somebody let out just one yelp of 'The swallows are making them ready to fly', there'd be a scene and a manly young voice bursting into loud sobs! Come on!" She seized Lena's arm and the two moved away, giggling benevolently, to another part of the room.

Gordon stepped closer to Edna. "Thank heaven they were that decent at last! She's right about the way I look, I've no doubt; but I can't help it. It's almost worse than it was at first—never once being alone with you for a second ——"

"But you are now—we're alone ——"

"Alone!" he said impatiently. "Do you call this being alone—with twenty or thirty other people in the same room? I haven't been actually alone with you once since Mildred Kerr came—not once, Edna! I suppose I shouldn't be ungrateful to her—God knows whether or not I'd have seen you again at all if she hadn't come!—but what chance have I had to say anything to you, or to hear anything from you, really, since she's been here? She's monopolized you as much as she could and you've constantly helped her to do it; every minute of the time we've been in a crowd, and it's seemed to me that was the way you wanted it to be. What have I had of you except a word like this sometimes?—and never without knowing that somebody might break in on it at any minute; just as somebody's sure to now before I've half got

(Continued on Page 80)

40 miles on a gallon of gas!

1,000 miles on a 5 pint filling of oil!

10,000 miles on $56 worth of gas and oil!

20,000 to 40,000 miles on a set of tires!

Cost per mile (gas, oil, tires), less than ¾¢!

40 miles an hour in second!

Backed by an amazing pedigree . . . 8 years long!

Brooklands Racing Drivers Club, England. 83.53 m.p.h.

Seramban Hill Climb, Borneo. First — Second — Third.

Montlhéry, France. 24 hour race. Won at 64.75 m. p. h.

Australia. 55.07 miles on one (imperial) gallon of gasoline.

Swiss Automobile Club Touring Race. First.

The bantam car AMERICAN AUSTIN . . . it has been predicted for ten years . . . *now* it is here!

The astonishing parade of facts on the opposite page brings a new idea of motoring to the American public. Hundreds and hundreds of one-car families will become two-car families with this announcement.

The bantam Austin is a car for the individual . . . a car to run around in . . . a brilliant and inexpensive helpmate to the rolling power house that now serves your family. It runs on pennies. It comes as near being expenseless as any car you ever heard theorized about.

It has the smartness and grace, in miniature, of America's most gallant cars. Besides the closed model, there's a rakish speedster . . . trim as a drop of water.

You may be a six-footer, but the American Austin will seat two of you, comfortably . . . with plenty of leg room.

AT just the right time the American Austin breaks into the domestic scene, not with just a new car, but a new principle of transportation. Families today are many individuals who want to go many different places. Here's transportation for two . . . at less than a penny per mile. Ten thousand miles for $56 in gas and oil. The tires go on forever . . . well, almost . . . 20,000 to 40,000 miles.

The bantam Austin is always ready to leap off anywhere at a moment's notice . . . to the depot . . . to the club . . . to the office . . . to the shops . . . a brisk, smart mount for the minor journeys.

Every part of this car is made in America, by American workmen. But its mechanical design has eight proud record-breaking years behind it on the four old continents. Medals and cups galore . . . for hill-climbing, speed, fuel economy. Its spunk and stamina have startled sportsmen from Scotland to Singapore.

It is traffic-wise. Wheelbase . . . only 75 inches. Width . . . sixteen inches less than standard. Darts through traffic like a lithe young animal. A twist of the wrist and it is parked . . . in hitherto impossible places.

It is showing now! Go look at it! Slip behind the wheel and marvel that this compact car can carry two people . . . so comfortably. Cost? Less than a year's upkeep on the average large car. Four hundred and forty-five dollars at the factory.

AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR CO., INC., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE AMERICAN *Austin*

Where
you can see it

Send the coupon below for the name and address of the dealer, nearest you, now showing the American Austin.

Germany, Fahrt Durch Schlesien. First — second.

Urquiola Hill Climb, Spain. Broke all records. Three cups.

AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR CO., INC., 7100 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Please let me know where I can see the new American Austin.

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

We *Guarantee* The Best Shave In All Your Life

To prove that MOLLÉ is as far ahead of other shaving creams as the modern safety razor is ahead of the old straight razor, we make this exceptional offer: Get a tube of MOLLÉ No-brush, No Lather Cream at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the "MOLLÉ way"—and then, if you do not get the *quickest, smoothest, cleanest,* and most comfortable shave in your life, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

A Shaving Revelation

To get a *quick, easy* shave that leaves a most delightful *after-feel,* simply do this:

(1)—Wash your face . . . leave it wet.

(2)—Spread MOLLÉ over beard like a fragrant cold cream.

(3)—Shave with your favorite razor.

Simplicity and speed are only a small part of the advantages of the MOLLÉ shave. You will be doubly surprised at the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and soreness—and, best of all, that comfortable after-feel that requires neither lotions nor balms.

MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) was originally the private formula of a learned physician—a skin specialist. It is the blending of ingredients recognized for their healing, soothing, and antiseptic properties. Although publicly offered a comparatively short time, its sale is tremendous—nation-wide. Each day adds new users.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 77)

through with what I want to say! Don't you realize what is happening—happening to both of us?"

"Yes, I do," she said in a low voice. "I realize."

"I don't think you have a glimmer of it!" he exclaimed. "Otherwise you'd have let me make a chance for us to be alone together."

"We're that now, really. We're alone together, Gordon."

"Mystically we are, I suppose you mean!" he said bitterly. "Like whatever you meant that night about the sailors that drowned out there by Old Bareface! I tell you I'm tired of being 'alone together' in a crowd! I'm rather practical myself, and I'd like things to be a little more tangible. I suppose it doesn't mean anything to you at all that I've got to leave here in less than a week, and so far I haven't the slightest definite information as to when or where I'm to see you again. More than that, now that Mildred's leaving, I haven't any strong conviction that you're going to let me see you again before I leave Mirthful Haven."

"Oh, yes; yes, I will."

"But when?"

"I can't be sure. I've explained how difficult it is for me to be definite; Miss Pemberton's movements are so uncertain that I never know ——"

"So you're going back to that for an excuse," he said with increasing bitterness. "You imply that you realize we're close upon the moment of parting ——"

"Ah, yes!"

"And yet you're letting me go away not knowing anything whatever about you! One thing you don't realize is that since I've been seeing you every day I know just a little less about you than I did before Mildred came."

"Why, no! Surely you ——"

"Surely I don't!" he said. "I don't even know there is a Miss Pemberton."

"But, Gordon, I've told you ——"

"Yes, more than once," he returned grimly. "'Miss Pemberton' seemed to fit pretty well into the story I made up myself to tell my mother, about your being at a camp. If there'd been a 'Miss Pemberton' you could have told me about her long before Mildred came. You aren't a snob and you didn't take me for one; you wouldn't have minded telling me you'd taken on a job as companion to a 'nervous invalid'. You wouldn't ——"

"No, no!" she interposed hastily. "I might easily have been afraid to tell you about—about some such thing."

"Why?"

"Why, I might"—she looked at him with an uneasy, deep earnestness—"I might have been afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid that—that you mightn't think so well of me. Even that"—she faltered and her voice became almost inaudible, but she made herself say it—"even that—you mightn't want to see me again."

He leaned closer to her, and they looked deeply and gently into each other's eyes. "You couldn't be that stupid, Edna. You couldn't believe that anything on earth could keep me from wanting to see you again."

"Nothing—on earth?"

"You know it couldn't—absolutely!"

"'Absolutely'?" she murmured, and her gaze fell from his; but he could see that she was trembling. "That's such a tremendous word it's hard to trust to, Gordon. If I thought you knew entirely what it meant ——"

"It means absolutely!" he said in a low voice, but with passionate conviction. "That's why I want you to tell me the real truth about yourself now. I simply can't credit that you thought your having had to take a job like that would make any difference to me. It isn't plausible. Don't you see you've only made yourself more mysterious to me than ever? You frighten me, Edna!"

"Oh, no!"

"You do! Haven't you any of that fear yourself—fear that we may lose each other?"

"Fear!" She uttered a faint outcry. "Ah, yes!"

"Then why don't you help us?"

"I—just can't."

"Look here!" he said desperately. "I've been having the wildest imaginings about you, dear. You could tell me; you could settle them. You haven't contracted some queer tie, have you? You aren't married, are you, Edna?"

"Married?" In amazement she looked at him and laughed helplessly. "Good heavens! No!"

At that, he laughed, too, as helplessly. "Perhaps you can't imagine it's a relief to me to hear you say it! It's one horrible possibility gone, at least. Can't the others go with it?"

"When they do ——" she began impulsively, but came to a full stop.

"'When they do?'" He took the words up eagerly. "You mean you are going to tell me!"

"Well, I mean I think you'll know. When you do know, Gordon, I'll wait to see if you understood what you meant when you said 'absolutely'. That's all I can do, dear."

"Edna! Edna!" he murmured despairingly. "You tell me nothing and promise to tell me nothing, but you say I'll know and that you'll wait for me to come to you after I know."

"Yes," she said in a whisper. "But you may not come."

"Edna! When I don't even know where to come! What good'll it do for you to be waiting if I don't know where!"

"You'll know."

"Edna!" He rubbed a clenched hand over his distorted forehead. "It's like trying to find you in a fog! You don't let me get hold of you or anything else. You've promised one thing, though—that you won't disappear, now that Mildred's gone."

"No, I won't."

"Then will you ——"

"Wait." She stood for a moment in thought. "I've been at the Point nearly all the time lately; that can't go on. Isn't the last of the Casino dances to be on Saturday night?"

"That means you'll come? You'll meet me there? You promise?"

"No, no; I can't be sure or definite. I only thought possibly I might."

"You aren't even sure of that!" At once he began to protest. "You don't even promise to see me then, and you know I'm leaving three days after that, on Tuesday night? Dearest, dearest, you surely won't put me off so ——"

But here the interruption that he had predicted cut him short; his brother, coming from the adjacent doorway, put a hand upon his shoulder. "When'd I ever give you any permission to call Mildred's best friend 'dearest' twice?" Wallace inquired with jocular severity. "Miss Shellpool, consider yourself under my protection if this person continues his unwelcome addresses. Where's little Mildred?"

"Somewhere else!" Gordon answered in great annoyance. "She's with Lena, and you'll find them ——"

"Where we're wanted!" Mildred said, coming with Lena suddenly from behind Wallace. "You can't say I haven't been generous a long time, Gordon, but I'm not going to stay away from Edna all of my last afternoon, and you'll have to stand its being a family party from now on."

The interview of the two by the window was ended without hope of a present renewal, and the three girls and Wallace began to chatter noisily. Edna did her share with a gayety that made the troubled Gordon stare at her plaintively; he had the discontented amazement a young lover feels whenever his lady proves how readily she can to all appearances rebound from an emotional interview, upon interruption, and produce the commonplace tokens of mirth and eagerness requisite for the demonstration that nothing of consequence has been happening. Such demonstrations, if too excellently spirited, can engender this peril—the lover, being of the less perceptive sex, may be convinced that the late interview has been emotional on his part alone, and young Gordon had already been given too much to imagine, too much to suspect. Strange, vague hintings and suggestions moved in his mind like dim signal lights shifting in a fog: Was she only pretending to feel so much, then? And the other times, too? "It's all a fraud about 'Miss Pemberton'—lied even to her best friend about that—so how much else is untrue? Been trying to fool us all about a good deal, hasn't she? What for? What's she up to? Is this girl just fooling me?"

Edna's gayety was convincing because her sudden high spirits were genuine. She had just been nearer the truth with him than she had ever been before; for a moment she had been near telling it all; his "absolutely" had almost persuaded her. Part of the truth, indeed, she had virtually admitted to him—that there was no "Miss Pemberton," and she felt that the admission had only brought her closer to him. Couldn't it be, then, that the whole truth, when it came to be known to him, might only bring her closer to him? He would understand then all that she had meant, all that she had implied; he would understand the stress and the coincidence that had left her no escape from the false position she had accepted to be near him—ah, he would understand everything! But most of all she was happy because she had at last delivered to him the great message, succeeded in saying outright to him what she had for days eagerly sought the means and opportunity to convey—that when he did come to know the truth about her, as some time, and probably soon, he must surely know it, she would be waiting and he would know where to find her. If "absolutely" meant to him what it meant to her, he would come to Pelter's for her.

In her breast there was an almost breathless reassurance; life abruptly changed its part in the masque, cleared the threatening make-up from its face and was seen to be a smiling friend. The bright long room, lively with the chatter of pleasant voices and the tinkling of china and silver, seemed to glow with good feeling; the many flowers on the tables were beautiful, and so were all these friendly people, too, as they moved about, laughing and talking gayly, in the cool sweet air and broad shafts of afternoon sunshine that came in caressingly through the open windows. At the other end of the room Edna saw Corning, obviously philanthropic, thoughtful and high-minded; she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Corning's laughing face over the shoulder of the flushed and merry Wallace, saw lovely Mrs. Arden smiling to the gray Warbeck—everywhere she looked there was nothing but reassurance. Once she had called these people a "cold-hearted crew," but she had not known them, and we easily malign what we do not know—only ignorance could have thought such visibly kind souls cold-hearted. Cold-hearted? No! They were friendly and kind—lovely, kind-hearted people.

Without effort, her laughter became almost continuous and her lips rippled out the patter she had long ago caught from the other girls at Stony Brook. "Perfectly furious!" she said merrily a dozen times. She was perfectly furious that Mildred was going away so soon, perfectly furious with Miss Pemberton for having absorbed so much time during the visit, perfectly furious not to be able to come to the station, perfectly furious that on Miss Pemberton's account she couldn't join a party of consolation Wallace proposed for that evening, perfectly furious about everything. Incessant excited gestures accompanied these insistences upon her fury; the three girls conversed in screams, with Edna's laughing voice the loudest, while little darts of distrust fell more and more numerously and sharply upon the heart of the gloomy lover. Edna's exhilaration was genuine, he perceived; then the inference was plain that either she

(Continued on Page 82)

Supreme command of the air

RADIOLA Super-Heterodyne

FIRST IN SELECTIVITY • FIRST IN SENSITIVITY • FIRST IN QUALITY RECEPTION

Copyrighted 1930 RCA Victor Co., Inc.

DO you live in a congested radio area? Call upon the Radiola Super-Heterodyne for hair-line selectivity . . . and get the station you want . . . right on the dot! Is your home far away from major broadcast centers? Let the Radiola Super-Heterodyne bring you the big far-away stations . . . with nearby clarity! Depend upon it . . . Radiola Super-Heterodyne will not fail you! Because of its unrivalled technical perfection, the Super-Heterodyne circuit is used in marine coastal stations, in the radio compass, and in the leading broadcasting stations where reception must take place directly under the transmitting antenna!

In the past, the Radiola Super-Heterodyne has been a luxury for a fortunate few. But now you, too, can enjoy this superb instrument . . . quantity production has reduced the cost of manufacture and Radiola Super-Heterodyne now costs little more than an ordinary radio set! Designed to harmonize with modern home interiors, Radiola Super-Heterodyne sets are as pleasing to the eye as they are to the ear! Ask your Radiola dealer to demonstrate Radiola Super-Heterodyne 66 . . . or the wonderful 67, a modern phonograph combination instrument which gives you both recorded and broadcast music. Your Radiola dealer is prepared to make convenient terms on the Radiola Time Payment Plan. Radiola Division, RCA Victor Company, Inc.

RCA RADIOLA

Look for and insist upon the famous RCA trade-mark.

TUNE IN—The RCA Hour, every Thursday night, over a Coast-to-Coast network of the N.B.C.

The sooner a car is SIMONIZED the better

EVERY car needs Simoniz to protect the finish, make it last longer and keep the colors from fading. Mile after mile in all kinds of weather Simoniz shields the finish from dust, dirt and other elements that dull, age and eventually destroy the lustre.

Millions of wise motorists know that Simonizing is really the secret of keeping cars looking new and beautiful for years. Even after traveling thousands and thousands of miles the Simonized car still sparkles like new and is worth more when traded in—because it looks so much better than the car that has not been Simonized.

No one nowadays need drive a dulled and worn looking car when it is so easy by Simonizing to make the finish glisten like new again and keep it looking that way. Nothing equals Simoniz Kleener,—it quickly and easily removes all grime, discolorations and blemishes—truly the only way of restoring the original lustre. Then the famous Simoniz provides that remarkable lasting protection every car needs.

After a car is Simonized it is really surprising how easily the finish can be kept clean and bright without washing expense. An application of Simoniz lasts for months and protects the finish so well that dust and dirt can be wiped off without scratching—leaving the surface lustrous and beautiful.

INSIST on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener — and your car will always look bright and new.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 80)

hadn't the deep nature he'd been attributing to her or that the profound feeling shown to him only a few minutes earlier was pretended. "But what for?" he thought. "Actually had some idea of fooling me as she did the rest of us about 'Miss Pemberton', so she must think I'm pretty gullible, or at least must hope that I am! What else wouldn't she try to fool me about? How much acting has she been doing with me from the first—and what for?"

Mrs. Gordon interrupted the vociferations of the girlish trio. "For heaven's sake, Lena, be quiet long enough for me to make myself heard! . . . How do you do, Miss Shellpool. . . . Mildred, I'm afraid you'll have to run over to our cottage if you want to be sure of finding more than half of your own things in your trunk when you get home. I won't take the responsibility for a maid's packing, and when I looked into your room a few minutes ago it was a sight! If you care anything about your own belongings, you'd better trot over and see what's been left out."

"Gracious!" Mildred threw herself upon Edna. "Swear you won't leave until I get back!"

"Depends on how long ——"

"You've got to wait! There's a thousand things I want to tell you how to do to keep Wallace excited about me after I've gone. I won't be five minutes!"

She departed upon a zigzag course through the groups of tea drinkers, and Mrs. Gordon looked disapprovingly at Wallace. "Nephew, you appear rather flushed for this time in the afternoon, and it seems to me I detect an aroma. Have you been keeping strictly to tea?"

"Why, Aunt Virgie!" he exclaimed. "You're getting to be a shockingly suspicious woman, and always in the wrong direction. Gordon, stand a little farther away from Aunt Virgie or she'll see what I mean. Aunt Virgie, I can't tell you how pained ——"

He was interrupted by Vandenbrock. This trim elderly gentleman, just arrived, pressed forward to join the group and speak to Mrs. Gordon. "Mrs. Gordon, I have some news that may be a relief to you. About two hours ago in my car I had a little accident, and I'm afraid I've avenged you."

"Afraid you've avenged me? Is it a riddle, Mr. Vandenbrock? I don't see just in what manner ——"

"I mean avenged you for the shock to your nerves that occurred some little time ago," he explained. "I certainly don't like to run over dogs, but of course this one has been making a pest of himself for years, and a very special one to you. The chauffeurs all hate him, of course, and I had a slight suspicion that my man swerved the car a little on purpose, though he denies it; also he pretended not to hear me when I called to him to stop." Vandenbrock laughed with some ruefulness. "I admit that our going on our way may have been the wiser course under the circumstances."

Mrs. Gordon stared at him. "You mean the dog that attacked me? Your car ran over him?"

"Yes. Of course it's a riddance and the dog was only a mongrel and I'm glad to feel that it may relieve you of some nervousness about a repetition of what occurred; but I do dislike to kill dogs when I'm motoring."

Wallace laughed consolingly. "Wait till you've had that misfortune as often as I have, Mr. Vandenbrock; you'll be hardened. Only last week Gordon and I ——" He interrupted himself, checked by the startled expression of his brother's face. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," Gordon said, and, as Lena went away at her mother's suggestion to bring Mr. Vandenbrock a cup of tea, the younger brother beckoned the older to come to the window. "Where did Edna go?"

"Edna?" Wallace asked blankly, and looked about him. "Why, where did she go? She was standing right here by you and ——"

"Yes, she was—almost this very moment. I just barely turned away to hear what old Vandenbrock was saying about that dog, and when I turned back she wasn't here. There's only one thing she could have done—she must have jumped out of the window." Then he added, as both brothers looked forth from the opening, "Not in sight, so if she did it she must have left on the run; but why in the world ——"

"Precisely," the flushed Wallace agreed. "Privately, there've been several times when it's seemed to me to be proper to inquire 'Why in the world?' about her. Of course, I wouldn't say so to Mildred; but sometimes it strikes me that her friend Edna is acting just the least bit damn peculiarly!"

XXIV

EDNA ran all the way to Pelter's; but when she reached the wooden front yard she stopped and stood still, listening. The surf was gentle, no more than whispering outside the breakwater; automobile signals buzzed at one another upon the road; from the harbor she could hear the cheerful hailing of boatmen passing one another, and she heard her own loud and rapid breathing; but from the flimsy old house before her there came not a sound. She went forward on tiptoe, stopped to listen again, heard nothing; then softly opened the door and stepped within.

Pelter was sitting upon a stool, with his back toward her and his body bent forward. His elbows were upon his knees, with his hands hanging listlessly, and his posture gave the impression that it had not changed for a long time. Before him, upon the floor and upon a tattered square of burlap, lay the body of Prince—already flattening, it seemed to Edna. She closed the door behind her and leaned back against it, silent except for the intermittent sound her breathing still made. Her father gave no token that he was aware of her entrance, but continued to sit, motionless, and so, for the first time in her life, she saw him seemingly bereft of all resourcefulness and in an attitude stonily forlorn.

For minutes she stood by the door; then with creeping steps she went toward him, knelt behind him, lifted her hand to his shoulder, placed it there and softly set her cheek against his back. He did not move or seem aware of her; she rose, and, perceiving that her tears had moistened the back of his gray woolen shirt, she tried to dry the spot by rubbing it with her handkerchief. Then she withdrew from him and, as noiselessly as she could, went out to the veranda. There she stood waiting, out of his sight, for half an hour or more; then heard him moving about within the big room, and finally his steps approached the veranda. He came out slowly, carrying the body of the dog, wrapped in burlap, in his arms, and, walking stiffly with his shoulders held straight, he went by Edna as if unconscious of her presence. Then, at a few paces from her, he halted suddenly and turned to face her.

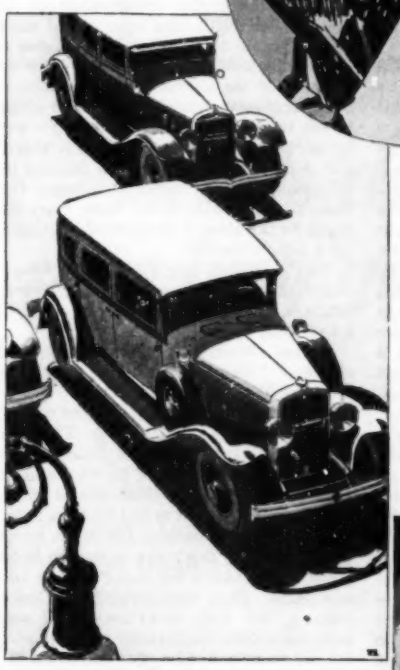
"Well?" he said in a hard voice, and looked at her inscrutably with widely opened eyes.

That was all. He turned away and marched down the pier to the floats, carrying his old friend with him; but it seemed to Edna that what he had said in that inscrutable stare was: "They did this."

He rowed out to the motorboat, gently placed the dog's body within it, cast off his moorings and went to the wheel. The engine began to thunder; but Edna, watching from the veranda, saw that the boat moved down the harbor slowly, with the late sunshine thinly gilding the figure at the wheel and the inconsequent, small pile of burlap upon the deck. Outside the harbor mouth there was a haze; the boat, small with distance, passed into it and became indistinct; but Edna saw that her father was steering toward the Goat Yard, where a convulsed reef projected multitudes of rocks that looked like herds grazing upon a dozen acres of water. Then for a time she could

(Continued on Page 84)

■ **WATCH IT TAKE A HILL!** *If you get stuck behind a milk wagon, creep along quietly in second. Then at the first break in oncoming traffic, step on her, and you'll sail past and over the crest at 40.*



■ **OR TAKE A STEEP DROP-OFF!** *If you find yourself zooming down a grade that's too steep for comfort—don't worry. The braking power of the Silent-Second is ready. And we mean* ready*! No need to slow down to go into second. Just flick that gear-shift lever from high to second—and that Silent-Second gear will ease you down as gently as you please!*

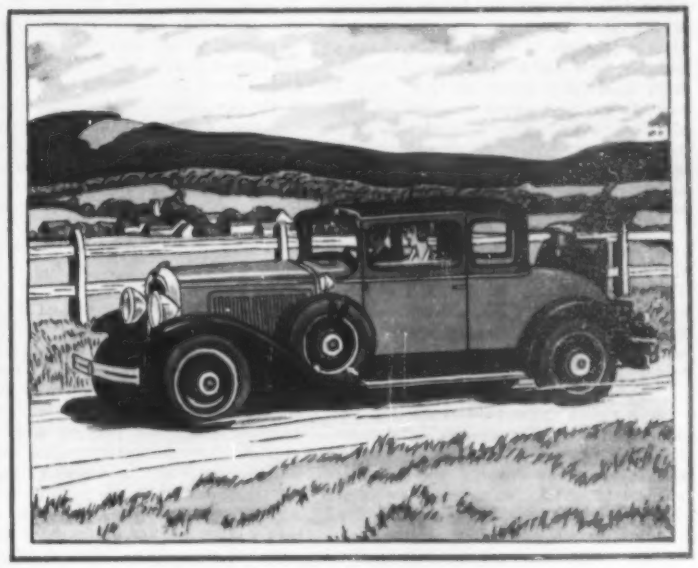
■ **IF YOU LIKE A QUICK GET-AWAY!** *The lights flash red. Pull up abreast of the other cars. When you get the go-ahead—slip into second as soon as your wheels are turning. Five seconds later you'll be doing 40—and you'll have to look a long way behind to see what the other fellows are doing!*

■ **JUST TRY IT IN TRAFFIC!** *Take a Reo Flying Cloud where the traffic is thickest—where you'd ordinarily be busy shifting gears. Slip into second. With a speed range of 2 to 40 miles an hour right at your toe, you'll wriggle through traffic like an eel. And all the while you'll be enjoying high-gear silence!*

REO's SILENT-SECOND TRANSMISSION

is the greatest automotive improvement since the self-starter!

UNTIL you've tried out the Reo Silent-Second Transmission, you just won't be able to believe all the things this transmission will do. But when you do try it out—if your eyes don't widen from sheer amazement, you'll never be thrilled by anything you'll ever find in a motor car. Imagine being able to shift gears under any and all conditions—never any "feeling-in"—never any grinding or clashing. Imagine being able to shift from high back to second at 40 miles an hour—or from second to high at any speed—and with one-finger ease. Imagine second-gear acceleration with high-gear quiet. You may not believe all this now. But visit your Reo dealer and try out this amazing transmission for yourself. Then you'll say that we haven't made the story half strong enough.



Here's one of the models which offers the Reo Silent-Second Transmission—the Reo Flying Cloud Model 20 Coupe. $1595—sport equipment and spare tires extra. Other Reo models, $1175 to $1945, all prices f. o. b. factory. And remember! Reo is good for 100,000 miles.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Mich.

REO FLYING CLOUD

GOOD for 100,000 miles

(Continued from Page 82)

not see the boat; it disappeared into the Goat Yard, and twilight had come before it emerged.

It returned as slowly as it had gone, a small gray shape indefinite in the grayness of the harbor mouth, but gaining size and definition as it came. When it was once more at its mooring and the gaunt figure of its owner in the dinghy rowing ashore, Edna went indoors; but Pelter remained upon the pier and did not approach the house until she called to him from the doorway that his supper was ready. He came in; they sat at the table for a time, not speaking and not eating, though he slowly drank two cups of black coffee. Then he pushed back his chair, lighted his pipe, and, looking at it contemplatively as he held it in his right hand, absently let his left arm hang over the arm of the chair while the fingers of that hand seemed to grope for something a few inches from the floor. He started slightly, lifted his hand and looked at the palm of it as if with curiosity.

"Godfrey!" he said. "Seemed like he must be there."

Edna began to clear the dishes away, while he continued to stare at his hand as if wondering to have found it vacant. "Goat Yard always did look more like a graveyard to me," he said finally, in a meditative voice, and thrust the vacant hand into a pocket, as if he feared it might absently grope near the floor again. "Like a sea graveyard with all them old brown headstones like—some of 'em make good, sizable monuments at low water. Give him the best of 'em—the tallest. It goes straight down six fathom'. Never did like the water much, he didn't; but he wun't mind now. Seemed kind o' 'propriate, too—raised right in sight of it ever since he was a puppy. Well ——"

His voice dwindled to a renewed silence; she finished her work and came to sit as of old across the table from him, but brought no book with her. At the other side of the room were the two new chairs and the new table he had bought just before her return to Mirthful Haven; no one ever sat more than a moment in either of the chairs or used the table, and both father and daughter were habitually aware of them only as vaguely intrusive presences. But old Wye, shuffling in presently, without offering or receiving any greeting, absent-mindedly seated himself in the plush-covered chair nearer the door, then immediately got up with an air of apology.

"Never noticed what I was doin', so excuse me," he said, apparently addressing the chair, and substituted a wooden one. Then he sighed and added, "Ain't no thickenin' up sou'west. Along come sundown thought maybe goin' to git a one-day Sou'wester, but looks more like not. She'll hold fair with jest only a haze."

"Guess so," Pelter said.

Wye sighed again, rubbed the stiff rime upon his chin with a shaking hand, mumbled to himself a while, then spoke as if something inconsequential had just been recalled to mind. "Lin Seabury told me 'bout it. Said he see it take place."

"Yes, he told me."

"Yes. Said he was right out in front yonder. How I come to know 'bout it, Lin told me." The old man turned toward Edna. "Wun't home, was you?"

"No," she said, put a hand to her cheek and looked quickly at her father, for all at once it seemed to her significant that he had not asked her where or how she had heard of the dog's death. Had he guessed about that, too?

He was unconscious of her troubled gaze and also, apparently, of the renewed senile mumblings of the caller. "By Orry!" Wye exclaimed, unexpectedly breaking off his mutterings to speak out sharply. "Puts me a-mind o' them little animals I see in the woods in Africy. Apes, they was, I guess. Looked a mite more like little people than what a monkey mostly does. You 'member 'f I ever told you 'bout 'em, Long Harry? Did I?"

"No."

"Never b'en no special distance offshore but once," Wye said. "That was when I was eighteen year' old, on the brig New Moon—laid off Africy west coast, and the Old Man sent some of us with the second mate way fur up deep into them African woods, tradin' fer ivory, 'cause they wun't none to be had on the coast. Had a camp in them woods, we did, and night times them apes kep' up a palaverin' fit to waken the dead—mimickin' the palaverin' they hear us doin' with the black people all day, seemed like. Mate says, 'Le's see jest how smart them little animals be!' So we hid back in the bushes and watched them apes come creepin' out and set around our camp fire to git warm, 'cause that place was on high land and cold, nights. Animals is 'fraid o' fire, but them apes had see us settin' round ourn and they wanted to mimic everythin' we done, so, after they got up somewuz nigh, they learned they felt nice and warm and come a little nigher; had jest that much sense. They'd set there, and when the fire burned low they'd jest hunch up a mite closer and closer to the embers. Funny thing was we'd left a big pile o' sticks right there by the fire, handy to put on, and them apes had see us puttin' wood on the fire hunderds o' times; but they didn't never put not one single stick on that fire theirselves. There we was, watchin' 'em and knowin' all they had to do to keep warm was to jest reach out a hand and pull over a few o' them sticks onto the fire; but all them apes could think how to do was to set there, movin' closer in till the fire went out, and then set there some more, shiverin' in the cold." The old man chuckled musingly, and, with his tongue against his sunken lips, made sibilances that suggested a series of slight lamentations. "Jest the way we human bein's behave our own selves, ain't it? You git the drift o' what I'm tellin' to you, dun't you, Long Harry?"

"No."

"Why, it's plain—a thing I think of over and over, and a thing a body could keep thinkin' of a thousand year' at a time!" Wye exclaimed. "Look yonder!" His green eyes twinkled wetly in the lamplight and he pointed to the open doorway, where, in the framed blue darkness, a few hazy stars poised above the black harbor. "Up there in the sky, come night when we can't see 'em, they must be hunderds and hunderds o' people smarter 'n what we are, lookin' on and watchin' us human bein's, jest the way we watched them little apes in Africy—laughin' at us sometimes, maybe, and wonderin' why in the name o' crikey we can't see what's plain as all git out to them. They know what we ought to do; but we jest go on settin' here, edgin' up a mite closer to keep as warm 's we can, but lettin' the fire go out and the dark git darker and the cold git colder." The old man laughed suddenly aloud, then subdued the laugh to a chuckle. "Darker and colder till we're so stiff and cold ourselves that somebody we never laid eyes on comes and puts us away in the ground. Looks sometimes like we dun't know nothin' much' bout nothin', dun't it?"

"Guess so."

"Yes, suh!" Wye chuckled, getting slowly to his feet and beginning to move toward the outer door. "Puts us away in the ground—else maybe drops us over the side with a weight onto our feet. See you over in the Goat Yard, come sundown, Long Harry."

"Did you?"

"I was thinkin' ——" The old man paused with his hand upon the latch of the door, and coughed so loudly and persistently that Long Harry turned his head to look at him. Wye pointed to Edna, who sat with her back toward him, then placed his forefinger upon his lips, then pointed to the door. Long Harry rose and followed him outside, closing the door behind him.

"What is it?"

"Nothin'. Chanced to see that rumchaser come in after dark. Layin' up t' a wharf at the village. You ain't goin' out?"

"No. Not till Saturday. That all?"

"Yes, 'cept only—only I was thinkin' ——" Wye put his tremulous hand upon Pelter's arm. "Only it looks this way to me: you ain't in no position to do nothin', Long Harry. Lin Seabury tell you he see how the showfer done it?"

"Yes, he told me."

"Knowed he would. Lin Seabury never yet had sense enough not to tell what he'd jest as well might 'a' kep' to hisself. Biddybody, Lin Seabury is. But that ain't what I was thinkin' of, though, Long Harry."

"What was it?"

"Well, I was thinkin' o' that time, some back, when all them little rocks in Cornings' grass spiled their fancy lawn mower. You ain't in no position now where you could make even that much headway agin the Point. It ain't safe fer you to move the least mite to git even with them people. Dun't you try it—dun't you try it, Long Harry!"

"No," Pelter said slowly, in a husky voice. "There's some things nothin' you could do would be much use that way. I stopped tryin' to git even with them people long ago, Cap'. They can do what they want to. I won't touch 'em!"

XXV

WITHOUT doubt, George Corning had often seen decorative representations of the classic masks—the use of the tragic mask in conjunction with that of comedy is so common in ornamentation that the design could hardly have escaped his eye—but it is probable that he was too busy a man of affairs ever to have caught from the coupled masks a suggestion of comment upon some aspects of his own life. Probably, too, he had never observed that although the mask of tragedy betokens hollow-eyed and chopfallen gloom, the comic mask wears incomparably more acutely the expression of real pain and is actually the more tragic of the two. As a betokening of any ordinary life, in fact, only the mask of comedy is needed, for it carries both meanings; such a mask might appropriately have found place in the decoration of Corning's study in his cottage, and, particularly upon the morning after his older son's fiancée had left Mirthful Haven, it is easily imagined as present and inaudibly contorted with a hollow mirth. Some such frozen grimace, rollicking and terrible, it is indeed almost necessary to fancy behind him upon one of the walnut panels of the handsome room as he came to his desk and amplified his greeting to his secretary, Mr. Tholineau, by adding, "So we arrive at a pleasant morning's work as the finish of a delightful summer!"

He had arranged the second story of the addition to his cottage as a suite for himself—his sleeping quarters, the study and a breakfast room. Mr. Tholineau, a lame man of thirty-five who had been with him for six years, came from a hotel every morning at ten and they worked together until the bathing hour. Sometimes, though not often, they worked after dinner, too, and this they had done upon the previous evening. Corning had seen none of his family since the afternoon of the day before, having dined alone while his wife acted as a plenipotentiary bearing his excuses to the Gaskells, a family not high in his favor. Although only in their third season at Mirthful Haven, the Gaskells had bought all the remaining land of the speculative Munsons, had built upon it an unnecessarily overpowering cottage and were presenting other challenging shows of splendor, naturally not designed to render themselves less impressive. They were becoming a little objectionably self-important, Corning thought, and he had readily chosen an evening's work in preference to the addition of himself as a tributary embellishment to the last and most gilded of Mrs. Gaskell's shows for this season. The rest of his family might appear in such a capacity, as testimony that there was nothing like actual ill-feeling between the Gaskells and Cornings, he felt; but his own absence from the festival was significant of a point of view he owed it to himself to express, and he spoke of this feeling to Mr. Tholineau when they had finished the business routine of the morning.

"Please make a note upon a matter I wish to bring up to my fellow directors of the Casino," he said. "Mr. Vandenbrock and Mr. Warbeck are to be here this morning, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir. Eleven-thirty. But you thought there'd be no special business to bring up about the Casino, so the meeting would be very short and you could all three get to the beach as usual, Mr. Corning. How shall I note the matter you mention?"

"Just write, 'Private use of Casino.' That'll be enough to remind me. What I wish to say to those gentlemen is apropos of Mrs. Gaskell's having been allowed to rent the whole building last night. I only consented to it because I was afraid that if I objected, somebody'd be ridiculous enough to think that I had a personal reason; whereas, of course, my feeling is merely that I believe the building should be open to every member at all times and that the Casino should be used only for its own social celebrations. I believe that we three directors should make such a rule. As a matter of fact, the preservation of the present delightful character of Mirthful Haven points to a policy discouraging to such displays as Mrs. Gaskell's. Our enjoyment of the life here depends upon its being kept simple, and I very much dislike to see its simplicity threatened by—well, by parvenue magnificence. As if it weren't out of place enough to build a dancing pavilion for a dinner dance at a house that looks like a Florida hotel, there must also needs be the absurd addition of the Casino for a supper dance!"

Mr. Tholineau laughed. "From what I heard of the prospects beforehand from Wallace, the Casino was to serve rather for a breakfast dance."

"From Wallace?" Corning inquired, smiling. "He wasn't exactly prostrated, then, by Miss Kerr's departure?"

"He was kind enough to invite me to a special consolation party," Mr. Tholineau explained. "In spite of Mrs. Gaskell's providing her house and the pavilion and the Casino, Wallace and some others of the young people seemed to feel that the festivities were to be confined too much to one place, and they don't like to remain in one place more than a few minutes at a time nowadays. They were making it a Gaskell evening, but with by-excursions of some sort and a final rendezvous at the Casino, hoping there would be eggs and sausage, I believe."

"I don't like to see that sort of thing coming to Mirthful Haven," Corning said. "It's out of character—out of character. We'll take up a pleasanter subject. Have you sounded the village in regard to that idea of mine of a community center?"

"Yes. That is, I've spoken of it to most of the village people whom I happen to know best. I'm afraid I shouldn't represent them as being particularly enthusiastic about it, sir."

"No, I suppose not." Corning sighed, and the expression of his handsome, sunburned face became melancholy. "The trouble is, I'm afraid, that they're rather cliquey; some of them feel themselves to be considerably above the rest, and of course that's natural enough and I understand it. But it's undemocratic. They really ought to be glad when we propose to help them by contributing something substantial toward their erecting a building where they could all get together and enjoy themselves with lectures and simple wholesome entertainments during their long winters here." He sighed again. "Well, well, it's hard to help people who won't help themselves." Then, at the sound of a bell in the short corridor of the suite, he brightened. "Vandenbrock and Warbeck, I imagine, Mr. Tholineau—and they may like a cigar."

"Yes, sir." Mr. Tholineau hobbled briskly to the door and opened it to admit the two expected gentlemen, who were already in the corridor; then, as they sat down, he brought from a cabinet a large mahogany humidor ornamented with chased silver and made the suggested offering.

(Continued on Page 89)

Is this the way you buy your hats?

CERTAINLY not. You buy with your eyes open and you know what you're getting. Buy your entertainment the same way. You never know what you're going to get when you buy blindly. In Paramount Pictures you get the greatest stars of stage and screen and from all over the world. You get the best stories . . vibrant, alive, in tune with this fast moving age. And you get the type of production that has made Paramount known for 18 years as the greatest name in entertainment. ¶Right now, the manager of your theatre is arranging for next season's program. He wants to show what you want to see. By telling him you want Paramount you help him and assure yourself of seeing all the marvelous entertainments in Paramount's Greater New Show World. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION,
ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.,
PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK

You will enjoy these Paramount Pictures

•

"WITH BYRD at the SOUTH POLE"

•

"THE BORDER LEGION"
Richard Arlen Jack Holt
Fay Wray

•

"DANGEROUS NAN McGREW"
Helen Kane Victor Moore
James Hall

•

GARY COOPER in
"CIVILIAN CLOTHES"

•

JACK OAKIE in
"THE SAP From SYRACUSE"

•

CLARA BOW in
"LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES"

•

WILLIAM POWELL in
"FOR THE DEFENSE"

• ● •

TUNE IN! Your favorite stars on the air in the Paramount Public Radio Hour, each Saturday Evening, 10:11 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

7 *Points of Superiority*

1. Larger air chamber—your car rides less on the rubber, more on the air.
2. All-Cord material reduces internal friction and adds strength without rigidity or weight.
3. Multiple cable bead gives more strength at the rim while increasing side-wall flexibility.
4. Increased length of flex area at the side-wall provides greater use of the air cushion.
5. Rim-width, streamline tread eliminates useless overhanging tread rubber and allows greater air-cushioning.
6. Greater road contact results in better and longer-lasting non-skid qualities.
7. The newly perfected *AIR-FLIGHT* balance between air and materials achieves the *maximum air-cushioning and mileage.*

© Fisk Rubber Co. 1930

AIR-FLIGHT

The Revolutionary New Fisk Principle in tire building is raising the riding comfort of America...

SUCH basic improvement in tire performance never has been accomplished by any achievement since "Balloon Tires."

The Secret of AIR-FLIGHT

AIR-FLIGHT Tires were designed from the air out—with a greatly enlarged air chamber encased in more flexible walls—no waste shoulder rubber—a perfect balance of rubber and air.

This is the simple secret of the success of the Fisk *AIR-FLIGHT* Principle. With internal friction reduced to nearly nothing, these entirely different tires are the most resilient wearproof tires ever known.

Thousands of Independent Merchants

With policies undictated by "interests," thousands of independent merchants, won by the overwhelming reception of Fisk *AIR-FLIGHT* Principle Tires, have turned exclusively to Fisk.

Go to the Fisk merchant in your city. You will find his personalized service of great advantage to you.

See the new Fisk *AIR-FLIGHT* Principle Tires. Ride on them. You'll never be content with ordinary tires again.

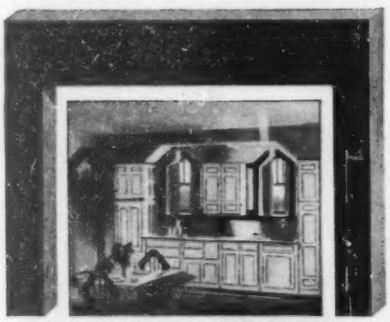
FISK mileage

Time to Re-tire GET A FISK!

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

In a terrific storm at Boothbay, Maine, a Fairform Flyer, made by the Huckins Yacht Corporation of Jacksonville, Florida, crashed on the submerged rocks of Saco River Jetty where many a yacht and numerous lives have been lost.

Water flooded the main cabin, but not a drop passed the water-tight bulkheads of Masonite Presdwood. Both engines were kept in action and the cruiser was brought safely to port under its own power.



An attractive dinette kitchen cabinet ensemble of Masonite Presdwood, made by the McDougall Company of Frankfort, Indiana

Davey Lee, using a Brunswick Junior Playmate Pocket Billiard Table in which the bed is made of Masonite Presdwood. Product of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company of Chicago

Staunch seagoing cruisers that can ride out a gale, kitchen cabinets with a national reputation, portable billiard tables found in thousands of homes . . .

And so the list might be continued indefinitely—outstanding examples of manufacturing which owe much of their quality, many of their production economies, to Masonite Presdwood.

This grainless wood board builds the lockers, paneling and watertight bulkheads of Fairform Flyers because of its great strength and exceptional resistance to moisture. It is used in McDougall cabinets because it is easily worked, does not crack, split or splinter and takes finish beautifully. It forms the beds of Brunswick Playmate and Junior Playmate Pocket Billiard Tables because Presdwood combines lightness and durability with a perfect plane surface.

These same qualities have caused the adoption of Presdwood in scores of industries and for hundreds of products. Millions of square feet are used annually—in motor truck bodies and automobile door panels, in theatrical scenery and movie sets, in outdoor billboards and indoor store displays, in concrete form work, in manufactured products from toys to railway coaches.

Its range of usefulness is unlimited. It is permanently durable and beautiful in appearance; it cuts and saws easily, and is readily worked on punch press or band saw; it takes any paint or lacquer finish, or can be left in its natural state.

Many manufacturers cut intricate parts, either 1/8th or 3/16th inch in thickness, from the big 4 foot by 12 foot Presdwood boards. Others, having difficult production problems to solve, find the answer in special shapes and sizes of Presdwood, cut to order at the mill.

Manufacturers, builders and home mechanics are invited to send for the Presdwood booklet which lists eighty uses and tells how finishes are applied. Just mail the coupon now.

MASONITE CORPORATION
111 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois

Masonite

STRUCTURAL INSULATION · INSULATING LATH · PRESDWOOD

Masonite Structural Insulation stops heat—deadens sound

In the 5-ply bulkheads of Fairform Flyers, the center lamination is made of Masonite Structural Insulation in order to deaden sound of the engines. Masonite also makes homes more quiet at the same time that it protects from extremes of heat and cold. The Masonite Booklet will prove both interesting and helpful. Send for your free copy today.

Send for Free Booklet

Mail the coupon today. It will bring you the interesting story of Presdwood.

Masonite Corporation, Dept. A-6 ©M. C., 1930
111 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send your free illustrated booklet that describes Masonite Presdwood and its many uses.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

☐ If interested in Masonite Insulation, check here

(Continued from Page 84)

"No—no, thank you," Vandenbrock said absently, and appeared to be affected by some embarrassment. He glanced appealingly at Warbeck, who seemed preoccupied. "I thought perhaps I'd suggest ——"

"Yes?" Corning said, a little surprised by Vandenbrock's manner. "You wish to suggest?"

But Vandenbrock only coughed, whereupon Warbeck relieved him by taking the matter into his own hands. "Unfortunately, Vandenbrock and I have something rather private to bring up this morning, and we've agreed that it may be better for Mr. Tholineau to omit taking his customary notes of our meeting. So if he ——"

"Of course," the secretary interrupted amiably. "I'll wait in the breakfast-room, Mr. Corning."

"Dear me!" Corning said cheerfully, as the door closed upon this tactful withdrawal. "You two look distressingly solemn for a bright morning! I have a matter or two that I want to bring up myself; but I'll wait till you've got rid of what's on your shoulders. Well, let's have it. What's your conspiracy?"

Neither of his guests appeared to be set at ease by the rallying gayety of his tone; again Vandenbrock coughed and again Warbeck, with gravity, became the spokesman. "The end of the season seems a little late in the day for us to be forced to deal with a rather ticklish matter concerning the Casino; but the thing's been so thrust upon us this morning that we don't seem to be able to escape it. One phase of the subject has been worrying chaperons and parents for some little time, I believe—the fact that most of the young people don't arrive at the Casino for the dances until an hour that's gradually been growing later and later."

Corning frowned and nodded. "Yes. I've caught an undercurrent of that complaint, here and there, and feared we'd be compelled to deal with it. Go on."

"I'm afraid I'll have to," Warbeck said. "It appears that a number of the young people have formed the habit of priming themselves for the dances we offer them—their favorite source of supply for the priming, we hear, is a speak-easy cabaret operated by one Antoine Charette at New Yarmouth—and our rule that no liquor whatever shall be kept at the Casino or even brought upon the premises ——"

"A rule I'll never consent to abrogate!" Corning interrupted warmly. "Never! I realize that the young people of today are not those of yesterday; but I have very strong convictions upon the subject you mention, gentlemen. I believe that a quiet cocktail and a glass of wine at dinner at home, or when people dine out, are as pleasant and respectable amenities of life as they ever were; but I detest excess and I deplore flagrant violations of the law of the land. I consider it the duty of every good citizen to prevent any flagrant violation, and I would consider it a flagrant violation if the Casino, or any other general community club for both sexes and all ages, should permit liquor to be served or even brought upon its premises. When our children become parties to flagrant violations I think it is largely our own fault. My own children know my principles and they respect them. I fail to see why other children are not made to respect their parents' principles. If other parents have been unable to control their children in this matter because those parents have lost their authority over them, then it was the duty of those parents at least to find some means of preventing their children from becoming parties to a flagrant violation. They should have seen to it, for instance, that such a speak-easy as you mention should have been closed by the authorities. We don't want dens of vice operating as a temptation anywhere within a short radius of Mirthful Haven, I take it, gentlemen, and, for one, I don't propose to tolerate them! I speak forcibly because that's how I feel, and if someone has been suggesting to you that we should change our rules as an inducement to the young people ——"

"No, no," Vandenbrock interrupted uneasily. "It has been suggested that we should take up the matter, but, as Warbeck said, the end of the season's too late in the day. I think he mentioned it only as a means of leading up to another phase—another phase of the subject. Wasn't that—ah—your idea, Warbeck?"

"Yes. I was leading up to it in order to avoid being too abruptly outspoken, I'm afraid." Warbeck laughed uncomfortably. "I meant to indicate that as the young people know that they can't have anything to drink at the Casino, except by way of a flask that has to be used with extreme caution to avoid permanent expulsion, some of them seem to have done their New Yarmouth priming a little too thoroughly at times for better assurance that their exhilaration would outlast the party, I suppose. It's a case of that sort we're compelled to deal with, I'm afraid."

"What do you mean? That you're beating about the bush before telling me that someone's been making an exhibition of himself at a Casino dance?"

"Well, yes; that seems to be it. Last night—both at the Casino and at the Gaskell cottage."

"That part isn't our affair at all," Vandenbrock intervened hastily, with an air of briskness. "We don't have to touch upon that—not as directors of the Casino certainly—we needn't go into it at all, George. What happened at the Gaskell cottage is a purely personal matter, George, and we needn't go into it here. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Gaskell had a big punch bowl out in the pavilion; I tried it myself and it was merely laced with a little gin, I should think—very moderate. Still, as she did offer it, and also the usual amount of cocktails before the dinner—banquet, I should call it; a tremendous affair—what I mean to say is that as she herself included a certain amount to drink as a part of her own hospitality I don't think she's entitled, morally speaking, to make such a terrific fuss over what happened, as she seems to intend. Most of the older people had gone home, anyhow—I know that Mrs. Corning had, and so had Warbeck and I and our wives. As a matter of fact, my wife and I left when Mrs. Corning did, very early in the evening, and weren't aware of anything out of the way at all. I don't suppose over a fifth of the older people stayed late enough to go to the Casino for what was called the supper dance, and so only that number of older people could have seen the occurrence—or either of the occurrences, perhaps I should say—perhaps I should say ——"

"Perhaps you should say what?" Corning asked impatiently, beginning to be annoyed. "Will you be kind enough to tell me what you mean by 'occurrences'?"

Faced with this direct and severe question, Vandenbrock seemed to become merely helpless. "I—I really don't see how we can—go into it," he stammered. "That woman hasn't any right to demand such a thing of us!"

"No," Warbeck agreed. "She hasn't, and we don't do it upon her demand. We do it only in the hope of finding the simplest way out of painful difficulty." He drew a deep breath, looked at Corning compassionately and went on: "It's true that the directors of the Casino haven't anything to do with what happened at the Gaskells' cottage, George; but there is a connection. We ought to explain to you first that Mrs. Gaskell's in an incensed condition this morning. She's a rather shallow woman and has ambitions that would be more in place in burlesque opera than in Mirthful Haven; she wants to be our Lorenzo the Magnificent, I'm afraid, and her vanity about the show she puts on might be defined as a ruling passion. Anyhow, she's in a fearful state this morning; her hospitality's been misused and her dignity as a woman and a hostess insulted. Something's got to be done about it or she'll go on the rampage all over the place; she's had Vandenbrock and me on the telephone half the morning and sent that dried bit of leather, Gaskell, around to both of us with terrible threats and demands. You see, she thinks the uproar spoiled her whole show."

By this time Corning was frowning darkly. "Well, what uproar?"

"Wait, George," Warbeck pleaded, with a placative gesture of the hand. "If we seem to be shilly-shallying, it's in the hope of placing the matter before you in its proper proportions, so that you won't take some features of it too much to heart. You must remember that Mrs. Gaskell's vanity was piqued at the outset of this season by your not putting Gaskell on our board. She's made it clear to us this morning that she thinks you and your family, feeling yourselves to be old colonists here, have consistently overlooked the importance of the Gaskells. Now, the simple facts about last night are these: a number of her younger guests were thoughtless enough to arrive almost at the end of her huge dinner, and she took that as an affront, to begin with. Two of these tardy guests, a young man and his sister, had an altercation after the dinner—she says it was a noisy one, with language used that constituted a disrespect for the hostess. On that point, what she said to Vandenbrock and me was this: 'They thought themselves so important that they could do anything they pleased in my house and at my party. I'll show them that they can't treat my hospitality as if they were buying it at Charette's cabaret!' Well, at the Casino, later, the altercation I've mentioned was renewed and the young man knocked his sister's escort down, with results to a drum in the orchestra, I believe. Mrs. Gaskell insists upon an elaborate apology from both the young man and his sister—they are to call upon her and virtually plead for mercy, she seemed to make clear to us—or else she'll demand their expulsion from membership, and if we three don't act upon her demand, Gaskell is to bring it before the open meeting of all the members on Monday. It's extremely painful to come to you with this, George, and of course you understand that Vandenbrock and I are here only as your collaborators in the interests of peace. We couldn't have kept it from you, because there's no question but that the woman'll make a terrific fuss if she isn't placated."

"Kept it—from me?" Corning said in slow and perplexed inquiry. His burned complexion had reddened deeply, and, below the trimmed white moustache, his lips were parted as he stared at his two callers. Even yet he did not fully comprehend, though if that imagined mask of comedy had been a real one, over the mantelpiece behind him, its open mouth and his own would have worn the same expression. "Well—but ——" he faltered. "Well—who ——"

Vandenbrock got up, put his hands in his trousers pockets and went to a window, leaving to Warbeck the task of completing the information. "Your son, Wallace, and your daughter, George."

"You aren't telling me ——"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. It's they of whom she complains—of course with a stress upon the knocking down and the drum. It was the Munson boy who was knocked down by Wallace; but I believe she considers him an aggrieved party, like herself, and exonerates him from blame."

"This—this woman—she charges that my daughter, Agatha, and my son, Wallace, were—were ——"

"Oh, look here!" Vandenbrock intervened, turning from the window. "There's nothing uncommon about young people getting a little too illuminated nowadays—girls or boys either. We all know it happens sometimes and that they get into scraps now and then; that sort of thing can't be helped wherever there's a little too much imbibing. The only trouble about the affair is that there were too many witnesses and that this woman's vanity is so upset that it's going to take a lot of diplomacy to smooth her down. If it weren't for those circumstances there wouldn't be anything serious about it at all, George, and it could be practically overlooked. If it just hadn't happened that there were so many ——"

"Never mind," Corning said, and he sat, breathing heavily, while the redness of his complexion still deepened. "I think," he said finally, rising, "I think perhaps I'd better speak to—to Wallace. Will you gentlemen do me the favor to wait here for me until I have seen him?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

A Scene in the Hills Near Danbury, Connecticut

GOOD

YELLOWSTONE

Opens Its Thirteenth Goodyear Season

BEYOND the gates of America's wondrous beauty land, the cars of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company await the vanguard of this season's visitors.

All summer long they will carry their thousands and tens of thousands to the marvels of paint pot and canyon, beside placid lake and thundering falls, back and forth across the continental divide, past obsidian cliff and hourly geyser.

Close to a million miles a year this fleet winds and climbs on mountain roads—321 eleven-passenger buses and 24 seven-passenger touring cars—*with every wheel on stout and faithful Goodyear Tires.*

Many a passenger will glance at those tires; many will feel a thankful security to find them there. For more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind, and personal driving experience has told them the sure-footed traction of the world-known All-Weather Tread.

TREAD AND CARCASS: **these are the two main parts of a tire. There is greater *traction* in the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. There is greater *vitality* in the Goodyear carcass of patented Supertwist, found only in Goodyear Tires.** *Evidence?* **Any Goodyear Dealer will demonstrate.** *Proof?* **"More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind!"**

Copyright 1930, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

LAST LEAVES

(Continued from Page 15)

thrilling social diversions. In the families of workers, the wife does too much, or she is not thrifty, or the husband is idle and shiftless. What I mean is, there seems less necessity these days for married people to bear and pull together. This leaves the bonds of wedded life at loose ends. An obvious truth; therefore tiresomely commonplace. What these flunkers want is to make marriage a subject of discussion in every paper and magazine in the country, instead of buckling down and fulfilling the obligations it involves.

Something very strange and debilitating has happened to the quality of women lately. During the last ten years I have received hundreds of drooling letters from unhappy wives who complain of their husbands. Not one of them ever admits having a fault, but they make out bills of indictment against their husbands that would entitle every one of them to a divorce, as if there was anything unusual or peculiar to them in these circumstances. This is a breach of matrimonial ethics wives of the predivorce period rarely committed. Whatever may be said of their frailties, never to this day have I had a letter from a man complaining of his wife. One reason, of course, is that the average man is more than equal to holding his own with an exasperating wife—but not every time. They are subject to tyranny of tears in women, and a conscientiously delicate woman, even if she is not a professional invalid, may batten contemptibly upon the gallantry of manhood in her husband. I have known more than one man so faithfully patient that he seemed always to be bearing the hectic lady he married, like a cross on his back—beautiful, but none the less deadly and wounding to his pride and courage.

Better Sportsmanship Needed

On the whole, I doubt if these latter-day husbands and wives are nearly so bad as the records they publish in the divorce courts represent them to be. They make no pretense of being so impeccable as we felt obliged to claim in the name of ideality, so much more essential to love than the regrettable facts we are now tagged with in living. But in spite of their boastful and uncomplimentary frankness along these lines, they demand more of one another than we exacted and give less than we gave. Love rarely sits in judgment upon the object of its devotion; though it may sit for a moment in sadness. I cannot help thinking there is too much exercise of legal talent in the way of cold-hearted judgment inside marital relations these days. What is the use? We all fall short of the glory of God and short of the ideals of love we demand in others. The meanest-minded woman I ever knew was a dutiful wife, whose only fault was the advantage this gave her to accuse her husband of his transgressions, which were not so bad—chiefly a matter of manners. I blamed him, of course, when he deserted her; still he had my sympathy.

It is the one who loves most who knows the most about love; never the one most loved, who knows the least about love. Nearly any marriage can be at least half a triumph if one of the contracting parties plays the game fairly and long enough—which is really more gratifying than playing the part of a martyr in a divorce court, or deserting. Adversity in happiness can become the very wide wings of love.

I do not attempt to offer men advice about their married life, because by nature they have no sense about it and must be taught all they learn by the women they marry. Therefore, I go on to say a little more to the women, because I belong to their class and am concerned about the record they are making in marriage. In this age when so much importance is attached to the idea of being a good sport, I wonder at the narrowly literal sense with which that phrase is used. We put away childish things presently and leave off playing childish games of hazard. The great hazard is life itself—especially the married end of it. And it does seem to me that the sporting world of men and women is falling lamentably short of sportsmanship in its relation.

Vicarious Virtue for Husbands

For one thing, married people are oppressively dull, not good at conversation with each other. A woman will talk all day to her friends, anyone who comes along, only to fall into a state of meekly accusative or aggressive silence the moment her husband comes in. Why is that? On the part of the man, it is frequently discretion. He has been caught up so many times and searched by the legal talent of his wife when he was unconsciously on the witness stand against himself that he has become the very privy seal of his own counsel. It is better for a woman never to suspect her husband, no matter what he is capable of or guilty of. I do not know why it is, but suspicion and jealousy degrade and defeat a woman more than they do a man. Her safest bet for happiness is to keep a clear countenance toward him and to endow him vicariously with the virtues she desires him to have. It comes hard at first, but with practice it develops into an interesting feminine art. No kind of discipline can come so near making a good actor to his wife out of a really bad actor, as this engaging method of imputing righteousness to him. Besides, it leaves her in a dignified and unassailable position, which is a great advantage to a woman in marriage. And if he really is on the square, which is more frequently the case than a jealous woman can believe, her grace and confidence make a comrade of him. Men are wild when it comes to associating with women. Their instinct is to mistrust us with their thoughts or affairs, no matter how innocent they are, until we have proved a certain reliability of mind toward them.

But how many a bright man I have seen fall flat and disappear into some kind of innocuous silence the moment his wife appeared upon the scene, as if she was a visible, confounding accusation against him, or an oppressive weight. He does not dare to show off before her, as he was doing when she entered the room, to the cordial delight of the whole company. The inference is that she had already imparted to him her suspicion that he is something of a fool, though he may be a successful man in business.

I have tried, in the light of current history in marriages, to think back through my own married life and to recall whether my husband and I suffered this common affliction of silence from each other. However it may have been with him I do not know, but what I remember is that he was a fitful conversationalist, matrimonially speaking, given to the long and restful silence of reading books of heavy knowledges in my very presence, without the least word of apology. But I do thank my heavenly bodies that he himself was not a dull man. He had a merry wit upon occasion, and was easily moved to pleasant laughter. There was never a doubt in his mind that he had more sense than I had; though of course I knew better, and that he had only more learning. We quarreled lustily upon occasion—never about money, because we had none, nor about my wrongs or his rights, but about opinions—mine were very crass on a great many subjects, and still are.

Apologizing for Being Right

His were correct, scholarly, financed by much of reading. Mine were no more than the acts and antics of a brave, unscrupulous, gladsome mind. What outraged him was that he could not offend me by the most scathing criticism of my points of view, and he usually walked out of the conversation in a state of high dudgeon, especially if the subject was a sacred one, such as Saint Paul or the witness of the Spirit. I had acquired a prejudice against Saint Paul from which I never recovered until I was past fifty, on account of hearing so many bishops expound his gospels. He was no such spiritual autocrat as they represented him to be. And I would claim to have the witness of the Spirit when my circuit-rider husband would be praying and fasting to obtain it. I was right about that, and one of the greatest triumphs I ever enjoyed as his wife or a Christian woman was the fact that he finally conceded that I had some kind of Puckish piety and was a saved soul. But if ever he turned his back on me really angry after one of these encounters, I took the first possible opportunity to apologize and admit I was wrong about the whole thing. The fact that I knew I was not wrong made no difference. My creed as a wife was to keep my husband exalted in his own mind as a superior-to-me human being, and correspondingly responsible for our happiness. He accepted these apologies as a gentleman should, which is something quite apart from the charity of a Christian minister, if you know what I mean—a man's gallantry to a dearly beloved woman whose limitations he secretly doubted. He would assure me that I was not wrong in the heart, but I suffered quite unconsciously from the fallacy of my ideas, and that he was the one really wrong for getting angry, and so on and so forth.

Even a good wife must be a nuisance and a cross to her husband. We are queer, nervous creatures, with strong convictions about little things and rarely the sense to appreciate the big things about which men are able to be right without making the fuss we do about the nagging little ones. It is very hard for a man to go on being patient under fire when his wife is making one of her small points against him as if the peace and happiness of their whole life together depended upon his giving up the use of tobacco, because she can and will and does prove to him every day that tobacco is bad for him. I went through all that in my earlier married life and finally came out with a clearer view of my husband. He was living under too much feminine pressure. What I decided was that he should have the right to blow off. I mention only one of my methods of accomplishing this, though I had a dozen.

Provoking a Husband's Tantrum

Every man who uses tobacco is very irritable in the morning before he has his coffee or time enough to resaturate himself with the dear, deadly weed. It is unwise to speak to one of them if you are a stickler for husbandly politeness, and I was. But once in so often I would slip to the door of his room before breakfast, open it wide enough to poke my head in with a grinning face, and crook my finger at him. Invariably he flung the nearest thing in reach at me, whether it was Homer's Iliad, a hymn book or his very shoe. Whereupon I saved myself by slamming the door and taking up my residence in the dining room at the opposite end of the house until he should appear, smiling and defeated.

I would not go so far as to recommend young married women of this period to follow such an example literally, but only wives know how much more hysterical men are than women. The difference is they take it out in fits of anger instead of tears, and it is good psychology to provoke the tantrum pleasantly, so that you can control it. One thing is certain—they must blow off even if you are not at fault. A man can get as mad as fire on general principles, for no better reason than that he is one, and is tied to a woman for life. Some of these young wives are going to the divorce courts with charges of cruelty against their exasperated husbands on no more convincing evidence than this. Every wife is the keeper of her husband and is more responsible for their mutual peace and happiness than he is. By no method at all can she make a man of a hound, but if she has made the mistake of marrying one, it is her duty to stand by her bargain and make a better woman of herself through the trials and tribulations she so gayly provided when she pledged him with her vows. It can be done, and rarely fails if the wife will keep out of the divorce courts and work on her own case. But if you must have a divorce, recognize your limitations, and for heaven's sake do not risk another marriage, for getting divorces, with some women, is like the habit of having operations when nothing can cure them of being what they are.

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Husband: "I Suppose You'd Like Me to Turn In and Become a Gigolo!"

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.

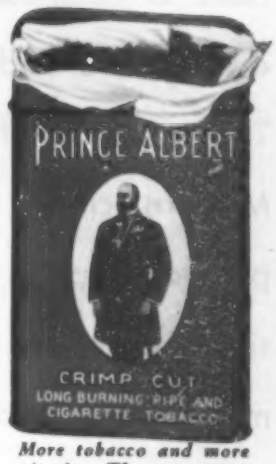
The jovial gentleman with the corn-cob pipe is "Old Hunch"—famous exponent of the circuit-clout . . . and P. A. for pipes. He's been rooting for Prince Albert for years!

Right over the fence

YOU CAN always count on Prince Albert to come through. It was a hit from the start and numbers its fans by the million. No use beating about the bush-leagues . . . it's just the greatest pipe-tobacco that ever stepped up to a match for a joy-drive into deep center.

Buy a tidy red tin of good old P. A. Swing back the lid and catch that rich, rare aroma. Pop a load into your pipe and light up. Cool as an umpire deciding: "Strike TWO!" Sweet as a homer that wins in the ninth. Mellow and mild and long-burning, down to the last sweet drag. That's Prince Albert, Men.

Jimmy-pipe or makin's papers, it's all the same to this double-header. No matter how many innings you play, morning to midnight, you're safe . . . and satisfied . . . with P. A. Team-up with this big-league pennant-cincher, and see what a team-mate it is. The password's "P. A."—don't muff it!



More tobacco and more pipe-joy. There are TWO *full ounces in every tin.*

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy-smoke!

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

COMFORT SOUGHT BY MILLIONS
DISCOVERED IN PALM BEACH SUITS

Here is coolness for everybody, everywhere and for every hour. The perfect comfort in clothes that Modern Science is suggesting • The perfect drape in a light, washable suit that marks the well dressed man • For Palm Beach Cloth is planned to beat the heat • The weave is open, the yarns are cool • Long, hard wear is the pledge of its construction • It is slow to soil and holds its shapely lines in any weather. It may be washed or dry cleaned again and again. In fact, each trip to the tub or the laundry seems to improve its original freshness and distinctive good looks.

When you see Palm Beach Suits at different prices—remember it is the *tailoring* that largely determines the cost. But that cost is always surprisingly moderate.

Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. ONLY BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

IN DARK SHADES AS WELL AS LIGHT
THESE NEW PALM BEACH WEAVES

Palm Beach Suits are ready today in new surprise weaves • Raised weaves, sharkskins, pin point checks, and tweedy mixtures • In new blues and grays for evening wear, and a world of light harmonies for sunny streets and sandy shores • Best of all you'll like those new Raised Weaves, with their soft smart finish • So inexpensive that two are a treat all can afford • Two-piece suits, suits with vests, suits with knickers—and tennis trousers • At your clothier's • If you have any difficulty in obtaining your wants, be sure to communicate with us. •

The Palm Beach Mills, Goodall Worsted Co. Sanford, Maine. Selling Agent: A. Rohaut 229 Fourth Avenue . . . New York City, N. Y.

This label is sewn in every garment that is made of genuine Palm Beach Cloth. It is the sign of satisfaction. Be very sure to look for it . . . before you buy.

Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. ONLY BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

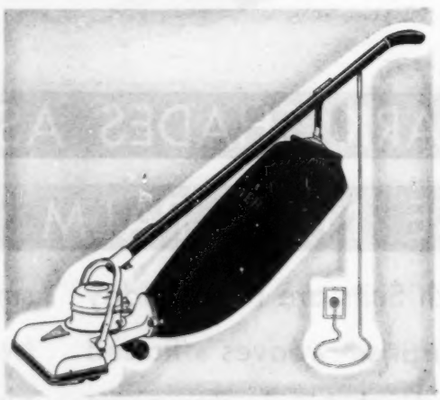
Two New Hoovers!
Greatly increased efficiency
No increase in price

Model 725 is the finest electric cleaner ever built, 25% more efficient than any previous Hoover. Model 575, though selling at a popular price, is second in efficiency only to Model 725

WHO *would think of washing the windows* "RATHER CLEAN"

WINDOWS need to be completely clean to look well. So do rugs and carpets. If dirt is packed deep in the rug, the colors are dulled and the rug's beauty marred. Worse than that, the rug is being worn out by the cutting action of the embedded grit.

Beating is the only way to get out this deep-packed, destructive grit. Only The Hoover offers the beating action of Positive Agitation. Because Positive Agitation gets out buried dirt, The Hoover is able to keep a rug looking its best, with colors bright and nap smoothed. But better still, The Hoover removes the most *dirt per minute* and does it with the least expenditure of time and energy on your part.



Ask your Hoover dealer for a free trial or home demonstration of The Hoover and its efficient dusting tools. Two Hoover models, only $6.25 down; balance monthly. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

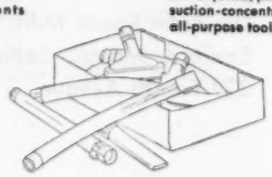
THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

HOOVER

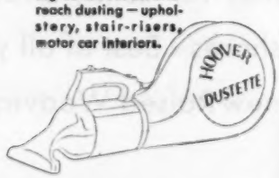
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT BEATS..AS IT SWEEPS..AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

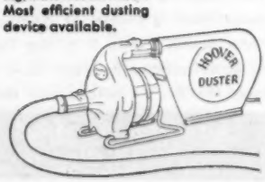
Hoover Hygienisac, a sanitary, pulp-felt dust bag; inexpensive; durable; easily destructible with contents when worn.



Hoover Dusting Tools, light, convenient; tight-locking and swivel joints; patented suction-concentrating, all-purpose tool.



Hoover Dustette, light, convenient, swift-cleaning device for all arm-reach dusting — upholstery, stair-risers, motor car interiors.



Hoover Duster, unusually powerful and convenient; no heavy lifting, motor rests on floor. Most efficient dusting device available.

© 1930, The Hoover Co.

DIXIE LAD

(Continued from Page 13)

"Yes, but the weather man doesn't know the levees or the river," Butler countered. "When do you think the water is apt to slop over?"

"Ask any half-witted nigger this side of Vicksburg; he'll be able to tell you as much as I can," said Major Barton. He turned his bald head and nodded for the Negro butler.

But before the door was closed, Butler struck out boldly.

"There are no hotels in Barton's Landing," said Butler. "I am hungry and wet and tired. I wonder if you could put me up for the night?"

The bald-headed major looked the reporter over carefully. His little popeyes started at Butler's feet, traveled up his mud-caked legs and came to rest on Butler's dirty, muddy face.

"I am seventy-seven years old," he said slowly. "If I were ten years younger I'd be camping out on the levee."

He swept his arm out in the direction of the river. Butler could hear the sullen roar of the swollen stream and the clap-clap of its waves as they beat against the dike.

"My two brothers are out there," the major went on, "and my three sons are out there. I've a dozen or so cousins out there fighting the flood." His face squinted. The cocked eye looked up inquiringly. "Do you see any reason why I should give you a feather bed to sleep in?"

It was on the tip of Butler's tongue to tell the major to go to Hades, but there was a rustle of skirts and Eve was at the door. She was very, very pretty.

"I was just about to ask how to get to the levee," Butler lied. "I thought I'd go up and help the boys out a bit."

The major softened a trifle. He introduced Eve.

"Won't you have a cup of coffee before you go, Mr. Butler?" he asked.

"Thanks, yes."

Butler drank three cups of coffee. Out in the back, Negro women were busy making steaming buckets of coffee and sandwiches for the men at work on the levee. Vaguely Butler heard their talk. He looked into Eve's sky-blue eyes and saw worry. He heard the old major prattling about floods in years gone by.

"This is the worst one," he heard the major say. "The levee is certain to break. And if it does ——"

Out on the front lawn two dozen boats were tied to trees and fence posts.

"Nigger boats," he was told. "If the river breaks over, the nigger women will get in those boats with their belongings and ride the waves until they are rescued."

Eddie could hear the neighing of horses and the lowing of cattle as they milled about. The animals were herded together just south of the mule trail close to the levee. Just above them the Big River tossed restlessly in its bed, whimpering in sullen anger, ready to break its bounds at any moment.

"And them chickens," Butler heard the major saying. "They won't let me take them along. My wife won't. She says they're just fighting roosters and not worth their weight. She insists that I box up the young fries." The major snorted indignantly. "As if my fighting birds weren't worth a million spring chickens!"

Eve explained, "Daddy's hobby is game chickens. He recently won the championship with a rooster he calls Dixie Lad. It would break his heart to lose Dixie Lad."

Dixie Lad was described minutely by Major Barton. "He looks like a fighter, acts like a fighter, is a fighter," said the major emphatically. "The sweetest bird I ever owned."

"Sort of a tough hombre," said Butler.

The major brightened. He squinted his cocked eye toward Butler. "You know my Dixie Lad?" he asked eagerly.

Eddie thought rapidly. "Major, that bird of yours paid my last month's rent," he lied. His last month's rent hadn't been paid. "I bet fifty bucks on him when he won the championship."

The old major beamed. Eddie warmed up. He not only had seen the championship fight but he had followed Major Barton's birds for years. He had won money and lost money on them. Lots of times he had bet on them when he knew they were going to lose, or thought so.

"But you never can tell," he said. "You seem to put the old Barton spirit in your birds. Know what I mean—'never say die.'"

He got a glass of brandy for that. The major was a good listener when his birds were the subject. He beamed and smiled and sometimes filled Butler's glass with brandy. Eve Barton, tiny and blond and pretty, sat silent, her dreamy blue eyes smiling knowingly into the fire.

Regretfully, Butler left.

"If you'll just show me the way to the levee," he said. He would go up on that levee and fill sacks or roll a wheelbarrow till hell wouldn't have it. He had been invited to breakfast; a servant had taken his suitcase to an upstairs room.

"We'll beat that river yet," Eddie boasted.

The major beamed again. "I know it, my son—I know it."

Regretfully Butler left his coffee and the company of Major Barton and Eve.

"If you will just show me the way to the levee," he said.

The major pointed. "You can hear the rumble," he said, "and see the men working. You can't miss it."

Butler, slim, tall, gangling, strode toward the levee.

"Nice boy, Eve," said the major after Butler had gone.

"He is nice, daddy; and you shouldn't have sent him up on the levee tonight. He'll just be in the way—and Eddie was tired."

"A night on the levee won't hurt Eddie much," said the major placidly. "He'll see things and learn things up there that he couldn't see and learn in a feather bed down here."

"And to think I might have missed this," Eddie Butler said to himself as, half an hour later, he stood on the levee. At his feet, just a few inches lower than the levee top, the little waves broke themselves on the cement dike.

He looked out across the Big River. Miles and miles and miles of silvery water. A giant lake, stretching out endlessly. No banks, no beginnings, no endings—just water. A steamer, its running lights reflected in the water, puff, puffed upstream, sending out a wash that broke gently over the levee. The moon was out now—a great yellow moon.

He looked down on Lone Crag. A lonely yellow light was shining from an upstairs window. He shuddered. How long would it take that muddy water to extinguish the lone light and inundate that beautiful old plantation house, should the dike break?

He looked back at Lone Crag, sitting peacefully in a grove of pines, the soft light shining in the upper window.

On the levee men were at work—dozens of them. Wheelbarrows brought dirt from the land side, sandbags were filled and piled around a superstructure built on the levee top. They were like ants, each man working at top speed, the black men singing, black women going among them with steaming buckets of coffee and sandwiches. Butler singled out one man who seemed to be in charge. He introduced himself.

"I'm Joe Barton," said the boss. He had cold gray eyes. "Sure, you can help if you want to. Grab a wheelbarrow."

Butler grabbed a wheelbarrow and, working with the blacks and whites, trundled over to the place where the other workers were filling sacks to pile on the levee.

The river was rising. You could nearly see it rise. Butler wondered why the Negroes sang, why they didn't seem worried. It was about midnight when Butler started to work. He worked steadily for four hours. His back ached, his muscles screamed for mercy. He could stand it no longer without rest. He sat down on a sandbag and dangled his feet and ankles in the water. His feet were sore. At midnight, when he had gone to work, the water was below the cement top. Now it ate at the bags. It would break. There was no doubt about that. But it would break too late for Butler's paper. The paper was put to bed around four o'clock, he knew. No use rushing to the Landing to send the message in now. All the boys would be in bed. What the cub did not know was that the paper was holding over for his story. How could a cub know that thousands and thousands of people along the river would watch eagerly for that special edition which would tell them when to run, where to run, where and how the break in the levee had occurred, what toll in property and lives had been taken and was apt to be taken?

The levees were not so well policed in those years. Telephone and telegraph service was anything but perfect. Why, practically the entire Eastern inland waited eagerly for the newspapers to inform them just what the Big River was doing.

And so Butler, the cub, sat serenely on the levee and dangled his feet in the water while the newspaper editor cursed loud and long, and printers who had been held over for hours fidgeted about, waiting for the wire that was never to come.

A beautiful thing, the Big River on a rampage. It seems like a thing alive, a great silvery monster with the power of the earth, the speed of the winds, the grace of the clouds. But deadly, the Big River is, when she loses her temper. Like a caged beast suddenly given its freedom, the Big River roams at will, and death and destruction follow in its wake. And like a maniac it murders those it loves most. Swimming creatures that live on its bounty, crawling creatures that swarm its banks, humans who live in the valleys below it—all these tremble and die when the Big River unleashes its fury. But the Big River is never treacherous. It always gives warning. The wild things sometimes take heed. Foolish humans and domesticated animals ruled by foolish humans are the worst sufferers. They die by the thousands when the Big River runs wild.

So, hours before Joe Barton, watching with anxious eyes, saw the levee commence to crumble, Friendly Island, the tiny speck of solid earth showing above the roaring waters, was crowded with the wise wild things. Huge water snakes hung in the bushes and watched the sullen water with unblinking eyes. Four bears out of the river bottoms wandered about, sniffing here and there. A dozen or so huge muskrats and other fur bearers made themselves at home, and hundreds of ordinary field and river rats scampered about. Three deer trembled and waited. The tiny islet was literally alive.

Just at dawn a cock crowed. Eddie was sitting, half asleep, his back propped against a sandbag. His feet ached. His arms and back ached. His hands were sore and blistered. He was thinking about the warm feather bed down at the Barton home, and of ham and eggs and hot cakes with sirup.

At that very moment Joe Barton realized the levee was doomed. The river had already eaten out a great chunk of the cement. The water was piling over the embankment. Eddie heard Joe Barton's warning cry, "Crevasse! Crevasse!" Half asleep, his back comfortable against the sandbag, hidden from view by a great pile of dirt that had been piled up for sandbags, he saw and heard men and women hurrying about, talking excitedly. But he paid no

(Continued on Page 99)

Let the CONOCO PASSPORT

. . . . Insure the Pleasure of Your Motor Trip to the West! YOU VE read about Conoco Travel Bureau and Passport Service . . . send for *your* Official Conoco Passport now. This new plan provides free the most helpful travel service ever made available to motorists. The coupon will bring your passport and full information. Send it *today* as your first step toward a joy-filled vacation in the glorious West.

CONOCO Travel Bureau

Conoco Travel Bureau,
1755 Glenarm Place,
Denver, Colorado.

I am considering a motor trip to _____

Please send me an official Conoco Passport and booklet describing Conoco Travel Bureau and Passport Service together with road maps and descriptive literature concerning

_____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Aboard ship he took his own Chef—who prepared the same delicious COFFEE *his master had enjoyed ashore*

IN the luxury-accustomed days of the Old South, many a Tennessee gentleman, journeying from Nashville on the river steamboat, would take along his own chef, who would supplement the ship's bill-of-fare with numerous epicurean delicacies. And so, such tempting "private dishes" as young rabbits cooked in sherry wine or quail roasted in grape leaves were climaxed off with "private coffee," the same rich and smooth coffee which at the old Maxwell House was winning praise from all the South.

So rare and mellow was this full-flavored coffee, countless Southern men and women not only served it in their own homes, and took it on their travels, but often dispatched a precious pound or two to some appreciative friend in the North. Thus gradually the fragrant goodness of the coffee of the old Maxwell House became known all over the country, even in districts far from Dixie.

Today you can enjoy this same famous blend of choicest coffees. You will find it exceedingly rare and mellow. Rich and full bodied. Smooth and satisfying, with a fragrance that provides an alluring background to wonderfully blended flavor. That is why, wherever you go, from Michigan to Miami, you will observe that this inimitable coffee has become inimitably popular. Why not try it for breakfast tomorrow—you run no risk of disappointment, for if you are not fully satisfied your money will gladly be returned.

Don't miss the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening, at 9:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Broadcast from WJZ in N. Y. C. over National Broadcasting coast-to-coast hook-up.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE *Coffee*

GOOD *to the* LAST DROP

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

(Continued from Page 97)

heed. Dimly he saw dozens of horses and cattle stampeded toward the dike north of where he sat. They climbed the steep bank not ten feet from where he was, their hoofs eating into the embankment, Negro men cursing them and urging them on.

He saw the Barton plantation empty itself. From the cabins Negro women ran. Some carried bulky bundles. One old woman carried a suckling pig under her arm and called loudly for "Jamsie, Jamsie." All the women were running toward the small boats tied to trees in the lawn. There was much chatter. The stampeded horses and cattle neighed and lowed. Everything, everybody was rushing about.

Vaguely Eddie remembered that he was a newspaper reporter. He thought of old Callahan. Well, it was too late for his last morning deadline. No use rushing things.

"Give me plenty of color," old Callahan had said. "Tell me what you've done, what you saw, what you felt."

Well, he had felt and seen enough for one night. Just before noon he'd go down to the telegraph office and write his story. So Eddie Butler, reporter, slept.

He was wakened by a rushing sound. He raised up. The levee was deserted. Not a thing or a soul was in sight. He looked about for the noise. There it was! He knew now. The Big River by this time had eaten a hundred-foot hole in the levee, and thousands and thousands of tons of water were piling over the embankment and on to the black land of the Barton plantation.

"Wonderful picture," said Eddie. "Wish I had a camera."

It was a wonderful picture. The river at that point had become an ocean—an angry ocean. Every drop of water of the miles and miles of solid water above the break seemed to be fighting to get to that hundred-foot break. High waves fought with the little waves to get to the place of egress. The yellow water was a fighting, trembling, surging mass of angry foam. Eddie recalled a theater fire in which hundreds of men and women and children had made a rush for a single tiny exit. The Big River waves were like that now—human. The big ones leaped over the small ones. The small ones kicked and fought back. Every wave was making for that single break in the levee. The waves wanted to be on their way, out of the levee that caged them. They wanted to wander over old Major Barton's fine black fields, digging great holes and gullies here and there, carrying away valuable crops. Yes, human—like a mischievous boy or a vicious man. In some ways it was gleeful, like a kid turned loose to play after long confinement. But there was something evil, something too sinister about the river to class it with a child. It wasn't prankish. Vicious. The Big River was like a long-term convict, suddenly escaped and likely to be caught again at any moment. Dangerous it was now—dark and dangerous and vicious.

It was full daylight now. The dike was absolutely deserted except for the sleepy newspaper reporter. Eddie stood on the only high place. Water splashed at his feet all around him. He looked toward the Barton home. Yellow water was going through the first-floor windows. The house itself had sagged to one side like a horse with a broken leg that is still trying to keep crawling along. It wabbled. Water covered the veranda. Washed-up trees from the orchard bobbed about, their branches flaying about like drunken men's arms.

And then along came a raft. On the raft was a calf, standing spraddle-legged and mooing most pitifully. On the raft with the calf were two roosters. Following the raft, swimming weakly, was a cow.

Eddie sat on the raft. It was drifting. The calf, still spraddle-legged, stood beside him. Eddie held a rope. At the other end of the rope was a cow, her head, forelegs and shoulders on the raft. Eddie held the rope tightly, so that the cow would not slip back into the water. It had been a sweet job to rope that cow and then, inch by inch, haul her halfway up on the raft. The chickens walked about, pecking at insects on the rotten timber.

The raft hit something solid, ground into the sand and lodged there. Eddie looked around. He had hit Friendly Island.

Friendly Island was perhaps two hundred feet square. Just a green dot in a yellow sea that stretched for miles on either side. The tired cow crawled ashore and lay on her side. The calf made a dive for her and commenced dinner. The chickens stayed on the raft.

A thousand eyes watched Eddie as he beached the raft and made it fast with the rope. The first thing that he noticed was a cottonmouth, coiled and ready to strike. It had been lying just at the water's edge. Startled, Eddie looked about for a stick. But before he could find a stick the cottonmouth was a dead snake.

The smaller of the two roosters edged cautiously to the edge of the raft when the cottonmouth first hissed. With little beady eyes it watched the deadly reptile for just a moment. And then the rooster struck like lightning. One second the snake was coiled, its head weaving back and forth, its hateful tongue quivering. The next instant it was flaying about and a little red rooster was angrily trying to extract a needlelike spur that had been embedded in the snake's head.

As accurately as a sharpshooter, the little red rooster had hit the snake's eye with its left spur, the spur piercing the reptile's brain.

"A bantam rooster," Eddie told himself. "I've always heard they were quick."

He looked curiously at the other rooster. He was also red, but much larger. He had powerful-looking thighs, a great neck that held a proud head high.

"That rooster," said Eddie, "is Major Barton's Dixie Lad. I'll bet nine dollars the old major right now is worrying about him."

He identified Dixie Lad by the slight gray ring around his red neck. Eddie tried to imagine the big fellow in a pit with another bird. Why, one lick from one of those great, thick thighs would do for any rooster. Of course, the big fellow's spurs weren't very sharp. But Eddie knew they put steel spurs on fighting roosters anyway.

Eddie looked about him. The ground was literally covered with four-legged vermin. There were huge river rats and tiny field mice by the thousands. They scurried about, going nowhere and yet everywhere. Scattered about were perhaps a hundred water snakes, big and small. The huge ones all seemed to be stretched out full length, except a few that hung limply in the trees and bushes. The little ones were either coiled or were crawling rapidly about. The snakes gave off an odor. The rats scampered about, walking impudently around and over these glaze-eyed water reptiles. The snakes did not seem to mind.

At the south edge of the island, three Arkansas wildcats lay like kittens in the sun, eyes half shut. When Eddie moved they bared their teeth, but made no move. At the other end—the north end—two swamp bears were playing with two cubs rolling in the sand. Beaver, muskrat, half a dozen different small fur-bearing animals were scattered about. Every creature on the island except the bears and the scurrying rats seemed to be sleeping or half asleep. And yet every single one of them seemed to be awake—wide awake and watching, watching. Watching—for what?

A six-foot water snake, lying full length, told Eddie the story. He seemed so harmless, so comfortable, so contented. But just at his middle this big fellow had a bulge—a big bulge. Somehow that bulge looked like it might be a full-grown river rat—intact. Or probably some other snake that had been too trusting.

Friendly Island! Eddie laughed to himself. Friendly in the daytime perhaps. Nighttime would tell a different story. When nighttime came all the friendly folks on Friendly Island had better watch

(Continued on Page 101)

© 1927 M. L. I. CO.

The Great Imitator

Mankind's most dangerous enemy is syphilis. It takes the form of many diseases, masking as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion or nervous breakdown. It may seem to be a form of skin, eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble.

Most tragic of all, it often attacks the brain and spinal cord. It may result in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis and insanity—a life-long tragedy. No wonder it is called "The Great Imitator".

In certain general hospitals, as high as 30% of all patients were found to be suffering directly or indirectly from this disease. Yet many of its victims had not known what was robbing them of health and strength until a medical examination, including blood and spinal fluid tests, revealed their actual condition.

Syphilis can usually be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient *faithfully and persistently follows the complete treatment prescribed by his doctor.* If the early stages are neglected, cures are less certain, but a great deal can still be done to relieve suffering.

It is estimated that about thirteen million persons—one out of ten—in the United States and Canada have or at some time have had syphilis. Because of fear and ignorance, millions of victims have been imposed upon by quacks, charlatans and blackmailers pretending to practice medicine.

A most effective way to reduce the amount of syphilis is the pre-natal treatment of mothers suffering from this destructive disease.

Parents and teachers owe it to those dependent on them for education and guidance to replace secrecy by knowledge, frank instruction and friendly advice. Physicians, health departments and social hygiene societies willingly offer their aid.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet, "The Great Imitator". You are urged to send for it. Ask for Booklet 730-E.

NOTE: The Metropolitan first published "The Great Imitator" in January, 1928. Since then, leaders of public health organizations and directors of big business have requested that it be republished and that booklets be provided for wide distribution. The booklets are ready.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

twice the "IT"

Play hide-and-seek with your imagination? *Not any more!* Guessing, wondering—curious? *Not any longer! Everything* is alive with color now. The *blue* in blue eyes. The ruddy glow in youthful cheeks. Sky, sea, greensward—an orchid frock or—*gingham!* All in the colors nature herself gave them—truly, accurately, *naturally* represented. "Twice the 'it,'" you'll say, when Technicolor brings your favorite star to life. Beauty, charm, personality—nothing escapes the subtle, bewitching touch of color which is *life itself! Technicolor!*

WINNIE LIGHTNER, champion laugh girl of the talkies, adds one more triumph to her list in Warner Bros. latest all-Technicolor comedy wow, "Hold Everything."

in Technicolor

Lovely LORETTA YOUNG takes her color bow in First National's all-Technicolor outdoor romance, "Heart of the North."

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire (First National); **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star cast (Paramount), Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **THE CUCKOOS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio), Technicolor Sequences; **THE MARCH OF TIME,** all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **UNDER A TEXAS MOON,** with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy and Armida (Warner Bros.); **WOMAN HUNGRY,** with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.).

(Continued from Page 99)

their steps. The snakes would gobble a few rats; the wildcats would gobble a few snakes; the swamp bears would gobble whatever came their way, whatever they chose. Maybe a nice skinny newspaper reporter. Eddie laughed at the thought, but at the same time he hoped he wouldn't be on Friendly Island when night fell.

But suppose night did find him there. What would he eat? He looked about him closely. No, he didn't think he'd choose a mess of water snakes. And he had no leaning toward a mess of rats. He laughed when he thought he might slip up behind one of the swamp bears and carry away a couple or three bear chops. The trouble was he had no gun, and the bears, though small, had a decidedly healthy look. He wanted no cat meat; and besides, the three little wild babies, wiry and hard as steel, looked vicious.

There was the calf, of course. But Eve Barton had spoken about the calf. Effie her name was. And she was one of Eve's pets. And of course there was the cow. It wouldn't be so bad to slaughter a cow. But how? He couldn't kill Susie, the cow, with his fists. He measured his skinny fist with his eye and then looked at the cow. No, he was sure that fist wouldn't down Susie, let alone kill her. Just then his eyes fastened on the big rooster. Well-well-well! God will provide! Here was a nice, fat dinner and a breakfast. And with little trouble. All he'd have to do was reach over and grab Dixie Lad and wring his neck. His heart hurt him a bit when he thought of Major Barton.

He told Dixie Lad: "Son, there's another world. I know it, and you know it. You're gonna have to leave this one pretty soon, son, to make stew for one of your betters. Maybe in the next world you won't have any betters."

The big rooster, squatted on the raft, squawked.

Eddie built a fire. He found a can on the island and brought it to the raft, filled it full of water and set it boiling. The tiny red rooster had disappeared.

"Deserted the ship," said Butler to the big rooster. "You can tell a rat any day."

He busied himself with the fire. The fire was roaring, the tin can was boiling over. Butler was pondering over the best method of wringing a big rooster's neck and then making him into stew, when the little red rooster returned. In his bill he held a green snake, probably half a foot long. The snake was still wriggling. The snake in his bill, he walked past the fire and stopped in front of Butler. Then he dropped the snake on the raft, put one of his feet upon it and looked quizzically up at Butler, his bright little eyes shining.

"Lissen, bud," the bright eyes seemed to say, "I've brought in my share of the supper. Half of this green baby is yours."

The little green reptile moved and the big red rooster raised up as if to dive for it. The slim red rooster bristled and said something in rooster language. The big red rooster sat down.

"No, thank you," said Butler. "I don't crave green snakes. I'll just take a drink of yellow water."

The perky little eyes looked up questioningly at him, and then the green snake went south in the chicken. The little red rooster went about it in a noiseless, painless manner. He just let the snake slip down. When it was gone the little bird walked over toward the big rooster, flipped his right wing, ruffled a few feathers and then strutted over and made a perch out of a leg of the sleeping cow, yawned a couple of times and went to sleep. It was just past dark. The fire was burning brightly.

There was noise on the island after nightfall. Several times Eddie heard the squeak-squeak of rats as they were gobbled by serpents. Once he heard a cry like a baby's cry. Something had happened to one of the three soft-eyed deer. He heard the slippery sound of crawling things moving about. Once he heard the pad-pad of bear's feet. Friendly Island was awake after nightfall. And tomorrow would find a lot of friendly folks missing from Friendly Island. The big fire was all that saved Susie, the cow, and Effie, the calf, Eddie knew.

He was hungry. He had not eaten in ages, it seemed to him. His whole insides needed food. His heart would stop, his lungs would stop going if he didn't have food. So he reasoned. He was just past nineteen, and he was hungry.

The big, fat rooster squatted and blinked into the fire. The little fellow was sound asleep, perched on the cow's leg. Well, now was the time. Eddie would just wring a big fat rooster's neck and gorge himself with chicken stew. It seemed a shame to kill Dixie Lad. The major would never forgive him if he ever found out. But he'd never know. And ——

An idea hit Eddie. Why would it have to be Dixie Lad? Why not the skinny bird? Why eat a champion when there was common meat to be had? Eddie warmed to the idea. He was certain to be taken from Friendly Island in the morning. And how would the major feel when he saw the reporter clutching Dixie Lad to his breast?

"I'm a little tired, major," Eddie would say wearily. "You see, I sat up all night with your Dixie Lad. I was afraid some of the snakes on the island would get him if I went to sleep."

The major would beam and pat him on the back. And Eve would be there. And there'd be those ham and eggs and hot cakes with sirup, and much praise.

Eddie tore his shirt into ribbons and fashioned a rope which he cautiously slipped around the heavy thigh of Dixie Lad. The champ might become frightened and run away when Eddie wrung the skinny bird's neck and the little fellow squawked. Eddie wasn't taking any chances on losing Dixie Lad. That chicken was his ticket to the altar with the sweetest little blonde —— He looked regretfully at the heavy thigh. It would be a real sacrifice to give that up. The skinny rooster was nothing but feathers and bones.

Eddie wiped his mouth with his handkerchief and then washed his hands in the river. Not much grease to wash off, he thought a bit sourly. That chicken had tasted just like it had looked—tough and skinny. But it was a meal at that. The big rooster squatted and blinked into the fire. Eddie dozed off.

He was wakened just after dawn by the put-put-put of an outboard motor and a "Halloo!" The call come from a boat that was rapidly approaching the island. Major Barton was in the boat.

"Just like a dad-blamed newspaper reporter," the major sputtered as he beached the boat. "I gad, as if I didn't have trouble enough without having to go out looking for you. Saw your fire and knew you were here last night. Couldn't make it then." The major sputtered on: "Whole south half of my place clean gone back to the river. May save part of the other half. Home ruined. They saved my stock but let my chickens go to blazes."

Eddie grinned inwardly. He'd let the major discover Dixie Lad safely hitched to Eddie's shirt rope.

Just then Major Barton's popeyes landed on something at the edge of the raft. It was a pile of red chicken feathers and the head and neck of a rooster. Slowly he walked over toward the pile of feathers, his one cocked eye resting on Eddie all the while. His mouth grew taut, grim.

Jubilantly Eddie explained his sacrifice. "Major, I was so hungry I could have eaten a champion horse," he said, "but, you see, I had seen your Dixie Lad fight. He paid my last month's rent. How could a guy kill a sweet fighter like that?" He pointed an affectionate finger at the big chicken.

Reverently Major Barton knelt before the little pile of wet and wilted red feathers. He ran his fingers through the feathers, stroked the dead head with a gentle hand. And then Eddie saw something he had not noticed before. There was a tiny ring of gray around the bird's throat. And then the horrific fact hit him. He looked at the big chicken which squatted at the edge of the raft, stupid eyes blinking in the sun.

The major rose from his knees. He took a step toward Eddie, then paused, seemed to be thinking deeply. He walked to the motorboat.

"Come on," he said gruffly. Eddie eagerly gathered the big rooster in his arms and followed.

"Oh, drop that no-good," growled the major. Eddie meekly set the big rooster back on the raft.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 30)

yes; but this speck was a falcon. It's my speck, and I'll have it what I please.

Fuzzy continued to watch, well knowing what was to come. Often had he watched this game in the empyrean. He wondered why his mother did not come with food; his tummy was painfully clamorous; yet he said not a word, but only intently followed the gorgeous bird's course through the empyrean.

Again the falcon shot downward, like a veritable bolt from angry heaven; and this time there was a dot under the exclamation mark. The blow struck home. With all the fearful weight of the flashing fall, the fierce bird struck the pinnacle of a granite cliff. The rock rent asunder; and as the feathered sledge hammer careened upward, his unwinking, beady eyes watched the fragments drop sullenly one by one, or occasionally two by two, into the desolate tarn. This same tarn, by the way, was formed by a depression made by the falcon's missing a shot at the cliff one time last year, and filled with water by the winter rains. It's only that I feel that, perhaps, a tarn needs a word of explanation.

The falcon screamed with triumph. He'd cast a mean eye on that cliff ever since the first miss, and now his downy soul drank satisfaction to the glut. With a wide sweep he bore down on the ledge, still uttering his shrill cries. Fuzzy watched him come, thrilling through and through; it was the same thrill, back and forth. Could it be that he—he also was born to such glorious mastery of the empyrean? Could it be that he was born to share dominion over sky and crag with this wonderful bird? To fly side by side with this magnificent monarch of the blue empyrean, first introduced into this tale as a mere speck? You see why it doesn't pay to scoff at small beginnings. The bird swept closer; his cries grew shriller. Now his spy-glass optics were focused on the narrow ledge; in the moment of this, his great triumph, something seemed to impel him toward the tiny gray ball lying there.

In response, a great surge tore through the little form. Fuzzy heard the call; he could even distinguish the flash of the oncoming bird's eye. His own eye flashed in answer; his whole being tensed. With a single magnificent leap, he fearlessly launched himself into space, and lots of it. The air rushed about his ears, shouting a song of welcome.

Down, down like a plummet he dropped, till it surely seemed as if the hurtling gray ball must burst against the rocks, unless they got out of the way.

What ecstasy! Fuzzy answered the wild song of the wind with his own feeble exultation: "Eek! eek!" Could it be possible that he, he, so new, so downy, could thus disport himself in the boundless blue empyrean? It seemed one of those marvels with which Nature is replete. Could it be possible?

Poor Fuzzy! We fear not. Infant mountain rats must remember the station they are born into, and not aspire to the boundless empyrean. —M. H. Jey.

DRAWN BY BARKSDALE ROGERS

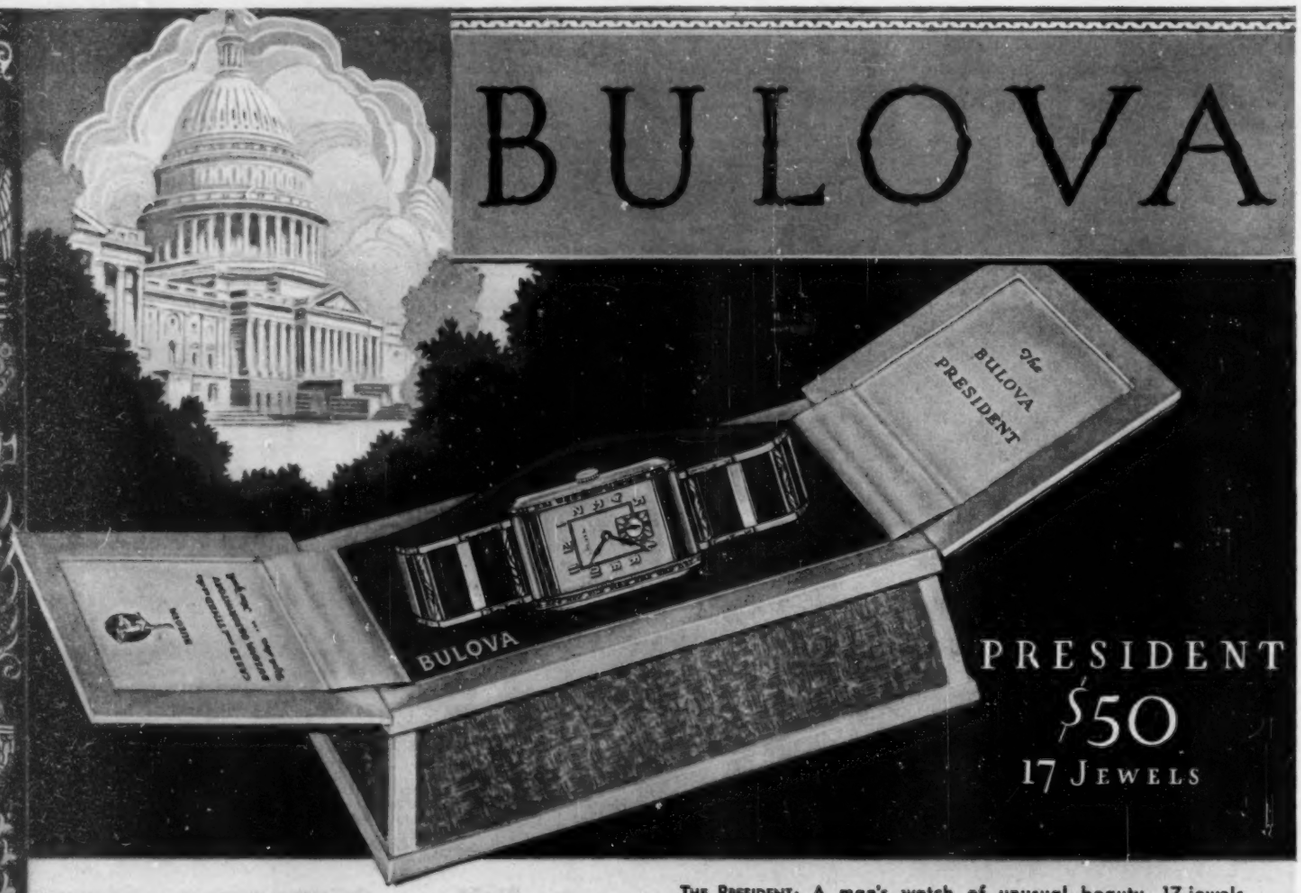
"I Want Some Gold-Brocaded Slippers—You Know, Something Suitable for the Office!"

Rather Absoid

THERE was a New Yorker named Lloyd,
Who saw in the Zoo a new bird;
"I am sure I am oiled,
For nowhere in the world
Is there like him a second or third."

—H. H. S.

BULOVA



PRESIDENT
$50
17 JEWELS

THE PRESIDENT: A man's watch of unusual beauty. 17 jewels. Curved to fit the wrist. A beautiful engraved motif distinguishes the watch and its smart link band. A handsome ensemble—$50.00

...If you appreciate beautiful things be sure to see the *new Bulova Presentation*

The new showing of Bulova models by your Jeweler is more than a presentation. It is a *style event!*

There are many new, smart models from which to choose—each with its flexible band or bracelet specially designed to complete the ensemble.

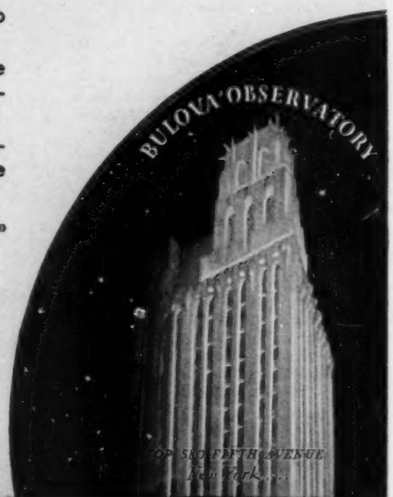
For the man, there is the handsome Bulova President . . . for the lady, the exquisite Miss America . . . standard-bearers in the most extensive presentation of models ever offered by your jeweler.

But never forget that Bulova beauty is only outward evidence of dependability within. Whether you pay $25 or $2500, Bulova Watches vary in price as they vary in design. Each is a trustworthy timepiece.

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, In Canada: Sterling Tower, Toronto

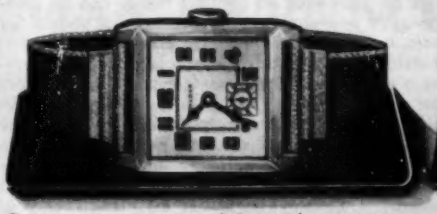
RONA: 15 jewel movement, exquisitely engraved, mesh band to match $24.75

MISS LIBERTY: 15 jewel, 6 simulated sapphires or emeralds, flexible bracelet to match $37.50



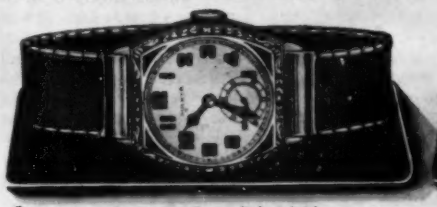
FEATURED BY THE BETTER JEWELERS . . . EVERYWHERE

WATCHES

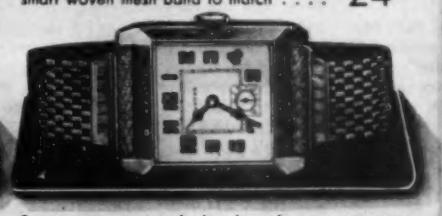


ENVOY: 15 jewel; radium dial; popular shape; smart woven mesh band to match $24.75

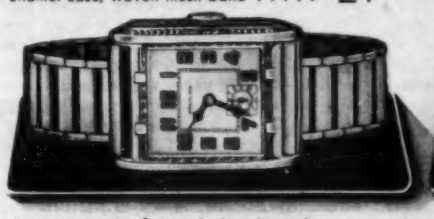
BANKER: 15 jewel movement; radium dial; smart woven mesh band to match $24.75



CYRANO: 15 jewel; radium dial; inlaid enamel case; woven mesh band $29.75

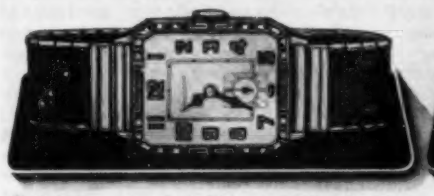


BRUNSWICK: 15 jewel; handsomely engraved; flexible link band to match . . $29.75



AMBASSADOR: 15 jewel; handsomely engraved; radium dial; flexible band . . . $37.50

LONE EAGLE: 15 jewel; radium dial; handsomely engraved; flexible link band . . . $37.50

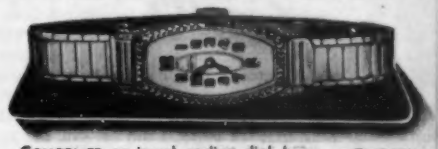


TREASURER: 17 jewel; richly engraved; inlaid with enamel; mesh band to match $42.50

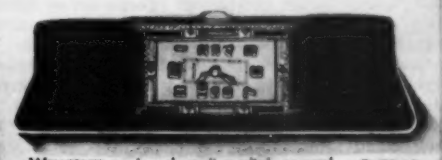
SPENCER: 17 jewel; radium dial; curved to fit wrist; wafer thin; flexible link band $60.00

Broadcasting stations nation-wide bring B·U·L·O·V·A *time signals to you*

Ladies' Sports Watches



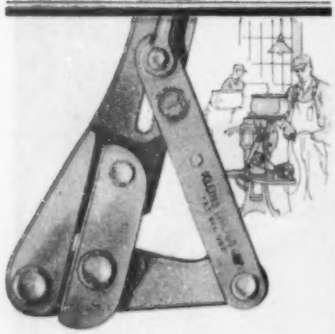
COLLEGIATE: 15 jewel; radium dial; beautifully engraved; flexible link band $29.75



WELLESLEY: 15 jewel; radium dial; enamel inlaid; curved to fit wrist; leather strap $37.50

LISTEN NIGHTLY FOR BULOVA RADIO TIME ANNOUNCEMENTS

My Grips—of course they're KLEINS



Manufacturers large and small alike, demanding precision workmanship are finding it better to pay a little more for their pliers—the amount of service they get from Kleins cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

"THERE are three things I expect from my grips—a firm, strong hold that prevents the wire slipping—a steady sure pull that tightens under the load—jaws that grip without injury to the strand or conductor. That's why I put my faith in Kleins—whether it's on a tough load of heavy cable or pulling up a messenger strand. If you'll take the word of an old timer, the one best in linemen's equipment carries the Klein trademark."

Distributed through jobbers

Four pamphlets of interest to you if you are a lineman or responsible for the safety of linemen. Check the ones you want.

- ☐ Safety for the Pole Climber
- ☐ Specifications on Linemen's Belts and Safety Straps
- ☐ The Safety Factor on Linemen's Leather Goods
- ☐ Pocket Tool Guide

Mathias KLEIN & Sons

3200 BELMONT AVE., CHICAGO

THE LIMESTONE TREE

(Continued from Page 19)

They were all killed, and left her alone with Mason. A horse and rider softly approached over the sod. It was—as though he had been created there by her thought—Mason Hazel. He tied his horse to the hitching rail and sat on the portico steps. Mason was a silent man with a finely shaped head and thin nervous hands. It was, she reflected, absurd for him to be nothing more, nothing better than a farmer. A sort of superior overseer. Men, she knew, liked him; they respected his attainments; he could, she had heard, rise to a high position in Kentucky, but he did nothing to justify such admiration. Mason was, to Nancy, dull. Even his love for her was tiresome; it went on and on without excitement or variety. He told her, at appropriate moments, that he loved her; more infrequently, now, Mason asked her to marry him. That was all. No woman, Nancy was certain, would find that engaging. Elisha Abel appeared from the house. He sat beside Mason on the steps.

"When was it," Elisha demanded generally, "I bought Calydon?"

"The spring of 1867," Gabriel Sash told him. "That was the year, if you remember, we first seriously planted tobacco."

Linda added, "James was born the day we moved from Frankfort. He was five last April."

Elisha Abel went on: "Five years, then. I did Bland Hazel an injustice; I said he would spend the money he got from the sale in a year. The last is just gone."

Gabriel Sash demanded, "What do you mean? How do you know Bland has spent everything? Did you hear from him?"

Yes, Elisha replied, he had heard very directly from Bland. "I saw him today. He is in Lexington. At the Phœnix Hotel."

Nancy Sash suddenly was breathless.

"He has been on the Mississippi River," Elisha proceeded; "at Baton Rouge and Vicksburg, Natchez and New Orleans. I take it, gambling."

Gabriel spoke, "There is an old saying in the Sash family that trouble always comes from the direction of the South. I don't know how it started, but it's true!"

It was Bland's hope, Elisha explained, to return to Calydon and manage the stables. "I don't blame him for that. Calydon was his home. Bland pointed out, too, that the sums paid for fast trotting horses have gone up enormously in the last year. Especially since Goldsmith Maid's time against Lucy at Mystic Park. Bland said Robert Bonner's Joe Elliott went a mile privately in two-fifteen. Longfellow or Harry Bassett must be worth two or three thousand dollars." It would be wonderful, Nancy thought, if Bland Hazel, who was her uncle, could come back to Calydon. Bland, and not Elisha Abel—not even her own father—belonged there. Calydon had been built, long ago, by Ament Hazel.

"I came here soon after I married Liddy around 1836," Gabriel Sash asserted. "Bland was running the stables then, and he near ruined Calydon to do it. If you put him on the place, Elisha, I will retire. I have been manager now for nearly forty years; I know what Calydon will do and what it won't; it can't support Bland Hazel."

A sharp disappointment, an acute pain, assailed Nancy. She clenched her hands; there was, she recognized, a danger of tears. She rose and walked down the marble steps of the portico to the grass. Everyone, she told herself, alone in the moonlight, was hideously unfair to Bland. They hated him because, in a perfectly fair duel, he had killed his brother Archelaus—Mason Hazel's father. If Bland hadn't shot Archelaus, then Archelaus would have shot him. There was nothing disreputable in a duel. On the contrary, it was an affair of honor. Almost all the celebrated men in Kentucky had been involved in them. Why, Elisha's father, Manoah Abel, had killed Jarrot Bensalem.

She had always adored Bland Hazel; he was her most enthralling relative. He was equal, even, to the figures of her young lost existence. Bland remained, in a time when men were drab, a picturesque and graceful being. Naturally, he had spent the money he had received from the sale of Calydon to Elisha Abel. He would always spend all the amounts he could get his hands on. He wasn't frugal, like a farmer; Bland was a Kentucky gentleman. He had fought miraculously for the South, but there were insinuations, jealous detractions, even about that. He had been, her father asserted, no better than a border ruffian, a lieutenant under William Quantrell. Bland Hazel, it was insisted, helped Quantrell to destroy Lawrence and murder its old men and children. Bland had contradicted that; he told her it was a lie, and Nancy believed him. She knew that Bland was truthful with her. He was—in a manner not understood at present—a person of honor. A vision of his narrow, dark face, wasted with the difficulties of his temperament and existence, and his long black hair rose before her. She hadn't seen him for three years, Nancy realized. He had been home only once since Calydon was sold. Now when he wanted to return to the bluegrass, to all his early and truest associations, her own father failed to accept him. Perhaps Elisha wouldn't listen to Gabriel Sash. Horses were surprisingly valuable now and Bland knew more about them than anyone else in the world. He had spent most of his life around stables. She would, Nancy decided, explain all this to Linda. Perhaps she would influence her husband in Bland's favor. When, Nancy wondered, would she see Bland Hazel? Probably tomorrow. Tomorrow Bland would be at Calydon, where he belonged, again.

"I adore him," she repeated, with silent-moving lips. It wasn't necessary, with Bland alive, for her to love anyone. Her feeling for him completely satisfied her. She didn't want to be married. The thought of children made her vaguely sick. She was completely happy, against all that her father protested, with her memories, her world of gracious shadows and the possibility of sitting quietly beside her uncle.

Mason Hazel came across the lawn to her. "You are like a woman made out of moonlight," he told Nancy. She didn't answer. "You move the way moonlight moves," he continued—"on still slippers. I am having a bad evening, Nancy. One of the times when it seems impossible to exist without you."

Nancy Sash asked, "What were they talking about when you left the portico?"

"Bland Hazel," he replied. "He appears to be serious about living here. That would be dangerous. Gabriel Sash never got along with him. My own feelings are mixed—he did kill my father in a duel, but Bland forced it on him. They were brothers, but very different. I don't hate him for that so much as I do for what he secretly is. There is a treacherous and fatal quality in Bland. The stories we have all heard about his cold brutality, I am certain, are true."

Nancy was wholly calm. "I suppose," she said, "to some people his character must sound like that. Adventure and daring would to a farmer. People are so different from each other. You just said so yourself. Uncle Bland isn't like you at all. He gambles, of course, and wins great sums of money, and men try to kill him. If anyone tried to kill me I'd want to do it first."

Mason Hazel laughed at her. "You wouldn't kill a mosquito," he informed Nancy. "You are the most peaceful creature alive. There isn't a trace of resentment or violence in you. But you are right about me—I am a farmer. Adventure and daring have not been part of my life. I am sorry for that, Nancy, if you are sorry. If, because I had to stay home from the war, you think less of me, then that makes it even more tragic than monotonous."

Mason stopped, patently hoping for some reassurance, any evidence of understanding, from her. Nancy said nothing; she purposely enveloped Mason Hazel in an uncomfortable silence.

At last she spoke. "Women are rather silly. They never seem to understand what is splendid and what isn't. They always appear to like the wrong things, the wrong men. If I did admit to liking one ——" she stopped and enigmatically smiled.

"Yes?" he demanded. "What then?"

"—— everybody would be horrified," she went on lightly. Nancy had an overpowering desire to explain that she adored her uncle, Bland Hazel. She wanted desperately to tell Mason how stupid and uninteresting he was compared with Bland. She wished to say that all the people who spoke unpleasantly about him were dull or jealous. "You are all jealous of him," she thought she must cry out. "You are careful, too, when you run him down, when you lie about him, not to let Bland hear you. He'd kill you, every one, if he knew what you said." Nancy walked slowly back to the portico with Mason beside her. It was a very bad night for him, he murmured. The conversation about Bland Hazel had come to an end. Mason untied his horse and, dejected-looking, rode away toward Greenland. Linda Abel went to bed. Elisha and Gabriel Sash sat lost in solitary reflections.

Nancy Sash repeated to herself, "Bland will be here tomorrow." She went up to her room and studied her face in a mirror. Had she aged, Nancy wondered, in the past three years? She wanted to look her best when Bland Hazel saw her. She lay straight and composed on the lavender-scented, handwoven linen of her virginal bed, examining her feelings about her uncle. In a way, she thought, he took the place of her father. She never had a marked affection for Gabriel Sash; the truth was she had been lonely with him and with her mother; she had turned for companionship to her brothers and cousins, and fastened her devotion upon Bland. She felt, at the same time, older than he was; Nancy had an odd sense of the necessity to protect him; she was filled with plans and contrivances for his happiness. Bland Hazel, she recognized, knew nothing of this. In all her life he had talked to her, noticed her, not more than three or four times. On those occasions, however, Nancy considered that he had said a great deal. She had naturally been very sympathetic. He stood secretly in the place of her father, and, at the same time, she thought of Bland as a child.

Her child.

Bland Hazel appeared at breakfast. He wore riding boots with white linen breeches, and a white coat with long tails to it, and an informal narrow black tie. He was, Nancy saw gladly, quite the same—a dark face with an autocratic nose, and mouth slightly twisted; a gaze that ceaselessly moved from object to object, person to person; his jet-black hair swung forward over his ears and across a good brow. Bland spoke first to Linda Abel and then to her; he nodded generally to the men of his family. A servant brought him coffee, and, lifting the cup, his hand showed itself to be as steady as rock.

"This is pleasant," he declared. "There is no land like the bluegrass. None so good. I told Elisha in Lexington, and I'll repeat it here, at Calydon where I was born, that I hope to stay. I'll stay if I'm nothing more than a stable boy. I reckon that won't be necessary. There was a time when I wanted to travel; I had to see everything there was to see. Well, I saw it, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes in Canada, and now I am back. Forever. Home. I am ready to settle down. I have reached the time of life, Gabriel, when the possession of land, the dignity of a position, are indispensable."

(Continued on Page 106)

Only the MASTER MUSICIAN *and the* FINEST RADIO *can give you* COLORFUL TONE

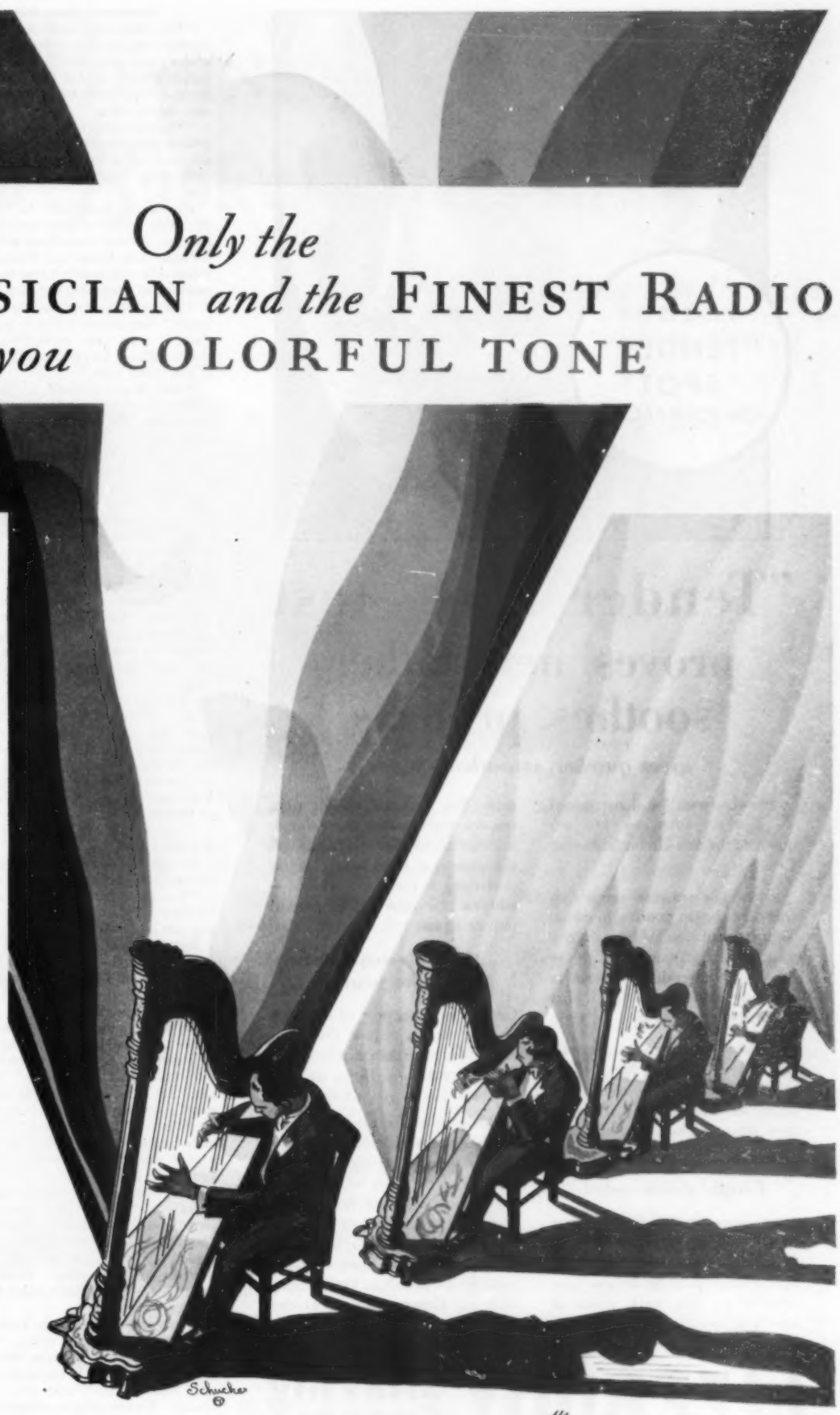
ONE famous harpist weaves a vivid, colorful masterpiece of melody. With the same instrument, the same notes, others give only an indifferent display of the skill of their fingers. Even an untrained ear knows the difference. The master reveals every possible beauty of tone. He enriches every note with accents, expression and shadings that others miss. He wins the world's applause because he makes every note truer, richer, more colorful than any of the others could make it.

Majestic, too, gives you the greatest possible beauty of tone. Its wonderful Colotura Speaker is more faithful and accurate. The COLORFUL TONE created by the master is reproduced exactly.

Majestic keeps every sound natural, every note vivid and enjoyable. All the extra richness and beauty of the master's music, all the accents, expression and shadings lost in ordinary radio, are yours to enjoy to the full. Hear this superb new Majestic. See the more skillful design, more accurate workmanship, more costly materials that give Majestic its unrivalled Colorful Tone. Visit your Majestic dealer today. GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A. *World's Largest Manufacturers of Complete Radio Receivers.*

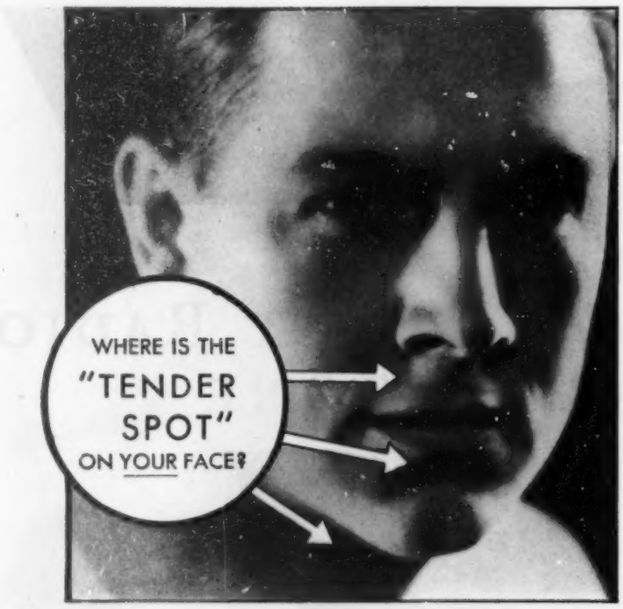
●

MAJESTIC 103, *Radio Phonograph Combination, in this exquisite Walnut Cabinet. Includes new* COLOTURA SPEAKER; *improved electric pick-up; new, sturdier, simplified chassis; guaranteed Majestic Matched Tubes. Each Sunday evening, enjoy an hour listening to the entertaining Majestic Theatre of the Air, nine to ten Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.*



Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates

In Canada
ROGERS-MAJESTIC RADIO
Prices slightly higher



"Tender spot" test proves new lather soothes, protects

. . gives quicker, smoother shaves

"GREAT NEWS!" said men everywhere when we first announced the new Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

Overnight, coupons requesting trial tubes began pouring in on us. Thousands of men had been eagerly waiting for a shaving cream giving the same antiseptic protection as Lifebuoy Health Soap. And what a reception it received!

"Gives me the most comfortable shaves I've ever had," thousands told us after they tried it. "I never feel any sting or irritation now when my razor hits a tender spot," wrote others.

Painful shaves ended

Most every man has a pet spot somewhere on his face that's particularly sensitive to the razor. No matter where your tender spot is—whether on chin, neck, cheek or lip—you can completely forget it now. For with Lifebuoy's rich, creamy, double-dense lather shielding that tender spot you hardly feel the razor as it skims lightly over it—shaving it clean as a whistle—without the least bit of painful pull or scrape.

Make this simple test —see for yourself

Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Or mail the coupon below for a free trial tube. Lather up with it. Shave just as you always do.

But see what happens when you come to the tender spot. See how the razor glides gently over it—how it gets off every whisker close and clean—without leaving the slightest trace of pain or soreness. That's because Lifebuoy's healing, antiseptic lather *lubricates* the skin —*soothes* it—*protects* it. Try Lifebuoy Shaving Cream now—feel the difference.

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

LEVER BROTHERS CO., DEPT. 126, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Please send me a 12-day "Show Me" trial tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(Continued from Page 104)

"You think you want to settle down; it engages you for the moment, but you will soon change your mind," Gabriel Sash told him concisely. "Men like you remain nowhere. They move on or something, someone, moves them."

"That, generally, is true," Bland Hazel acknowledged; "it was true of me. But not now. And no one will move me. I am difficult to interfere with if my mind is fixed."

His mouth hardened; he looked about the table with a sudden metallic glitter in his eyes. Nancy's heart beat with sympathy for him. Her father and Elisha Abel were detestable. She couldn't bear to have Bland received so unsympathetically.

"You must be tired, seeing and doing so much," Nancy said to him in a warm voice; "and it must seem perfect to be back in the bluegrass. You will raise the best horses in the world here."

Bland Hazel glanced at her, and she smiled into his eyes. Nancy wanted to reassure him. To make him feel that he had come home.

"I suppose the stables have gone down since we ran Hymettus against Nicodemus Hammerty's mare Nigeria," Bland said to Gabriel. "We would have won a good sum if Fauche Brimage hadn't pulled the race."

Gabriel Sash replied briefly, "They went down then, and, until now, I have been able to keep them down. I don't know what Elisha's plans are."

He had none that was immediate, Elisha admitted. "You must bring your box from the Phœnix Hotel," he continued to Bland Hazel. "I will send into Lexington for it. We can't have you there with Calydon open."

He rose and, with Gabriel Sash, left the room. Bland Hazel was apparently intent upon his coffee cup. Linda vanished. Nancy wished that Bland would speak to her. He was so intent upon his own thoughts, his face was so clouded and severe, that she was timid about addressing him. At last he looked up.

"No one," he said, "has exactly a wreath of roses for me."

He glanced around as though, Nancy thought, to make sure they were alone.

"You must tell me what it is like here," he went on. "Advise me; I have a feeling you can be trusted."

Nancy replied eagerly, with her hands straining together, "Of course I can, but I don't know if I'm wise enough to advise you. I'll tell you everything I know, the minute it happens."

She was happier than she had ever been before. She might be useful, an assistance, to Bland. He depended upon her.

"Your father dislikes me," Bland went on. "He has always disliked me. Gabriel won't have me at Calydon if he can prevent it. What is Elisha Abel like? I know very little, actually, about him. His mother was a cold woman—I remember that. Rich and proud and cold."

That, Nancy said, was a wonderful description. "You pretend you don't know people, and see through them, describe them, perfectly. Everyone says Elisha was a good officer. He wasn't what you were, though—in the cavalry. Elisha was only an infantryman. I don't think that is very stirring."

Elisha and Gabriel Sash, Bland asserted, had been in the wrong army. "There was too much of that in your family. Only Wickliffe was loyal to his land and his people. The war isn't over yet. Not quite, Nancy. We are going to remember the men who were our enemies; we still owe something to the Union provost marshals."

Nancy's efforts to have Bland Hazel definitely established at Calydon, in charge of the stables, changed into an instinct to avoid all mention of that infinitely desirable consummation. She wanted Bland to remain as long as possible, and that, she began to see, depended on the continuation of his present informal situation. She was unsuccessful with Linda Abel. Linda, it was clear, had no attitude toward Bland at all. Bland Hazel and the stables, she said, were Elisha's affair. The others were not so negative. They were, where her uncle was concerned, merely polite and, as she had asserted, cautious. The meals, when he was present, became stiff and perceptibly uncomfortable. Bland was, however, more frequently away than at hand. He was at once mysterious and vaguely portentous about that. His political opinions, Democratic and completely, locally, Southern, were aggressive.

At supper, when Bland was absent, Gabriel Sash said that a fresh outrage had occurred near Versailles. "A respectable negro, Jones Howland, was beaten last evening by masked riders. He died this morning. He was the fifth black who showed a disposition to vote murdered in the bluegrass within a month." A deep silence followed that assertion.

Finally Elisha spoke. "Have you noted Bland Hazel's horses?" he asked Gabriel Sash. "He has two now. Both very fine. I saw one—the black—at noon. He had been ridden almost to death."

A second reflective silence enveloped the table. Nancy was possessed by a burning resentment, a deep sense of injustice. She spoke to Bland on the portico the next day.

"You said," she reminded him, "that you might depend on me to find out what it was like here. At supper, last night, father was talking about a negro killed by masked riders near Versailles, and Elisha said your black horse had been ridden almost to death. He spoke about how fine your horses were and that you had two."

Bland Hazel abruptly told her to sit down. He sat, in morose thought, beside her. "Now," he said finally, "they have me riding out at night and beating Versailles niggers to death. Elisha and your father are generous-minded men. But they are a little, just a shade, too confident in themselves. They think they are too high, too important, to be reached. Rich and cold and proud." His manner grew both repressed and violent. "I hate Gabriel Sash," Bland said. "I have always hated him. It's the Sash blood—an arrogant and bigoted family!" He stopped, glancing carefully at Nancy.

"I don't mind it when you say that," she reassured him. "Bland, I know exactly what you mean. Lots of people hate them. My mother was very unhappy. I am hardly more than a stranger to my father. I hope," she hesitated, once more timid, "you don't think I'm like that. You see, I am a Sash too."

Bland Hazel was impatient with her. "Don't be maidenly," he replied. "Didn't I say that I trusted you? I'm talking to you."

Nancy was again utterly happy. "They didn't exactly admit it," she went on, "but it was plain they thought you might be one of the night riders."

He studied her carefully. "What do you think?" Bland inquired.

"How can you ask that?" Nancy demanded indignantly. "You are an officer and a Hazel. A gentleman. You wouldn't wear a mask and murder helpless negroes simply because they tried to vote."

He laughed shortly. "If everyone agreed with you things would be better," he informed her.

"I know you," Nancy Sash declared confidently.

"We might as well be clear about one thing," Bland gloomily proceeded; "I will never live at Calydon again. The Hazels have gone down in the world and the Abels have gone farther up. Northern money did it. Money from the North and the Lincoln guns. Mason Hazel was careful not to lose anything by the war. I hear our Mason is in love with you."

"He wants to marry me," Nancy admitted.

"You are getting along," Bland said with a brutality identical to her father's attitude. She didn't mind Bland. "In a great many ways you are a fool not to accept it."

(Continued on Page 109)

438

He built a Business *from a Basket of Eggs*

Our railroad gave him the eggs to encourage poultry-raising

JOHN SAND* was just fifteen when he joined a B & O Poultry Club and received free a basket of fifty high-class setting eggs.

Three weeks later some forty-two healthy baby chicks opened their mouths and demanded—FOOD! The boy fed them as the Poultry Manual directed.

John's chicks went to the Interstate Poultry Club Exhibit and won first prize.

Today John's poultry shipments go all over his state.

Our railroad has a selfish interest in promoting poultry-raising and better agriculture along its right of way, helping new industries to locate near it, and aiding established industries to prosper. The more our territory produces, the more our railroad earns.

But we also have a conviction that being a good neighbor is the most satisfactory experience in living.

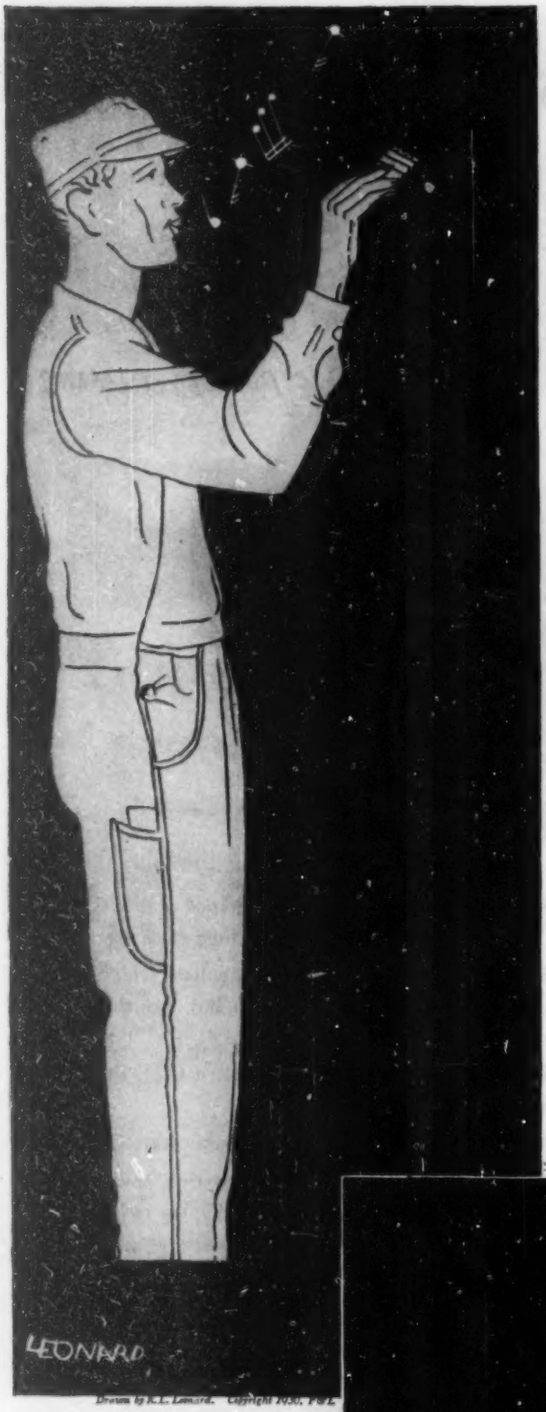
We try to reflect the good neighbor spirit in our dealings with the traveling public. People tell us that our trains run smoothly, without jerks or jars, and that our meals are good. By many little extra courtesies your journey is made more comfortable and pleasant. We invite you to ride with us on your next trip East or West.

*The experience is actual. The name is not.

Have you ever seen the White House? Every B & O ticket between the East and West entitles you to a stop-over in Washington at no extra cost. In what more interesting way could you spend a few hours than in seeing the Nation's Capital?

The B&O

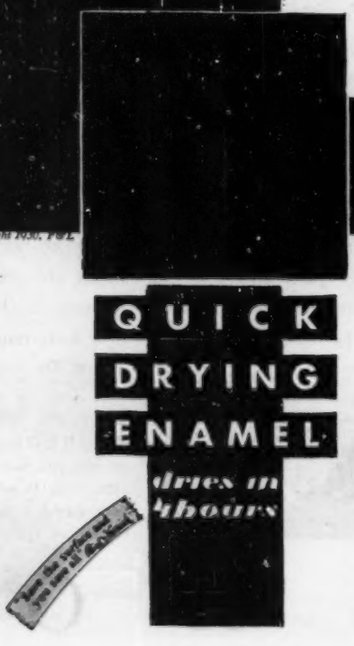
BALTIMORE & OHIO



Drawn by K.L. Leonard. Copyright 1930, P&L

HAPPY IS THE PAINTER who applies "61" Quick Drying Enamel .... it goes on with so little effort. Amateurs too, use these gay colors, with a smile. No laps, streaks or brush marks. And dry in 4 hours! Gorgeous colors and delicate tints, for furniture, floors and woodwork. Any shade you wish .... simply mix two or more colors to match or harmonize with drapes, upholstery and other furniture. "61" QDE colors are just as durable, rugged and waterproof as they are dainty, rich and beautiful. See them at paint and hardware stores. The genuine has the big "61" on the label. Names of dealers in your vicinity and Color Chart sent free.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N.Y.
In Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario



PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH
PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 106)

She had no wish to accept Mason, Nancy replied with a show of spirit. "I don't want to get married at all. Just to think of marriage makes me ill. If there is something wrong with me, I can't help that. I don't want to help it. I want to stay the way I am and help you."

He patted her hand with long thin fingers turned back at the ends. "You may be right," Bland admitted. "I never needed to get married. We may both go farther the way we are. Free and at the same time together."

Nancy said, with a sigh, "I wish there was something I really could do for you."

She might have a chance sooner than she thought, he replied. He continued, speaking more to himself than to Nancy: "If I had money I wouldn't require help. I ought to have it. Calydon ought to belong to me. Elisha Abel has no right to it. He bought it with his mother's Yankee money. He has no call, with his Union sympathies, to be in the bluegrass. It would serve them nicely if both Elisha and Gabriel Sash were driven out of the state. Or ——" he broke off, sinking again into a dark silence.

"Of course you are right," Nancy Sash declared; "you are right and I am no help at all. If I had the say of it, Calydon would belong to you. The house and woods and pastures and stables. Every bit. I haven't. There isn't a thing I can do."

He proceeded: "If I owned Calydon, you would sit on the portico in silks and direct everything. No one here, Nancy, appreciates you like me. Linda Abel patronizes you, and your father is indifferent. Elisha doesn't know you are alive. I get in a rage when I see it." Nancy smiled tenderly at him. "Your father has money. It is ridiculous to think you won't get it until he is dead."

Nancy Sash leaned earnestly toward him. "If I had any," she repeated in a low cry, "I would give every cent to you!"

He gazed at her speculatively. "Gabriel Sash must have fifty thousand dollars," he asserted—"more."

Bland Hazel rose and left her. She watched his tall flexible figure, the shoulders high and narrow, disappear into the house. He was miraculous, magnificent!

It was true, unhappily, that she would have no money until her father died. An inexcusable wish formed in her mind, on her lips—she wanted Gabriel Sash to die. Then she would give Bland money. Fifty thousand dollars—whatever she had. Bland absolutely needed money. Some men were like that—money made them secure and happy. It affected their ideas and conduct. Unlike Linda Abel, who had inherited Mrs. Abel's lovely jewels, she owned nothing of value.

Mason, inevitably, appeared with the evening. Bland Hazel had remained at Calydon after supper; the Hazels, the Sashes and Abels sat on the lawn.

"I went to Frankfort today," Mason related, "to a meeting about the outrages in the counties around here. The night riders. We organized a company of regulators to put them down."

That, Bland Hazel asserted, was an excellent idea. He would consider joining it.

"You would find that difficult," Mason told him bluntly. "Everyone must know the intimate concerns of all the others. That is imperative."

Bland Hazel studied him with deliberate, chill eyes. "That hasn't a very hospitable sound," he commented.

"It hasn't," Mason agreed. He said nothing further.

"You would think," Bland Hazel continued bitterly, "there might be something for me to do in my own vicinity. Where I grew up."

Nancy Sash trembled with a sympathetic anger. She detested her father and Elisha and, especially, Mason Hazel. She was glad he wanted to marry her; that without her he was lonely and wretched. If it were possible, she'd make him lonelier and more wretched still. Mason was sitting beside her. He gazed at Nancy through the soft, perfumed gloom, and she endeavored to appear as tender, as appealing, as she could manage. He touched her hand.

She was, then, intent upon her father, sitting stiffly, with his sabered arm hanging down straight and useless. Nancy wished again that she had money of her own—money to give Bland Hazel. Well, she would have none until Gabriel Sash was dead. That, probably, wouldn't happen for a long while; too late for Bland to find it helpful; he'd be gone from the bluegrass. The desire for her father's death returned. It was, she recognized, wicked. It amazed Nancy to discover how utterly heartless she was toward everyone but Bland. Outwardly, Nancy knew, she was composed, placid, dull in appearance. Her family, her father, took her to be dull. Mason had said she wouldn't kill a mosquito. Nancy smiled; Mason Hazel saw that and smiled eagerly too. "You fool," she thought. They were all, except Bland, fools. They didn't know her.

Bland Hazel was absent again at supper the following evening. Elisha Abel said, "I suppose the night riders are out. Keeping up the Civil War."

Gabriel Sash proceeded. "I saw Mason going into Frankfort with a shotgun. The regulators, he said, had been ordered to assemble. Perhaps Bland Hazel and Mason will see each other."

Nancy was compelled to speak in Bland's defense. "Isn't that a little unfair?" she asked conversationally. "It sounds as if you thought Bland really was a night rider. That is the impression you create. Wouldn't it, if the negroes repeated it, make trouble?"

Her father said that he hoped so. He turned to Elisha Abel. "This is all damned uncomfortable. I don't see how it can keep up much longer. I'll say again that trouble comes to us from the South. It's here. Make no mistake about that. I don't mind admitting I'm uneasy. I've seen enough trouble now. Heard enough guns go off. I'm satisfied."

What, Elisha demanded, could be done? "Nothing occurs to me. If I ask Bland to leave Calydon for no clear reason, and after I invited him here, he will still remain in the neighborhood. Say you are right, Gabriel, and there is to be trouble; that would only make it worse."

Elisha was, of course, correct, Gabriel Sash agreed. "At the same time it isn't comfortable. I am not usually apprehensive." He poured out a stiff measure of whisky and drank it almost violently.

Linda Abel pointed out that they could close the house. Go away for a while—say to Europe—and come back when any threatened trouble and Bland Hazel had disappeared. That, Elisha agreed, was a reasonable suggestion.

Gabriel wouldn't hear of it for himself. "Go to Europe, of course," he assented; "take Nancy with you—it would do her an immense good—and I'll stay at Calydon. I might leave the bluegrass, but I can't be driven out of it. Not even by a border ruffian like Bland."

Nancy Sash spoke with an unaccustomed firmness, "Thank you, father; I must be allowed to decide that for myself. I couldn't go abroad. Just the idea terrifies me. I have been too long at Calydon to be comfortable or happy anywhere else."

She stopped speaking; there was an oppression at her heart; her bosom, she saw, heaved perceptibly. It would be miraculous if Elisha and Linda went to Europe and made her father go with them. They would not, naturally, close the house if she remained behind. She would live there tranquilly and happily with Bland. She'd see that nothing bothered him; the food, the servants, the whole place, would be run for Bland's comfort.

In the evening, just as he had declared, she would sit in a silk dress with him and listen to the marvelous story of his life. There would be no one to doubt and challenge whatever he said. When Bland got tired of that and went into Lexington or Frankfort or Paris, she would wait for him to return, remembering, going over and over all he had told her.

He might even—in spite of his skeptical attitude—get married. Nancy wasn't resentful of that possibility. It wouldn't, she felt, take Bland Hazel away from her. She'd keep them both—Bland and an imaginary lovely wife—and conspire to increase his happiness. Nancy had no desire for children of her own, but it would be different with Bland's. She would eventually, she was certain, come to take complete care of them. Bland's wife, Nancy went on and on, might turn into an invalid, unable to get around; she would, more probably, be a brilliant woman of the world, a star in the firmament of society. Accompany him to Louisville and Cincinnati, to Washington and Baltimore, and leave her children to Calydon and herself, Nancy Sash. They would both have marvelous tales for her when they came back to the bluegrass.

These happy thoughts accompanied her up to her room, they filled her mind when she was undressing, and fashioned bright and warm scenes in the darkness. Nancy fell asleep; she was submerged in a deep, soundless tide of oblivion when a small, persistent disturbance of being assailed her. She woke and heard a light knocking on her door. She sat up, startled, in bed.

"Nancy," a low, urgent voice said. "Nancy." It was Bland Hazel.

Nancy rose quickly and wrapped herself in a voluminous silk dressing gown. "Something is the matter," she told herself, cold and apprehensive. Holding a lighted candle, she soundlessly opened the door. Bland Hazel came quickly in. His shoes and pantaloons were covered with mud, stiff with minute tenacious burs. His hair, too, was stiff with dried mud and burs; his shirt—he wore no coat—was soaked with perspiration; and, worse than all the rest, on Bland's right side the shirt was dark with blood.

"I couldn't bandage it," he explained; "I didn't want to wake the servants; I came to you."

Her mind and hands grew instantly steady. "I must get a basin of clear water and some linen," she explained. "Can you take off your shirt?" He tore it away, cursing at the pain that effort cost him. "You ought to have brandy," Nancy proceeded; "there is none upstairs."

He replied, "To hell with brandy now! Get the water and don't stand there like a fool, bothering about what I ought to have!"

His hurt, Nancy soon discovered, was only superficial—a flesh wound that grazed the bone of a rib.

"Whatever happened to you, Bland?" she asked, firmly wrapping a linen bandage about his gaunt, muscular body.

"I went to a barbecue," he replied satirically, "and drank so much bourbon whisky, danced so hard, I just naturally broke open." That, Nancy told him, couldn't be true. "Don't be an idiot!" he said harshly. "I was shot off my horse by one of those cursed regulators from Lexington."

Nancy Sash exclaimed, "Oh, then you are a night rider!"

Bland mocked her amazement. "Exactly! Only a very bright woman, like you, would have understood that so quickly!"

Nancy was injured by his lack of confidence. "Why didn't you tell me, Bland?" she asked. "If you can't trust anyone else, you can me. I thought you understood that." Her attitude about night riders underwent a swift change. "Bland, I don't mind if you pay back what we owe the North. I suppose you have to do it that way. At night with masks."

She was, he informed her, really a marvel of comprehension. His manner toward her, Nancy recognized, had changed; it was rougher and more direct. She liked it better than his earlier attitude. Now he would hide nothing from her.

"My horse is gone," he continued. "I hope he wasn't picked up at the wrong time. In the wrong company. Hell, I was drunk! I got drunk around Lexington and fell out of the saddle riding home. You will notice I still call Calydon home. I am afraid it is a habit time won't cure. Time won't, Nancy," he added, "but, naturally, money might. I must have walked twelve miles," he went on. "It's a black night. I fell into twenty ditches and got lost in a hundred berry patches. To hell with the country, even if it is the bluegrass! The country is for men like Mason Hazel to scratch around in—men who are afraid of the world."

He stood up, swaying in the vague candlelight. He was, Nancy Sash realized, dizzy with fatigue and loss of blood.

"You must get into bed at once," she insisted; "you near to fainted then."

She opened the door and he vanished. Nancy stood lost in thought and wrapped in figured India silk.

Bland was a night rider and he had, at first, denied it to her. Then such a thing had seemed inconceivable. She began slowly to realize that, in many ways, she had been wrong about Bland. His life no longer appeared wholly romantic to her; he wasn't entirely—not altogether—a noble and misunderstood spirit. His existence had been at times, by necessity, ugly; there were traits in his character not comparable to the integrity of the Sash and Abel bloods. That realization, she found, increased rather than diminished her adoration for Bland. His need for her was even greater than she had supposed. At once she thought more highly of both her place in his existence and of herself. There was a new dignity, an improved sense of security, in her feeling about him. She would, Nancy decided, admit that Bland had come to her for help. He had still been more drunk than not and wouldn't allow her to rouse the servants and alarm the house. He had even been a little rough—threatening. If Bland, before she could warn him, said anything contradictory to that, she would insist that his memory was unreliable. Together they could still further suspicion in the minds of her father and Elisha Abel.

She sat quietly, the following morning, facing her father and Elisha Abel. They were clearly puzzled.

"Did Bland Hazel say exactly where he had been?" Gabriel Sash persisted.

"Only what I told you," she replied—"that he'd stopped at a number of places in Lexington. Too many for his good."

Elisha took up the questioning. "When you put the bandage on Bland," he asked, "did you notice just how he was hurt?"

She had seen that, of course. "It was deep and rough and bled a good deal. He had fallen, I think, against a fence. There were some splinters of wood in his side."

It was a good thing for Bland Hazel, Gabriel went on, that he had gone to her. "Nancy, I wouldn't believe that story from anyone else alive. When Bland told it to me, I laughed at him. He was all but hung right then. Why, Mason—Mason Hazel—caught Bland's horse not a hundred yards from where they came up on the night riders. It was a lot nearer Georgetown, too, than Lexington."

Nancy said nothing further. She made it plain she was tired of being examined about the night riders and Bland. It was, her manner showed, too ridiculous for description.

They left her finally; and, going up to her room, she stopped at Bland's door to discover how he felt. He was alone, propped up in bed; almost irritably he told her to come in.

"Well," he demanded, indicating the house at large, "what do they say now? Am I still in the fold or looked on as William Quantrell himself?"

The door was open upon the hall and, for a moment, Nancy listened carefully. "Mason was here this morning," she said in a rapid, low voice. "He found your horse, just where you were shot, and brought him back to Calydon. They were all certain you were with the night riders until they talked to me. I did manage to

(Continued on Page 112)

Millions of men have told us the features they want in socks... you get them all in REALSILK

FOR ten years Realsilk Representatives have been selling socks *direct* to men . . . in their offices, at home. Thus, straight from millions of customers, we have learned just what features men want in socks.

Realsilk alone has this great advantage. And many unique features, insuring long wear, fit, comfort and style, have resulted from these direct suggestions.

Ask, for instance, to see the extra-long silk leg. The special garter band of double thickness. The super-service reinforced toe and heel. The exclusive double sole and the patented form fitting foot for greater comfort.

The Realsilk Representative will be glad to explain, too, the closer, more compact, weave that means extra durability. Realsilk knitting machines employ 21.9 needles to the inch . . . most others use no more than 20.

No wonder that satisfied users call them "the best wearing high-grade socks in America — bar none."

Realsilk Socks for Summer are styled to suit men's ideas. A wide range of colors and patterns allows you to choose the socks that go best with your suits, ties and shirts. Correct, smartly fitting, durable, they lend a touch of distinction to your wardrobe.

Remember, Realsilk Super-Service Socks are never sold in stores. If an authorized Representative, wearing the Realsilk button, is not calling on you regularly, just telephone the Realsilk Office in your town.

• • •

The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana. World's largest manufacturers of Silk Hosiery. 250 branch offices in the United States. Consult 'phone directory for the number of your local Realsilk office.

REALSILK

super-service socks

Visit

BOSTON

During the Tercentenary Celebration of the Founding of the MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY

IN celebrating the Tercentenary of the Founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, Boston will be host to thousands of visitors from June to October. Sons and daughters of Boston and the Bay State will return for reunion with home people. This will be the most enjoyable year for visitors from everywhere to come to Boston. You and your family will be welcomed heartily by all Bostonians. Excellent roads for motoring; pageants, historical pilgrimages.

For this occasion we have published a map of Old Boston, to be distributed free. It measures about 25 x 19 in., is beautifully printed in four colors, and is suitable for framing. We shall be glad to mail a copy to readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, *without charge or obligation . . . Please use coupon.*

BANKING-BY-MAIL

Banking-by-mail is a real service. Many people find that deposits can be made in well-known savings institutions most conveniently by mail. Distance is no draw-back. We receive deposits now, by mail, from nearly every state in this country and from such distant points as Canada, Honolulu, China, and many countries in Europe. We welcome such accounts. If you are interested in this modern method of systematic saving, write for details of how to open such an account in this bank, and how to use it conveniently.

THE BOSTON FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK
30 School Street, Boston, Massachusetts

THE BOSTON FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK
30 School Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Please send me free, copy of your *Map of Old Boston* . . . . . ☐
Send details of *banking-by-mail* . . . . ☐

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City or Town*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from Page 109)

change their minds. I hope," she added, "you will stop it now. You have so much to lose—everything really—if you are caught. Bland, you want to live happily, be peaceful, don't you? That is what you told me you hoped for more than anything else. They'll hang you, Bland, if they find out about the other."

"You are right, Nancy," he assented; "it is folly. The habits of war are regarded very differently in times of peace. I will break myself of them." She leaned forward and laid her hands over his. "There will be no more night riding," Bland continued. "I am done, beaten, like the South. I am sorry we will never live at Calydon like I said. For a little while I thought that dream might come true. I will leave to take up my wandering life again. The river coast. You must see I can't stay here, be a gentleman, without money. Gabriel and Elisha Abel will do nothing."

She did see that. "I don't want you to go away, Bland," she said almost desperately. "Not only on my account. It's better for you here too. I wish I could help you, Bland. Give you what you need." Tears appeared in her eyes; her voice was a small wail.

He turned over his hand and caught one of hers. "Tell me again that you would," he insisted; "if it were possible. If you could you would."

Nancy Sash smiled tenderly at him. "You know that," she replied with perfect simplicity; "everything I ever have, and that you want, must be yours."

He released her hand. "Perhaps you had better go," Bland Hazel suggested; "it might be a mistake for you to be seen with me too much. You realize, Nancy, how some of us feel about Union Republicans. White niggers. There has been a demonstration against Calydon already. Lately, when I was in a position of some authority, I stopped another one that was more dangerous. Now, I warn you, we can't be certain of what may happen. If you hear firing at night, don't get up. Stay in your room. You must count on me to do what I can for everyone here, no matter what my politics are."

She said, "Don't you think Elisha ought to be warned?"

He turned away from her. "Of course," Bland replied satirically, "certainly—tell Elisha Abel and your father I know the intimate affairs of the night riders."

She wouldn't, naturally, do that. At the same time Nancy was possessed by an uncomfortable secret suspense. Bland came down to supper that evening; he treated his accident lightly and humorously. He was amazed to hear that his horse had been returned to Calydon by Mason Hazel.

"Mason and a company of gentlemen were fox hunting by moonlight," Gabriel explained; "they near to got a fox, too, but he holed in and they couldn't find him; they had to be contented with a horse."

Bland Hazel's air of good nature and confidence in those around him expanded. "I am beaten," he admitted. "When I came back to the bluegrass I intended to spend the rest of my life here. I wanted to live at Calydon in any capacity. I see now it's impossible. There are enough without me. Calydon has left the Hazels forever."

Gabriel Sash said more promptly than politely: "That is interesting news. When do you propose to go?"

He had, Bland explained, some small settlements to make; when they were attended to he'd return to Louisiana. "After all," he proceeded, "I am more at home in New Orleans than in the bluegrass. I like the habits of a city. It is gay at night, and Calydon, after nine o'clock, is like the inside of a coffin. In New Orleans there are games for any sum you might mention; music and beauty of all kinds. The reconstruction is practically over. Yes, I belong on the Grand Chemin."

A sharp pain invaded Nancy Sash; her dreams of Bland beside her for long years, of Bland's wife and children—the children she'd take care of—vanished. The real Bland—the Bland she discovered the night of his injury—was talking. The other was no more than a sentimental vision. He was bound to leave her for New Orleans. Bland would never, she recognized, once more in her room, be secure. She wanted to make him safe when it wasn't possible. He would always be a stranger to security. That, however, was his charm; it was the reason why she so infinitely preferred Bland to Mason Hazel; how absurd she had been. Bland couldn't be Bland married, with children, riding over tobacco fields, inspecting red Devon cattle. The plans she had made for him were, actually, solely for herself, for her own benefit; she had been purely selfish. It would, however, be necessary for him to have some money immediately. Eventually, Nancy supposed, he would support himself by gambling. Bland's clothes, she had noticed, had grown dreadfully shabby. He needed cambric shirts and boots and new white linen coats. His underclothes—she especially attended to them when the baskets came up from the laundry—were humiliating.

She could manage, she told herself, to buy him some fine shirts. Her thoughts were abruptly scattered by a shot that sounded at the front of the house. She could hear, then, the beat of horses' hoofs, a harsh, challenging voice.

"The night riders!" she said aloud. The shock of surprise quickly wore away and left her apprehensive but calm. She was at least, Nancy thought, a Sash to that extent. She was, perhaps, more appalled at life than by the possibility of death, however violent. Her concern attached itself to Bland Hazel; he was in a horribly difficult situation—attached, in reality, to both the night riders and to Calydon. There were two more shots, and then five very rapid and in succession.

Bland had directed her to stay in her room, but she opened the door and stood in an attitude of strained suspense. She heard her father's voice, cold and level, in the hall below. Nancy saw a small huddle of negroes—the house servants—in odds and ends of dress, at the head of the stairs. There were more shots; they exploded with heavy, echoing crashes within the house, and outside they were abrupt and clear.

A complete silence returned as sharply, as dramatically, as the assault had begun. Nancy waited in the doorway; there was no further disturbance; the servants went downstairs. Nancy Sash put on the flowered-silk dressing gown, she found slippers, and followed them. A lamp was burning in the hall. The drawing-room at the left was lighted. Linda Abel, in a furred wrap, was standing beside Elisha; Gabriel Sash was lying immobile, with a drained face, on a sofa; Bland Hazel, dark and portentous, was isolated in the room.

"Gabriel realized most of this," Elisha said to Bland; "he expected it. Gabriel Sash knew what you were like better than anyone else. He was wiser than the rest of us."

Nancy laid her hand on Elisha's arm. "Is my father dead?" she asked.

"No," Elisha replied, "but we don't know how badly he has been hurt. I have sent for Doctor Burch."

Linda Abel put her arm around Nancy's waist. "We will get on some clothes," she said; "there is nothing we can do for Gabriel right away. A bullet struck him high on the head."

As Nancy left the room Bland Hazel spoke. "You are an utterly damned liar," he said to Elisha.

In her room, Linda Abel shook so violently that Nancy was forced to support her to a couch. Linda was speechless. Nancy sat with a vinaigrette at her nose.

Linda said, finally, that it had been too terrible for words. Elisha had come up to bed, Gabriel was still in his office, busy with the affairs of Calydon, when the guns went off. Elisha hurried down, begging her to stay where she was. "I was certain he would be killed," she proceeded, "and Gabriel too. I couldn't bear to wait upstairs. I had to see about Elisha. When I reached the hall, it was mostly over. Mostly, Nancy. There was something more. Worse than all the night riders in the world. Elisha didn't want me to hear it. I had to. He said Bland Hazel tried to kill Gabriel. Your father! He saw Bland shoot at him from the drawing-room door. Behind his back. Elisha almost stopped it, but not entirely."

Nancy rose and walked steadily to a chest of drawers and laid the vinaigrette there. Her face, her voice, were entirely composed.

"I must go now," she said. "I'll send Aurelia to you. If she isn't frightened out of her wits."

Nancy sat quietly beside her father. The dawn was beginning. The candle flames in the girandole grew pale. Gabriel Sash had recovered consciousness. His fingers twitched.

He said in a dull voice, "Trouble from the South."

Elisha Abel and Bland had disappeared. Servants moved about the lower floor. A mockingbird was singing divinely. Bland had tried to kill her father. Nancy knew it was true. She understood his attempt completely—it was the old bother about money. Bland needed it more than other men. He had tried desperately, through her, to make himself secure. In a way this was her own fault, the result of her assertion that she would give Bland everything she possessed. Anything in her power. She would, Bland had told himself, let him have the money she inherited at her father's death. It was, at once, terribly clear and unendurably sad. She cried, not for her father lying, perhaps fatally wounded, beside her, but for Bland Hazel. Nothing, actually, could harm Gabriel Sash; he thought very little of life—his safety was beyond assault. Bland was different.

In a little while Doctor Burch arrived; he made a brief examination of Gabriel Sash and gave it as his opinion that Gabriel had suffered a slight concussion. Doctor Burch, who had been a surgeon in the Confederate Army, skillful with such wounds, thought there was no acute danger. Gabriel Sash, he asserted, would recover. Nancy scarcely heard him. She went up to her room and bolted the door. Yes—she had often thought this—Bland was different from the Sashes and Abels. He was gayer. He loved to gamble and invite the presence of danger. That made him dangerous. His desires, his necessities, were so immediate and intense that he forgot to allow for the necessities, the existence, of others. Bland's only concern, she realized, was fastened upon himself. He never, for example, thought about her; he took what he needed from her, what he believed might be useful, and ignored the rest. His interest in her, in everything, was purely selfish.

She didn't, Nancy found, resent that; she was sorry for Bland. That was what made him solitary. So completely disliked. He would never attach himself to a place; people would never be attached to him. Where she was concerned, it was different—she loved Bland. "If you love a man," Nancy told herself, "it doesn't matter what he does, what he is. You love him." A servant brought coffee and toast, preserved figs, to her room, and later Linda Abel appeared. Her face was pallid, her eyes were hung with shadows, but she was composed.

"I am glad your father is safe, Nancy," she proceeded, sitting in a stiff chair against the wall. "Gabriel is out of danger, but Elisha is in a fatal situation."

Nancy demanded, "What do you mean? What fatal situation? I don't understand you."

Linda closed her eyes for a moment. "Bland Hazel has challenged him," she explained; "they are to fight with pistols this afternoon. Elisha has sent for Mason, and Bland says there is a man in Paris who

(Continued on Page 114)

for Extra Power

Use OPALINE—the MOTOR OIL that makes your gasoline do a better job

IT IS gasoline's job to put power behind your pistons. But it's your motor oil's job to seal the clearance space between pistons and cylinder walls *to prevent that power from blowing by!*

This space between pistons and cylinder walls is slight in a new car, increasing after 5,000 and 20,000 miles of wear.

Naturally, as the space widens, your motor oil must be the correct grade to fill this space—to keep it sealed—to prevent power from blowing by.

That's why a definite grade of Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil is recommended for your car according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication* to provide piston seal and prevent blow-by at every degree of wear in the engine.

The Authorized Opaline Dealer asks "What's your Mileage?"—because it indicates the degree of wear in your engine and the grade of Opaline you need to prevent power blowing by—*wasted!*

You'll get extra power from Opaline—it makes your gasoline do a better job.

That's the Extra Service you get from Opaline. Try it.

** The Sinclair Law of Lubrication: For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power.*

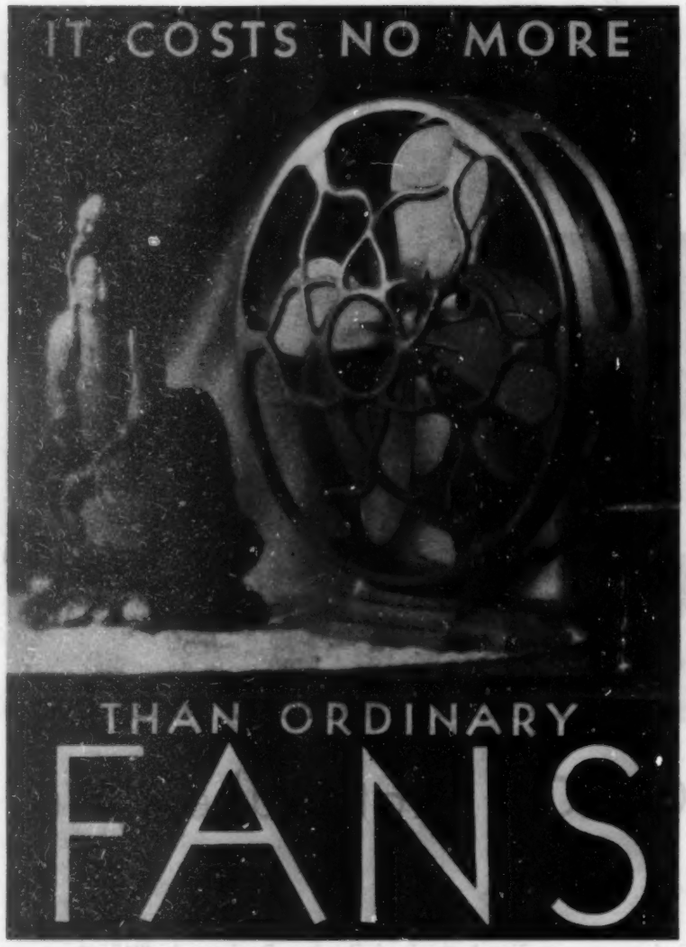
SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC.

Petroleum Products of Quality

NEW YORK—ATLANTA—CHICAGO—HOUSTON—KANSAS CITY

© 1930 S. R. C.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



THE R & M 60

Here is the best looking electric fan you ever saw —the first truly modern fan for up-to-date homes. Charming in design, as you can see, the R&M 60 is wrought in harmonizing bronze, or a beautiful sage green. It is exactly what a fan should be: outwardly, a decorative object you will not tire of seeing beside your desk, or easy chair, or bed, all summer long—inwardly, a never failing source of cool, quiet breezes. For the R&M 60 is made by Robbins & Myers, famous these thirty years for long-lived, noiselessly efficient fans. It sells at only $14.00 for alternating current and $15.50 for direct current at all good shops selling quality electrical appliances.

Robbins & Myers also manufacture standard fans, both desk and oscillating, in styles and sizes for every purpose

ROBBINS & MYERS, INC., Springfield, O., Brantford, Ont.

Robbins & Myers

Fans *and Motors*

HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

"BIDDY"

A double-duty helper about the kitchen. Extracts the morning's orange juice *instantly*. Beats eggs, whips cream, mixes salad dressings, malted milks and performs all sorts of useful tasks quickly and cleanly. Electrically operated—$14.95.

(Continued from Page 112)

will be his second. Doctor Burch has agreed to attend them."

"Elisha is a very good shot," Nancy Sash said mechanically. Her thoughts were far different. She thought, "Bland has been worried too much. Nothing is worth that. He must be saved." She thought, "Bland will kill Elisha. He killed Archelaus Hazel, his brother, together with many others, and it will be the same now."

"Elisha is in a rage with himself," Linda added. "He could have shot Bland in the drawing-room door. He says a duel is nonsense. At the same time, Elisha can't get out of it. Bland would post him or do something worse."

The phrase repeated itself endlessly in Nancy's brain, "Bland has been too much worried." Linda Abel rose and, without further words, left the room. She walked like a blind woman, colliding with a chair.

"Bland has been worried too much," Nancy repeated. "It must stop. It must stop for his sake. I have to see him," she told herself; "I have to see Bland. It can't go on like this."

The door to his room was shut. But it was not, she found, locked. Bland Hazel was sitting at a table that held, in a long box lined with faded green velvet, a pair of pistols with graceful ivory handles. His dark hair fell across his lowered face. Nancy shut the door behind her.

"I am sorry, Bland," she said, going up to him; "everything has been wrong for you."

He looked up, obviously surprised. "Not for me," he replied, "but it was a shame about your father. Still, there is no danger to him now. A great deal is wrong for Elisha Abel. I suppose Linda told you what he said. That will finish him. Afterward I'll get out of this damned pasture. It's only fit for cattle and farmers, Nancy."

She gazed deeply into his eyes. "You have been worried too much, Bland. You must not suffer any more. I know about you and father. I would have known, I think, without a word from anyone."

"Do you say I tried to kill Gabriel Sash?" he demanded.

"Yes," she answered.

He rose, cursing, and grasped her shoulder. "You are bad as Elisha," he asserted. "It's fortunate for you that you're a woman." His fingers dug into her shoulder; they hurt her cruelly, but it didn't matter.

"It will be a good day for me, and for Calydon, when I do get away," he declared.

Nancy looked at the pistols. She picked one up. It was strangely cold and very beautiful.

"Look out," Bland Hazel said; "I keep them loaded." Nancy drew back the chased hammer. "Look out," Bland said again; "I told you they were charged."

She turned and smiled at him. "I love you better than anything on earth or that can be in heaven, Bland," she said. Then she shot him in the forehead.

He fell back. His body hit a high, carved bedpost and slid down upon the floor. Nancy returned the pistol, still smoking, to the velvet-lined box. Then she sank down on her knees beside Bland Hazel's body. It lay with his face turned away from her.

"Now, Bland," she said clearly, "you won't be worried any more. At last you are peaceful and safe. The Lord Jesus Christ understands about you, Bland. Better even than I do. He won't judge you like the world has. The sparrow, Bland, falling. Even the sparrow. O God," she cried in a louder voice, "be merciful to him!"

There were footsteps behind her and she rose. "I killed Bland," she told Elisha and Mason Hazel. "It was too hard for him to keep on living. You can see how quiet he is. At last."

Elisha Abel bent over Bland Hazel's body. "He's dead," Elisha told them. "A ball in the exact middle of his skull. Mason, take Nancy away. Then come back. I'll lock the door while you are gone."

Nancy Sash sat at a window in her room, gazing out over the wood pasture at the back of the house. Once, when she was a little girl, the forest had reached near to the window, but now, cut away space by space, it had withdrawn to a distant hill. She had played in the vanished forest with Belvard and Wickliffe, and with Callam and John Hazel, with Charlotte Hazel and Murril New. But that was long ago. Before the war. Now Bland had gone too. She was alone. A knock fell upon her door. It was Elisha Abel.

"Listen to me carefully," he directed her; "Mason Hazel killed Bland. He shot him here at Calydon. You heard nothing. That is all you know."

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY AKRON METROPOLITAN PARK DISTRICT

A View Near Akron, Ohio

Now first
IN INCREASING POPULARITY

5 points of ALLSTATE superiority
"NO FLIPPING" TREAD. The ALLSTATE tread has no sharp, disconnected points to flip out when released from pressure.
HEAVIER TIRE. ALLSTATES have extra weight—4 to 12 cubic inches more material—which means extra endurance and wear.
STRONGER CORDS. ALLSTATE super-elastic cord fabric has greater resistance against breaks and cuts.
TOUGHER TREAD. Special processes toughen the ALLSTATE tread to stand severest service.
THICKER TREAD. Laboratory tests show the ALLSTATE tread to be .593 inch thick.

ONLY a quality product can increase its sales 500% in four years. This is why ALLSTATE is the fastest growing tire in America. Not because we sell them for less—*they are better tires!* Superior quality alone has made possible this unusual increase in their acceptance. These tires have the finest of workmanship and materials. (ALLSTATES *have always been made with vitalized "non-oxidant" or "anti-oxidant" rubber.*) Yet because of our great economies in direct distribution, ALLSTATES cost you *less.*

We guarantee* ALLSTATES *without limitation as to time or mileage. If any* ALLSTATE *fails to give you the road service you have a right to expect, we will repair or replace it, charging only for the proportionate wear it has delivered.

This chart shows how the growth of ALLSTATE sales has made possible the savings in cost to users—how prices have been reduced as sales increased. (Based on a 29 by 4.40 size.)

ALLSTATES		SUPER ALLSTATES	
29 x 4.40	*$5.55	30 x 4.50	*$9.75
33 x 6.00	*$13.10	33 x 6.00	*$17.45

*Other sizes priced proportionately low. * Slightly higher in some states.*

ALLSTATE
AND SUPER-ALLSTATE BALLOONS AND CORDS

SEARS·ROEBUCK AND CO.
RETAIL STORES

MAIL ORDER STORES AT · CHICAGO · PHILADELPHIA · MINNEAPOLIS · KANSAS CITY · ATLANTA · MEMPHIS · LOS ANGELES · DALLAS · SEATTLE · BOSTON

THE OYSTER HAS A MOUTH

(Continued from Page 5)

knocked her husband on the head and made him act as though he had been drinking."

"Then she's a fool," said Tish sharply. "He'd been drinking."

Which was a fatal slip, for it cost her twenty dollars for a new window pane and the veterinary's bill for examining the dog.

But our dear Tish was not daunted. To be safe, she transferred her practice to the roof, and from there lowered her weights into the alley—usually deserted at night. By that fatality, however, which was to pursue us from first to last of that dreadful excursion, here once more she met with an accident, and as a result we started South a day or two earlier than we had planned and thus precipitated the real calamity.

On the evening in question, then, Tish had raised and lowered the irons several times without trouble. Being then weary, she rested them on the coping of the roof and was surveying the beauties of the night when she heard certain sounds below. She peered over, and she saw the janitor of her building staggering along carrying a heavy box and accompanied by a watchman. They were conversing amiably, and she heard the watchman say:

"Better get in before that old hell cat sees you. She's a dry, isn't she?"

"Dry?" said the janitor, panting somewhat. "She makes the Sahara Desert look like a fresh-water lake. She'd think nothing of smashing a case like this."

And with that, moving suddenly in the darkness, our unfortunate Tish must have touched the weights, for they went over and dropped with incredible rapidity, followed by a crash as of glass and a burst of really sickening profanity. She had only time to see the watchman lying in the alley, and to reel in, when she heard the janitor rushing up the stairs and hammering at her door.

Hannah admitted him, and of course Tish was not there. But in the interval she had had time to lock the door to the roof and from that secure spot to consider the situation.

It was not pleasant. The janitor was on guard at the foot of the stairs, shouting that something had cost sixty-five dollars; and the watchman was sitting up in the alley and feeling around for his cap. Also at least a dozen cats had discovered the liquor in the alley and were fighting and love-making in the most shocking manner.

She is a truthful woman, but she says that the spectacle of half a dozen domestic and beloved family cats trying, under the electric light in the alley, to walk dizzily along the top of a fence and falling off time after time, or caressing one another promiscuously, not only seriously interfered with her train of thought but was one of the greatest arguments for prohibition she had ever witnessed.

"It proved to me conclusively," she has since said, "that liquor first attacks and destroys the higher attributes. Those creatures had no repressions. None!"

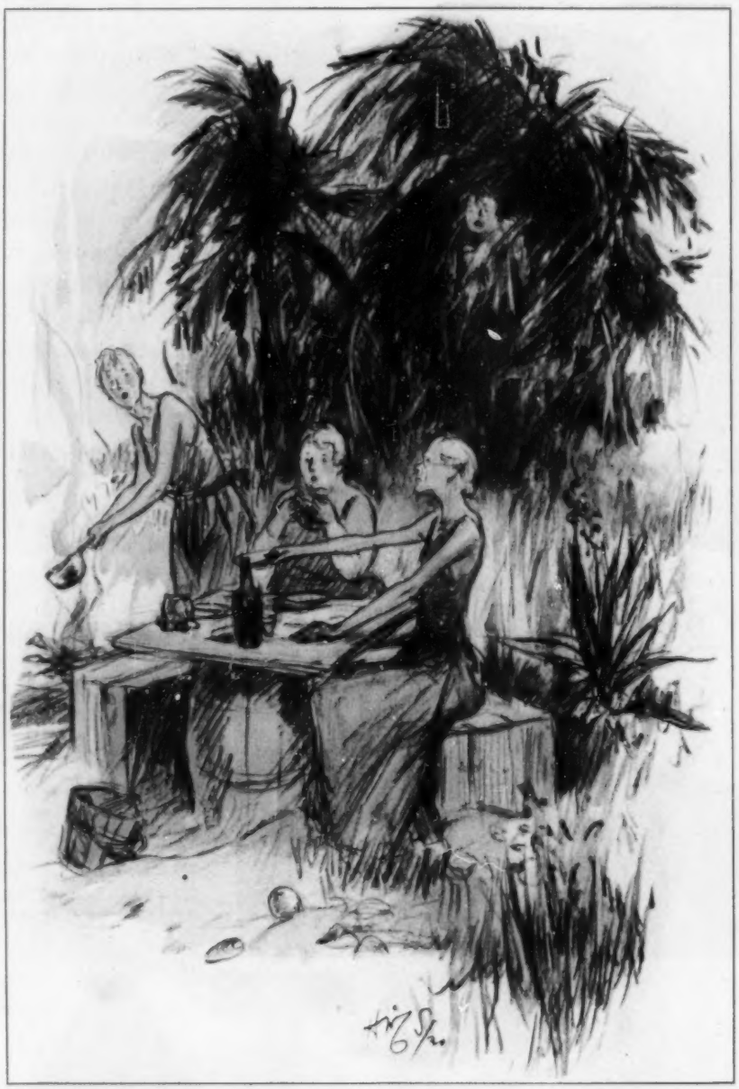
But in the end the watchman rose and moved off, although unsteadily, and she was free to consider a method of escape. By leaning over the coping she was able to tap on Hannah's window with the end of the rod, and, having thus engaged her attention, to instruct her to place a folded card table on the top platform of the fire escape, and on that a ladder. This done, and Hannah steadying the ladder, Tish descended without difficulty, although she had failed to count on the watchman, who saw her at the last moment and fired a shot at her—fortunately, without result.

She packed the rest of the night, and thus it happened that we left for the South a day or so earlier than expected, and without seeing Charlie Sands again. True, we telephoned him at the last moment and he managed to get to the train. But it was already moving, and although he shouted something at us and pointed at the train, we could not hear him.

"I dare say he has left some candy with the conductor," Aggie said. "Candy or fruit. Something nice."

But it was nothing pleasant that Charlie Sands had left, as we were to learn later on.

Just before the train pulled out, a large stout man had got on in a very bad humor.



"Ladies," He Said, "Things Being as They are, I Must Ask You Not to Look Around. But I Have Come to Appeal to Your Better Natures"

He was shouting that he had engaged a drawing-room and he was going to have it. But he did not secure it, and, breathing heavily, he sat down across from us and glared at everybody in the car. He had a seven-foot-long fishing rod with him, in a canvas cover, and I really believe that our misfortunes began when, on her way to get a drink of water, Tish happened to trip over the end of it.

He was in a rage at once. "Why don't you watch your feet, madam?" he shouted.

"Why don't you keep that telegraph pole out of the aisle?" said Tish urbanely. "Or hang it out the window and put a flag on it?"

Well, he could not hope to cope with our dear Tish's satiric humor, so he merely uncovered the rod and examined it carefully, and after that he rubbed it with a clean silk handkerchief. As Tish observed, if it had been a baby he could not have handled it more tenderly.

During that first two hours he had quarreled with the porter and the conductor, and glared at Tish in the intervals. And when he had fought with his waiter in the dining car, he seemed to feel better, and he came back and unlocked a tin box, divided into compartments.

He took out a number of long, shiny objects with hooks on them and began to polish those. He tested the points on the hooks, and one he even filed with a small file. And when that was done he took a reel out of a velvet-lined box and oiled and polished it.

I must admit that we were interested, and I had hoped that we might later on enter into conversation with him. But he was placed at our table in the dining car that night, and Aggie, who was sitting in a draft, happened to sneeze and so upset a cup of hot coffee in his lap.

"Good heavens, woman!" he yelled, leaping to his feet. "If you've got to sneeze, why don't you do it in private?"

"If you've got to howl at everybody," Aggie retorted, "why dod't you do that id private? If I had your dispositiod, I'd have sobebody operate od it."

But he merely gave us all a long and bitter look, and left the dining car. Nor did we see him for some hours that evening, as he had retired to the smoking compartment. Indeed, it was not until we were all safely in bed that he reappeared, and then a most unfortunate contretemps occurred.

Aggie, who sees badly anyhow, made a mistake entirely natural when the berths are made up in a car and all look alike. She got into the berth opposite me, instead of the next one, and had barely crawled under the coverings and put out the light when the Unknown came down the aisle and, sitting down on her, was about to remove his shoes, when she rallied sufficiently to protest.

"Get off of me, you wretch!" she said loudly. "How dare you?"

Well, he leaped into the aisle, and really I have never heard a man carry on so. And he was no gentleman; I will say that to my dying day, no matter what Charlie Sands may think; for he made our poor Aggie, clad only in her nightdress, move into her own berth, and when he found her menthol inhaler on the window sill, he simply flung it out into the aisle. But all this was nothing to what followed.

I had been asleep for some time, and so had Tish, as I could hear from that heavy breathing which is characteristic of her when completely relaxed, when I heard tense voices in the aisle, punctuated by agitated sneezing.

"How did I know your watch wath there?" Aggie was lisping. "Let go my hand! I tell you ——"

"You'll tell a policeman at the next stop!"

"I merely reathed under your pillow ——"

"I know you did. And if that isn't my watch in your hand, what is it?"

And then Aggie rose in her dignity and anger.

"I'll tell you what it ith," she said furiously. "It'th my teeth. I lefth them there, and if they feel the way I do, I justh wonder they didn't bite you."

Happily, our dear Tish slept through all of this, and save that Aggie sneezed steadily until almost morning, the rest of the night was quiet enough.

The next day was comparatively quiet. Only one unpleasantness marred the day. The Monster, as Aggie had named him, spent his time again in the men's compartment at the end of the car, and also rose late, as the porter was trying to get the coffee stains out of his trousers.

This unpleasantness arose out of a very natural interest on Tish's part in the tin box.

"He is evidently an experienced fisherman," she said, "and a selfish one. In that box he has various sorts of devices for game fish, but even while polishing them he holds the cloth so we cannot see them. That is not the attitude of a true sportsman, and I resent it."

"Let it alone, Tish," I begged her. "It's locked anyhow, and that man is dangerous."

But she was already feeling for a wire hairpin and ordering Aggie to stand on watch outside the men's room and to notify her if the Monster gave signs of leaving it. It was simply bad luck that Aggie chose the wrong end of the car, and stood for one

(Continued on Page 121)

Now you can buy KELLY TIRES at amazingly low prices!

If you do not know the name of the nearest Kelly dealer, write us.

Kelly, who has always been the quality tire builder of the industry, now offers you Kelly LOTTA MILES tires at prices so low that you simply cannot afford to buy second rate makes.

The workmanship and material are of high quality. The carcass is sturdy and dependable. The deep, wide black tread is rugged and long wearing, with an extremely efficient road-gripping design. Buttresses extending down the sidewalls afford protection from curb and rut chafing and add extra strength.

In every respect the Kelly LOTTA MILES is designed to meet 1930 driving conditions—rapid acceleration, fast driving and hard braking. Every bit of Kelly's thirty-six years of experience in building the world's finest tires has gone into this newest Kelly product—and Kelly stands back of it unqualifiedly with a lifetime guarantee.

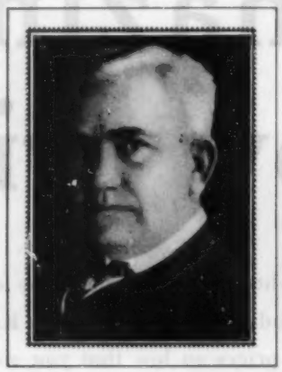
See the LOTTA MILES and try it.

KELLY

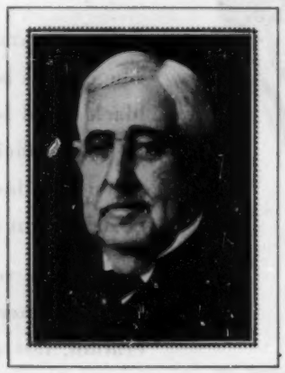
KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY

1775 BROADWAY **Builders of the World's Finest Tires** **NEW YORK**

LIBBEY



OWENS



FORD

Edward Drummond Libbey, 1854-1925

. . . . Michael J. Owens, 1859-1923 When Edward Drummond Libbey and Michael J. Owens perfected the Colburn process of glass manufacture, they revolutionized a great industry. They made window glass better than it had ever been made before. And with this superiority of product they laid the groundwork for an organization which was destined to lead the world in the production of sheet glass. The Libbey-Owens Glass Company, founded by these two men, swept on to one success after the other—first in flat drawn clear sheet glass for windows—then in quality plate glass for automobiles —and now in the new safety glass which is so rapidly being adopted by the motor car industry.

Edward Ford, 1843-1920 The Edward Ford Plate Glass Company was organized in 1899 by the late Edward Ford, whose father, Capt. John B. Ford, was the first successful manufacturer of plate glass in the United States. For thirty-one years this company has built, on the solid basis of high quality, a consistently growing business in all kinds of plate glass, and a reputation which is unique in the glass industry.

L I B B E Y-

. . . . the 3 great names in glass now joined in one great company

The union of the Libbey-Owens Glass Company and The Edward Ford Plate Glass Company brings into one organization the ideas and ideals of three outstanding men in the glass industry—Edward Drummond Libbey, Michael J. Owens, and Edward Ford. ¶ To the genius of these three men the glass industry of the country and of the entire world owes much of the vast improvement in sheet glass and plate glass quality during the past half century. ¶ The new Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, organized to carry on the ideals of these great men, is the largest manufacturer of sheet glass in the world. It is one of the largest manufacturers of plate glass. And unquestionably it is destined to be the foremost manufacturer of the new safety glass which is everywhere and rapidly supplanting ordinary glass for motor cars. ¶ Quality manufacture was almost a religion with Edward Drummond Libbey, Michael J. Owens, and Edward Ford. ¶ On this common ground they reared outstanding business successes, and gave us, who are privileged to carry on their work, a priceless inspiration and example. ¶ To the furtherance of their policies, their principles and their ideals, the new Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company pledges itself unreservedly.

J. C. BLAIR . . . . . *Chairman and Director*	ROBERT LEHMAN . . . . . *Director*
JOHN D. BIGGERS . . *President and Director*	C. O. MINIGER . . . . . *Director*
H. H. BAKER . . . *Vice President and Secretary*	G. P. MACNICHOL, JR. . *Vice President and Director (in charge of Sales)*
MARSHALL FIELD . . . . . *Director*	F. E. NOTEBAERT . . . . . *Director*
J. B. FORD . . . . . *Director*	JAMES H. PERKINS . . . . . *Director*
GEORGE R. FORD . . . . . *Director*	BERT C. ROOT *Executive Vice President and Director*
D. H. GOODWILLIE . . . . . *Vice President (in charge of Engineering)*	CHAS. A. SCHMETTAU *Vice President and Director*
RAY A. GRAHAM . . . . . *Director*	R. H. TAYLOR . . . . . *Treasurer*
H. L. HOLLIS . . . . . *Director*	C. J. WILCOX . . . . . *Director*

SHEET GLASS

Libbey-Owens-Ford flat-drawn clear sheet glass for windows, made by an exclusive flat-drawn process, is ideal for fine buildings of every description, and is everywhere favored by leading architects because of its uniform high quality and its unusually brilliant lustre.

PLATE GLASS

Libbey-Owens-Ford plate glass—for every plate glass need—is known everywhere for its unusually high quality. This high quality is assured through the use of the most modern methods of manufacture—including, in addition to the exclusive Libbey-Owens process, such improved European developments as the Bicheroux and Heuze processes.

SAFETY GLASS

Libbey-Owens-Ford safety glass for motor car use is made up of two sheets of plate glass with a sheet of transparent plastic substance bonded between them. This glass may break, but it will not scatter and fly. It affords positive protection against the danger of broken, flying slivers of glass.

OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

KEEP JUNE CAPTIVE

LIFE moves to a quickened tempo—the whole world awakens—flowers unfold in a riot of color—when gentle breezes blend warmth and moisture into the comfort of June.

To hold the atmosphere of June captive and make its magic spell last forever has been man's dream for countless ages—and yours since childhood. Now the modern electrically controlled Holland Vaporaire System makes this possible—actually gives your home the priceless comfort of June every month in the year.

Holland engineers have developed a simple, compact and moderately priced air-conditioning system that utilizes natural laws and revolutionizes heating methods for homes of all sizes. Pure, clean air is moistened for health, tempered for comfort and circulated constantly so that it teems with energy. A soft current of tropical warmth keeps every room balmy when winter is outdoors. In the stifling heat of summer a delightful breeze cools the whole house.

Keep in step with progress. New or old—make your home a healthful, comfortable place in which to live. Install the Holland Vaporaire System—modern in principle, lasting in construction and incomparable in performance. Burn fuel of any kind—including gas or oil.

The Holland is custom-built for the home it serves. Engineers plan and factory-trained experts install every Holland Vaporaire System. One nation-wide organization assumes full responsibility, guarantees satisfaction and gives you the benefits of a great engineering service.

Healthful comfort is the most important investment any home-owner can make—one that affects the welfare and happiness of the whole family. There's no need to tolerate an obsolete heating plant. Holland's prices are reasonable and terms liberal. Hold June captive in your home all year around. 'Phone our local branch—or write for "The Air We Live In," an instructive booklet!

VAPORAIRE DIVISION, HOLLAND FURNACE COMPANY
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
World's largest installers of home heating systems, operating three large factories and 544 factory branches from coast to coast

HOLLAND
VAPORAIRE
The electrically controlled air-conditioning system for winter heating and summer cooling

(Continued from Page 116)

hour and twenty minutes outside of the women's lavatory. But she did so, and when the Monster returned, Tish had a number of objects from the box in her lap and was carefully examining his reel. She unluckily dropped it when she saw him, and it rolled under a seat.

Well, I thought he was going to have apoplexy. He swore dreadfully, and got down on his knees to hunt the thing. He continued to use the most profane language, and when Tish rose in indignation and the rest of the stuff went on the floor, he simply groaned out loud. When he had gathered up all the stuff, he stood in the aisle and gazed at us, and I must say he looked haggard.

"Would it appeal to your better natures, ladies," he asked, "if I tell you that my doctor has ordered me on a vacation, and that he has specifically mentioned quiet and peace? Peace at meals and plenty of sleep? Because if it does not, I shall be obliged to leave the train."

"A series of unfortunate incidents," Tish replied, "has given you an unfair opinion of us. But you may rest assured from now on we shall see that you are undisturbed."

He looked almost pleasant at that, and sat down, after bowing. But unluckily one of the hooked arrangements had been overlooked in the corner of the seat, and the way he carried on was something terrible. I believe the porter was obliged to cut out the hook, but at least he did not again reappear in the car. The porter came to us later on, and said he was in the men's room and intended to remain there.

"You ladies certainly did make that genleman suffah," he said, with admiration. "An' you certainly did ruin that pair o' pants foh him. Seems he set considerable store by them. Yes, ma'am, he's certainly suffahed."

I believe the Monster, as we now referred to him, slept somewhere else that night, for we did not see him again. And as we had now reached the Southland, our dear Tish relaxed and showed signs of pleasure.

"Observe these islands, Lizzie, scattered along this tropic coast. What bliss to be on one, to have time to think, to commune with the soul. To bathe in the sea, to lie on the sand and receive the actinic rays of the sun, to shake a tree and bring down the necessary food. Lizzie, have you ever thought how little it requires to sustain life?"

"It would take more than you have mentioned to sustain me," I said. "I like a good broiled chop myself now and then. And if you mean those coconuts, how would you propose to get them down?"

But she only eyed me dreamily.

"They train monkeys to do that," she said. "You send one up and then throw stones at him. When he is sufficiently angered he throws down the nuts. I believe the natives grow quite expert at catching them."

"Well, I can't eat coconut," I said. "It gives me indigestion."

That closed the discussion, although I was to recall it later with a certain bitterness.

III

IT WAS a shock to all of us, I think, to find the Monster on the hotel boat, going over to our island; and the way he glared at us was downright wicked. He cheered up, however, when another stout red-faced man on the boat went up to him and struck him heavily on the back.

"Hello, old-timer!" he shouted. "Going to get your diamond button this time?"

"That's what I'm here for."

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars that I beat you to it."

"Hell, I hate to work so hard for a hundred dollars. Make it worth while and I'll go you."

It was then that Tish made that remark which so impressed both Aggie and myself: "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

It is not necessary to relate the details of our arrival and of settling into our cottage. These are unimportant, although while we were registering we all observed that the Monster drew the manager aside and spoke to him at length while gazing at us. We unpacked and Aggie put on her foulard, while Tish and I wore our black silks to dinner. The Monster was at a table with the other red-faced man, and between them was a very pretty girl who looked sulky and had nothing much to say.

That was our first view of Lily.

After the meal we inspected the tarpon room, and I must say that the size of the stuffed fish rather worried me. Also there were photographs of the fish fighting, and they looked dangerous in the extreme. Aggie turned a little pale, especially as there were other photographs of alligators, sharks, devilfish and even of an octopus or two.

The girl wandered in about that time and Tish addressed her.

"I perceive that the king of fish is the main pursuit of this resort," she said.

"I'll say it is," said the girl, rather shortly.

"It must indeed be a royal sport."

"It's not a sport; it's a mania," she said. "It doesn't matter what you've got in your head; what you've got on a hook is all that counts."

And with that she turned and went out again.

Aggie and I knitted that evening, while Tish saw to the boat. The Monster was playing poker, and the girl wandered about until he was settled and then, with a tall, good-looking young man, disappeared outside. Aggie watched them go, for the blighting of her own early romance—she was at one time engaged to a Mr. Wiggins, who was in the roofing business, and slipped on a rainy day—has left her with a soft spot for all lovers.

"It is an ideal spot for affairs of the heart, Lizzie," she said. "Yet those two are not happy."

"Maybe he didn't get a fish today," I said, rather shortly. For all the conversation I could hear was about fish and fishing.

But Aggie is strongly intuitive, and later events were to prove her right. If the time was to come when we wished that we had never seen Lily, there was nothing to warn us then, or for several days to come.

For a day or so nothing happened. We had packed our case of provisions and bottled water in the boat, as the tarpon were not yet in, and were making preliminary excursions to study the channels, and so on. Our bathing suits, skirts and large sun hats made these excursions comfortable. Also it was during these more or less idle hours that we practiced our life-belt drill. The belts were laid in a row in the boat; on Tish's count of "one" we stooped; "two," we picked them up; and at "three" we adjusted them. As it developed, this drill was to save our poor Aggie's life later on.

But Aggie was growing increasingly nervous. One day we returned to find a large shark lying on the pier, and Aggie could hardly be induced to pass it.

"They eat people, Tish!" she cried.

"Only when driven by extreme hunger, Aggie," Tish told her patiently.

"How do you know when they're hungry?" she demanded. "I don't suppose they go around pointing down their throats."

But Tish's enthusiasm was unabated, and she continued to prepare for the day when the tarpon would come in from the cool depths of the Gulf. She had purchased a length of rope, and it was to be my duty, once the fish had struck, to lash her to her chair, which, in turn, was screwed to the floor of the boat. At the same time, Aggie was to fill and hold ready a pail of water, in case the reel became heated and began to smoke.

We saw little of the Monster, although now and then we could hear him shouting at the waitress in the dining room. It appeared that he and the other red-faced man had wagered a thousand dollars by that time on a diamond-button fish, and they spent most of the time scouting around outside the passes looking for tarpon. They were out day and night, and all the hotel people could talk about was the bet between them.

And then, on a day when the wind prohibited fishing, we had a brief talk with Lily. We had taken our knitting to the beach, and I remember that the sand was covered with small fiddler crabs, all running sideways, and very annoying, and that Aggie immediately returned to our cottage and brought back an insect spray which was intended for mosquitoes. By thoroughly spraying a portion of the sand, we cleared a place on which to sit, and hardly had Tish lain down with her face to the sun than we all heard a sound of muffled sobbing.

It came from some palm trees, and on investigating we discovered that it was Lily, face down and crying bitterly.

With her customary kindness, Tish moved over and sat down beside her.

"I perceive," she said, "that you are unhappy. Yet in this lovely spot ——"

"Oh, go away," said the girl, without looking up. "If I want to cry, that's my affair."

"In a week," said Tish, "you will wonder why you have wept."

"Will I?" said Lily rudely, and suddenly sitting up. "What do you know about it? I've had this for twenty years. Don't come around here and tell me ——"

"Had what?" Tish inquired gently.

"Father," said Lily. "And the way I feel about him is nobody's business. I'll tell you this: I've been hoping all morning that he'd go in bathing. There's a shark out there."

Tish glanced at Aggie and myself.

"I think I know him."

"Well, you'll have heard him anyhow," said Lily.

"A red-faced man, and inclined to be violent."

"Inclined to be! Listen! Last year his boatman fell over his rod and broke it just as a tarpon struck, and he threw the man overboard."

As she began to weep again at this moment, Aggie, who is the soul of kindness, brought her some blackberry cordial. She took it suspiciously, but in a few minutes she was feeling better.

"That's great stuff," she said. "If I had a feather in my hand I could fly."

But she confided no more to us, although she was much more cheerful, and even did a dance step or two on the beach before she departed.

"If you see a handsome youth looking for me," she called back, "give him some of that medicine of yours and send him in to bite father!"

Tish was very thoughtful. It was clear to her, she said, that the young man was mixed up in Lily's trouble, and that the Monster was more than usually unpleasant because of the wager; that if he got a diamond-button fish before the other man, he would be more reasonable, and it was clearly our duty to help him get such a fish.

"Like the man or not," she observed, "the happiness of two young hearts lies in his keeping. And if we can in any way assist him to such a fish, it becomes our duty to do so."

Both Aggie and I perceived the nobility of the idea, and I wish to say now that in all that followed, unfortunate as it was, this was Tish's ruling thought.

Nevertheless, with that fatality which pursued us throughout, that very evening we were unwittingly to rouse his suspicion against us once more.

The later afternoon boat brought Tish a telegram from Charlie Sands.

WIRES FROM CERTAIN PERSON INDICATE BAD FISHING AND EQUAL BAD HUMOR STOP TRUSTING YOU TO DO YOUR BIT AS AGREED

But as it was then dinnertime, and we were to practice with our rods and reels that night from a small bridge which led from the golf links to a pavilion on our islet, Tish put it in her knitting bag and quite forgot it. And the events of that night put it out of her head entirely.

(Continued on Page 123)

Like the magic of the silver bullet

THROUGH the memories and stories of old woodsmen runs an interesting superstition. It is said that only a silver bullet will kill a wolverine. Indians called this dangerous prowler "Carcajou", meaning evil spirit; white hunters called it the "Indian Devil". To this day many an old hunter will swear that the wolverine leads a charmed life that only a silver bullet can end.

Like the magic of the silver bullet is the magic of Remington Kleanbore Cartridges. They absolutely prevent rust, pitting or corrosion in the barrel of your firearm if you use them exclusively.

No longer will you ruin your rifle if you forget to clean it. No longer will it lose its accuracy through pitting and corrosion. You can shoot thousands of Kleanbore Cartridges without cleaning. They keep your firearms in perfect condition.

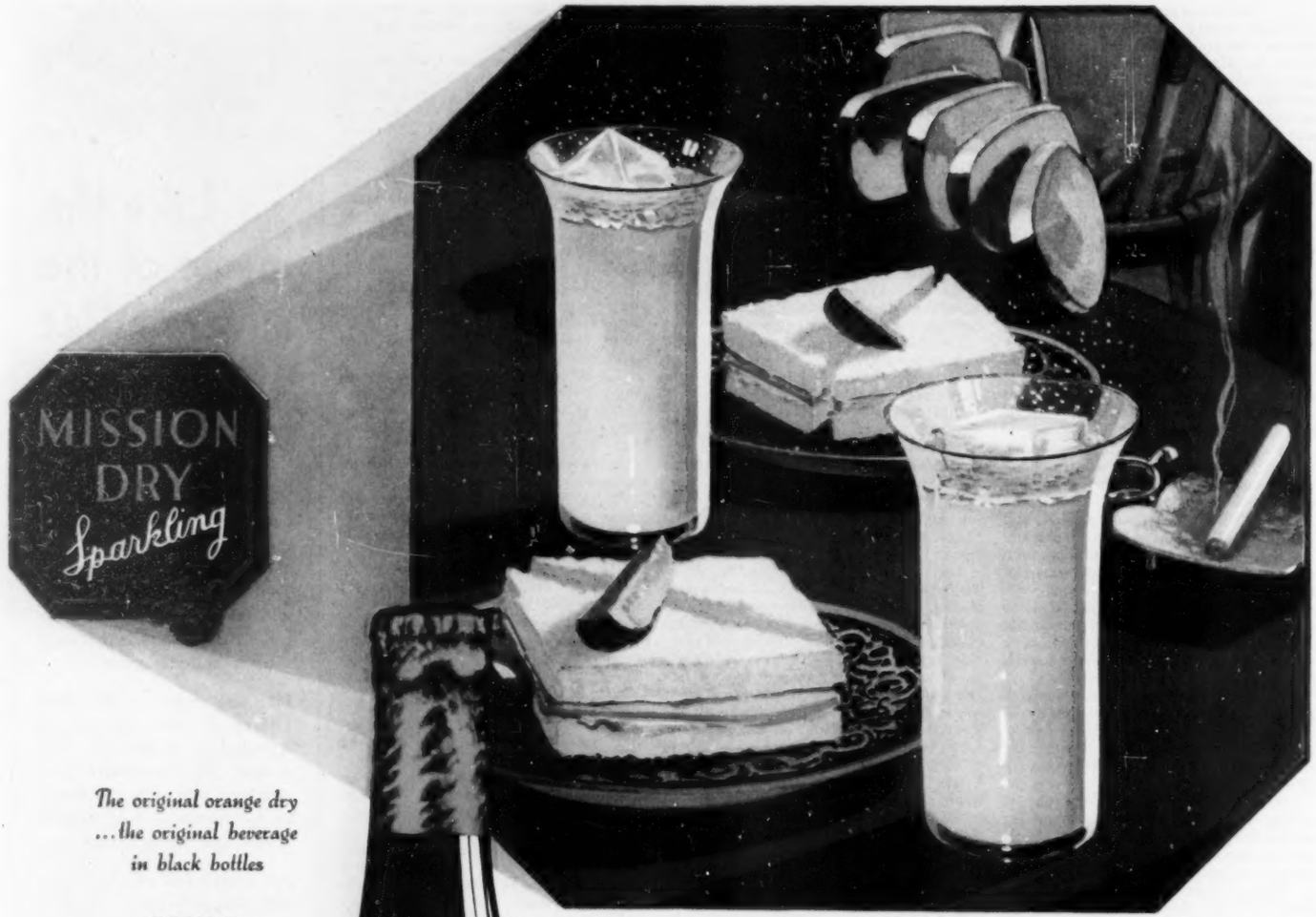
KLEANBORE—
THE MAGIC CARTRIDGE
OF THE MODERN SHOOTER

Remington Kleanbore Cartridges are more accurate and they will preserve the accuracy of your rifle for years. They prevent rust, corrosion, pitting and leading in the barrel.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Remington

© 1930 R. A. Co. 3361C



The original orange dry
...the original beverage
in black bottles

ORANGE
or
LEMON
or
GRAPEFRUIT

At Last! . . . a *New* Beverage Idea

ONE of these fine days you're going to find a sparkling glass of MISSION DRY at your elbow . . . and from that moment you'll be spoiled for ordinary beverages . . . the first sip is an exciting adventure in taste . . . California has now transformed her choicest health fruits into a delicious table beverage . . . blending fresh orange juice with a dash of sweetened lemon juice . . . adding the zestful sparkle of carbonated water . . . sealing the delicate flavor into jet-black bottles right at the groves . . . MISSION DRY stirs lagging appetites from breakfast to midnight snack . . . enlivens things when you entertain. It comes in three delicious juices . . . orange or lemon or grapefruit . . . tell your dealer or the waiter which you prefer . . . The genuine MISSION DRY comes in black bottles only . . . ask for it by name.

Bottled at the grove by
CALIFORNIA CRUSHED FRUIT CORPORATION
CHICAGO *LOS ANGELES* NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 121)

Briefly, on the bridge all had gone well that evening until we heard a boat rapidly approaching and about to pass under it. Both Tish and I reeled in, but Aggie unluckily had twisted her line and was unable to do so. Just what occurred I do not know, but the next moment the boat had hurled itself at the island with a terrific crash and climbed almost to the pavilion.

In the really dreadful silence which followed I could hear Tish whispering to us to run; and this we did, although, as the end of her rod had struck Aggie in the chest, she could go neither fast nor far. In the end we found safety in a sand trap on the links, and we lay there for some hours. Most uncomfortably, as the sand immediately irritated Aggie's nose and started her to sneezing, and as we were extremely anxious about Tish. We had heard her running very rapidly toward the hotel, and a moment or so later the Monster and his boatman followed. But Tish carries no surplus weight as I do, and we learned from her later that she was well in the lead from the start.

"I had sufficient time," she said, "to leave my rod on the back veranda, go inside and pick up my knitting. But I think he suspects me, Lizzie. He stood outside a window and shook his fist at me."

IV

WELL, it really was unfortunate, because the tarpon came in that night for a short time, and the other man brought in a fish only a pound and a half under the diamond-button weight. But Lily's father went down to the pier to look at it, and then insisted on having it cut open. The other man objected, but it was finally done, and they found that three eight-ounce weights had been rammed down its throat.

The other man claimed that his boatman must have done it while his back was turned, because he had promised him a hundred dollars if the fish made the weight. But there was a great deal of hard feeling all around, and it was agreed that both men would go out without boatmen thereafter. All of which has a bearing on this narrative, whether Charlie Sands thinks so or not. Because if the Monster had had a boatman along on that terrible night later, things might have been different.

The tarpon had disappeared again, and the wind was still high. All the fishermen were in an un-Christian frame of mind, but the Monster was really dreadful. Even golf did not soothe him, and one day when we were watching and Aggie happened to sneeze just as he drove off at the last hole, he sent his ball into the water and turned on us in a frenzy of rage.

"Great suffering snakes!" he yelled. "Can't you women keep away from me? That's all I ask—just keep away. And if this island isn't big enough, find another island. Any island!"

Well, later on we did exactly that and he did not like it. He was certainly a difficult person, and when Lily's young man won the golf match that day, he accused Aggie of sneezing on purpose.

"It's persecution!" he yelled. "That's what it is. What did I ever do to you women anyhow?"

Then he broke the golf club he had in his hand and stalked away.

It was that night that Tish had another telegram from Charlie Sands.

ARE YOU MIXED UP IN SITUATION IN ANY MANNER STOP PLEASE REPLY

But, as our dear Tish said with dignity, it did not deserve any reply, and so she sent none. Looking back over that situation, I can see how one more event led up to the catastrophe, and by eliciting Tish's interest in the young man himself finally precipitated the crisis.

V

THIS event was our meeting with Lily's young man himself on the pier one night.

We had thought that we were alone, until we perceived a pair of white flannel trousers lying prone on the flooring.

"Dear me," Tish said, peering at them. "What a strange place for a pair of trousers!"

And then a muffled voice spoke from over the edge of the pier.

"I'm in them," it said, "and if I ever get this —— hook out from under this —— edge ——"

"I don't like your language," Tish said severely.

"Then you'd better go away," said the voice. "The way things are, I may swear for an hour, or possibly two."

And then he overreached himself and fell right over the edge and into the water. He came to the surface, however, in a moment or so, and, holding on to a piling, with his head above the water, he inspected us.

"Sorry," he said. "I thought you were three other fellows. Well, I'm calmer now. Nothing like a cold bath to restore the good old morale. Why struggle? Why suffer?"

"You sound unhappy," said Tish.

"Unhappy? That's a mild word, ladies. I'm as unhappy as hell. When I consider that by merely ducking my head under this surface for a sufficient length of time I should cease to suffer, I am tempted—strongly tempted."

And with that he suddenly disappeared into the sea. Never shall I forget my agony of mind or Aggie's hysterical moaning.

"He has done it!" she cried. "He has ended it all!" And she sneezed violently.

In a moment, however, to our great relief, he reappeared at the steps of the pier and pulled himself out of the water. He was quite calm, but he inspected himself ruefully.

"You can see," he said, "that luck is against me. As I said, why struggle? Why suffer? These are my best flannel trousers, and they are shrinking as I speak. Also, I have learned finally and forever that I shall never make a fisherman. There was a faint hope, but it is gone. I've had that infernal hook everywhere, from the back of my neck to underneath the dock, where it is now—everywhere except in a fish's mouth."

Well, as he was thoroughly wet and also despondent, Tish sent Aggie at once for some blackberry cordial, and it gave him a more cheerful outlook on life. He declined to go to the hotel and change his clothing, but said that he felt like talking.

"I feel," he said, "the urge to tell the story of my life, if you will bear with me, and if someone will watch that bottle and see that it does not fall into the sea. The thought of all the little fishes going gaga and—but never mind about that.

"I was born," he went on, "with a complex against fishing. It is an early impression, rather, due to seeing my nurse eat fish for forty days in Lent. However that may be, I loathe and despise fishing. From the squirming of the worm to the squirming of the unlucky fish, it is horrible to me. Judge then of my tragedy when I find the one, the only girl, and discover not only that her father is a fisherman but that he is a fanatic on the subject. Where other men celebrate a winning in the stock market with wine, he goes out and buys a new reel; he inspects his lines with a magnifying glass; his house is full of stuffed fish mounted on boards. He measures a man by the line he can put out on a cast; his idea of a kiss is the way a trout fly falls onto the water. Just why his daughter wasn't born with scales ——"

"That will do," said Tish sternly.

"Well, you've got the idea. He's here, and it's all off. He wants a son-in-law only to take fishing, and I came here, so to speak, on trial. But I went asleep the first day he took me out in a boat; I lost his best reel for him; and I loosened a front tooth for him one day practicing a back cast. And now he's made a fool wager on a diamond-button fish and I'm only excess baggage."

He was silent for a moment.

"What I ought to do," he said moodily, "is to go home and forget it. And her. I'm doing no good here. I can't even eat. The way her father looks at me in the dining room gives me indigestion. I've got it now. Perhaps a little more of that cordial would help it."

He cheered after he had taken a glass and said that he had had various ideas. One of them was to bore a hole in the old man's boat and watch him slowly sink. Another was to drain out his gasoline—all but a little—and let him drift to sea, slowly dying of hunger and thirst.

"But the really big idea," he observed, "would be to land him all alone on one of those empty islands and let Nature take its course!"

Yes, I admit that he said that. But for him to have told Charlie Sands later on that the island was his idea was really absurd. As Charlie Sands must realize now, the island was purely an accident.

On the way back to the cottage, Tish commented on his recital.

"All in all," she said, "this young man would be better off out of that family. Nevertheless, our duty is plain. If the Monster, as Aggie calls him, is to be placated by winning this wager, we must be near at hand to help in emergency."

And again I repeat that this was Tish's kindly idea from the start. She is ever friendly to young love and to lovers; and in spite of his attitude toward us, she bore no malice toward the man who was later to place us in so awkward a position.

And now I come with a certain reluctance to the further events of that night, which made for a time such a diametric change in our habits of living; forcing on us, indeed, the need to shift for ourselves under most unpropitious conditions.

As we passed the hotel on our way to the cottage we saw a man run out in fishing garb, followed by others, and we realized that at last the tarpon had reached the passes in numbers. We at once shifted into our bathing suits with the skirts over them, and in our haste neglected to take our mackintoshes or other wraps—an oversight which we were bitterly to regret, especially Aggie.

It was Tish's idea that we follow the Monster's boat, and this we did; although, to our surprise, he did not go in the usual direction, but headed down the coast.

"Many fishermen," Tish informed us, "have secret places of their own, and only use them when safe from observation. We will follow him."

I think he must have heard our engine, for he speeded up and went very fast, but we also moved rapidly and kept close behind him. It was, indeed, an eerie feeling, following the sound of his engine through the darkness; once, indeed, we went aground on a mud bank and it was necessary for all of us to remove our clothing and work the boat off. As the night was cold, it was a trying business, and it was at that time that our poor Aggie stepped onto a large crab, which closed on one of her toes and held on. A most painful matter.

But we soon located him again, and finally came to a stop not far from his boat. We knew nothing of our surroundings, or even, indeed, where we were. But there was no time to worry. Suddenly all the water about us was filled with the great creatures; they swam and rolled and leaped, and suddenly Tish shouted that she had one, and a colossal body shot out of the darkness and hit the water with a thud.

I shall omit the details of that struggle. We at once put on our life belts, and soon it became necessary to lash our valiant Tish to her chair, which was, fortunately, screwed to the deck. All the time the creature was leaping. It was then that I noticed that our boat was drawing near the other and that the Monster was shouting at us.

"Keep off me!" he shouted. "Start your engine, you idiots! I've got a fish on!"

But as we were still some distance away, and also fully occupied, we paid no attention. Our dear Tish was having all she could do to hold on to her rod, although she managed to gasp that both her shoulders were dislocated, and I was standing by to render assistance if necessary, when a terrible and unexpected thing happened.

In the faint starlight we heard a hideous tearing and smashing of wood, and the other boat rose in the air and then settled

THE ONLY
THERMOS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

The "Thermos" Quart Bottle comes in many styles from $2.50 up. Three additional aluminum cups are nested—perfect service for four on your travels or at home.

Be sure to get the "Thermos" trade mark on any vacuum container. The genuine costs no more—and there is no substitute for "Thermos."

THE ONLY
THERMOS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

Two famous "Thermos" containers are being shown this week that have made for more successful out of doors parties than any "field equipment."

The American Thermos Bottle Co.
366 Madison Avenue
New York City
In Canada—Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd. Toronto
In England—Thermos, Ltd., London

The "Thermos" Gallon Jar, like the pelican of limerick fame, will "hold enough food for a week." Sturdy construction, smart finish, and true "Thermos" quality make the Gallon Jar a necessity for any out of doors meals.

© A. S. R. C., 1930

The Singing Shave tunes in on comfort

Grand opera for tender skins, a lullaby for tough whiskers—the Singing Shave is music to your cheeks. The keener Ever-Ready Blade brings a song to your lips and cool comfort to your face. It gives you many more shaves than the blade you are using. Join the chorus of Singing Shavers—buy Ever-Ready Blades.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp.

Ever-Ready BLADES

back again. We realized with horror what had occurred—Tish's fish had risen like a projectile under his boat and had practically wrecked it.

There was a really dreadful silence, followed by the Monster's voice.

"You —— idiots!" he yelled. "You've torn the bottom out of my boat!"

"Nonsense!" Tish called angrily. "The fish did it. If he chooses to try to drown you he's only doing what a lot of people have contemplated anyhow."

"Get over here, I tell you! This boat's sinking under me!"

But I had just started the engine when a really terrible thing happened. The tarpon jumped into our boat.

Never shall I forget that moment. It was an enormous creature, and as it leaped about in the darkness one could hear the furniture smashing. Almost at once I heard a chair go overboard, and as I crawled up onto the roof of the cabin I heard a shout from Aggie, followed by a dull splash, and realized that our poor friend had followed the chair and was afloat in her life belt on that vast expanse of water.

"Aggie!" I called in anguish. "Aggie, where are you?"

But although I could hear her coughing and sneezing somewhere out in that vast expanse, she said nothing, and as we were now moving rapidly, the sounds grew more and more faint. All that could be heard was the voice of the Monster, shouting that he was sinking, and an occasional grunt from Tish as the fish struck her a resounding blow. She was struggling to untie herself, but the knot was at the back of the chair.

It was indeed a terrible situation, with the fish in complete control of the boat, and with one thing following another into the sea—the box of canned foods on which we depended in emergency, the barrel in which we placed our smaller fish—one after another they went flying overboard.

And then Tish spoke: "If you could catch it around the middle, you might get rid of it, Lizzie. We really should go back for Aggie."

"Catch it!" I said, from the roof of the cabin. "It doesn't stay long enough in one place for me to see it."

"You could stun it with something."

"It didn't stun it perceptibly to go through the bottom of a boat," I said bitterly. "Well, you've got your fish. You've learned something about the depths of the sea, and what are you going to do about it?"

All this had taken some little time, but at that moment the fish took another jump and went overboard, and I was enabled to untie Tish. She at once took charge, but what was our horror to find that the miserable creature had broken the tiller rope and that our boat was completely unmanageable! Also, that we had no idea where we were. It was in vain that Tish stopped the engine and called into the darkness. There was no sound whatever from Aggie, and to make matters worse, the night was now inky black.

It was indeed a tragic situation and, to add to our anxiety, our gasoline was running low. We spoke in low voices of our poor Aggie drifting hither and yon at the mercy of the tides, and Tish, who is a kindly soul, even spoke well of the Monster.

"He was the victim of an obsession, Lizzie," she said. "And of course it is possible that he could swim. In that case ——"

But it was a dreary night, nor did dawn reveal a cheerful prospect. The tide had carried us far into the Gulf, and it was her fear that it had done the same thing with Aggie.

"Bottles placed in the Gulf Stream down here," she said, "are frequently picked up along the shores of Newfoundland."

But at last we saw land—a number of islands, and were able with the last of our gasoline to reach one of them. Never can I depict the depression of that landing, or of the thought that years later our dear comrade might be washed ashore on some forsaken spot along the Atlantic Coast.

But it is not like Tish to despair, and finding that we had one rod remaining, she at once set about fishing for our breakfast, using the fiddler crabs which covered the beach. She had, indeed, just brought in a fair-sized sheepshead—a very succulent fish—and I was building a fire, when we heard violent sneezing down the beach and looked up to see Aggie, alive and in the flesh, gazing toward us. She was still wearing her life belt, and as she approached we saw that her usual friendly manner had changed.

"Aggie," I said, "how did you get here?"

"I just drifted id," she said. "And do thaks to either of you. To throw be overboard ad thed abadod be. I did'dt thik it of either of you."

Tish had been eying her.

"Nobody abandoned you," she said. "But you look abandoned all right. Where's your skirt?"

And it was then that Aggie burst into tears.

"A shark took it," she said, and collapsed onto the beach.

Well, she had really had a difficult time and had taken a bad cold into the bargain. She had floated around for some time, but she had got her chest full of water and couldn't call out. She heard the Monster swearing frightfully, and at last she heard him swimming, but then everything was quiet. The tarpon bothered her considerably, she said, because they took to jumping all around her and rather knocking her about. But she was really all right until some large fish—she thought a shark—took hold of her skirt and made off with it.

They had gone quite a distance before she managed to unfasten her skirt, but after that things were simpler. She found she was close to land, and at dawn she had succeeded, by using her arms as oars, in rowing herself in.

"But I wadt sobe tea," she said tearfully. "Sobe hot tea ad toast ad a boiled egg, Tish. I'b cold ad I'b puckered. Look at be."

And this was true. Due to her long immersion in the water her skin was in a wrinkled condition, like a laundress' hands.

I began at once to fry the fish, for, luckily, our cooking implements, some sugar, salt and pepper and a jar of salad dressing had been in the cabin and been saved. But it was sad to watch Aggie when we admitted that we had no gasoline, and were indeed marooned on the island for an indefinite period. Sadder still to admit that our food was gone and that there were no eggs and no tea.

"Of all the idiotic thigs!" she said angrily. "You might have sat od the food box, Lizzie. If I'b to be drowed all dight ad starved all day ——"

Then she stopped and stared up the beach.

"It's hib!" she said. "The Bodster!" And as she was practically unclothed, she had merely time to cover her lower limbs with sand before he was on us.

He was in a towering rage and he looked very queer. He had no coat and no shoes, and his necktie was hanging in a wet string around his neck. He was shouting at us long before he reached us, and he fixed on Tish at once.

"You—you menace!" he bellowed. "Look at me! Look at your work! I've lost my watch! I've lost my coat! I've lost my pipe and my tobacco. I've lost my boat and my fish and a thousand dollars on a bet; and I've nearly lost my life. Killing's too good for you! Torture! Torture's what you need!"

He stopped there for breath, and suddenly he saw the fish frying on the fire. That seemed to incense him still further.

"I'll have you jailed," he said in a choking voice. "You can all go to jail and rot. You not only leave me to drown; you come here and have a picnic on the strength of it. Well, go on and picnic! I'm going home."

And with that he waded out into the water and crawled into the boat.

"Now see how you like it!" he shouted. "Maybe I'll send back for you some day, and maybe I won't. Probably not. I've got a bad memory."

And with that he tried to start the engine.

He worked over it for twenty minutes without result, but Tish merely ignored him. We were already eating our frugal breakfast when at last he came ashore. He had the good taste to pass us by and go on, but he took a good look at the food, and I am certain that he hesitated.

"You'll hear from me later," he said, and disappeared along the beach.

We were all more cheerful after we had eaten, and Tish pointed out the advantages of our position.

"We have a case of bottled water," she said, "and if Charlie Sands is correct, there should be plenty of eggs buried along the shore. Also, as we shall need a balanced ration, the heart of a palm tree will provide an excellent salad, for which we have the dressing already prepared. Also we possess an ax to cut down the tree. Sorry as I am to destroy any tree, in this case the end must justify the means. We shall also have coconuts, as I observe a number of them over our heads."

"Exactly," said Aggie. "Over our heads. If you thik I'b goig to clibe ode of those trees, Tish Carberry ——"

Tish eyed the tree in question thoroughly.

"With coconut milk and eggs, we could have custard," she said. "There is sugar on the boat, and a bottle of vanilla extract. And if I am not mistaken, there is an oyster bar out there. Oysters, fish, salad and dessert—no, we shall not starve, Aggie."

The breakfast had heartened all of us, and as the warm sun came out even Aggie looked less puckered. But she missed her skirt horribly, and as she was threatened with a severe sunburn, she spent most of the morning in the water once more, standing there rather pathetically, waist-deep. It was not possible to seek shelter in the interior of the island, as we had early discovered that everything in it jagged, including the grass.

Later in the morning Tish and I made a tour of the island; Tish looking for various food possibilities, and I watching for a boat which might rescue us. This latter was but a faint hope, and it faded when at last, seeing a fishing boat, I waved wildly to it and the fisherman merely waved back cheerfully.

Curiously enough, we saw nothing of the Monster. This, however, was explained when, on our return, we found no sign whatever of Aggie, and that the Monster was seated by the remains of our fire with his head in his hands.

"Great heavens!" Tish gasped. "He's done away with her!"

But his expression as we approached was far from bloodthirsty. He looked up at us, and he was as dejected and sorry an object as I have ever laid eyes on.

"Look here," he said hollowly. "Maybe I've been a little hasty. Anyhow, you have got to give me some decent water. You've got some locked up in that boat."

"There's water on the island," Tish said coldly.

"That pond's full of wigglers, madam."

"Then strain it."

"Strain it? With what? I haven't even got a handkerchief. Am I to strain it through the seat of my trousers?"

"You needn't be vulgar," Tish reproved him. "For that matter, a few wigglers won't hurt you. And now I'll ask you to move on. We are only three weak women. You will have to shift for yourself."

"Shift for myself! Who brought me to this?" he said furiously. "And three weak women! Madam, if you'd been any weaker I'd not be alive this minute! I warn you, I'm desperate. I'm not safe. I need food and water, and I'm ready to break open that boat to get them."

"Give him the keys, Lizzie. You will find there," she said to him, "some sugar, salt and pepper, salad dressing and vanilla extract."

"Vanilla extract!" he groaned. "Yes, you'd be sure to have vanilla extract! What the devil am I to do with vanilla extract? I tell you, I need food."

(Continued on Page 129)

The battle of the Tube *vs.* Jar is going great guns

Opinions differ... Judgments clash in the $5,000.00 *Contest*

"The jar will win," predicts J. L. Warner, Assistant Treasurer.

"In spite of statistics and chemists the little blue jar has a firm place in the good graces of one million shaving men! I ask you to remember that when you make your predictions! The jar is still the favorite—and probably will remain so."

J. Leo Fay Warner

But Wm. M. Springer, Chief Chemist and Director of Research, supports the tube!

"Most Ingram users bought the jar because it brought them the cool comfort of better shaves! Now that Ingram's is available in the new tube my advice is that it will give the jar a stiff run even this year."

William Mose Springer

INGRAM'S $5,000.00 contest is as simple to enter—as free from red tape and bother—as an Ingram shave is *cool!* No slogans to write. No complicated rules to worry with. Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was placed on the market for the first time in a tube as well as a jar. Users now have their choice! The Director of Research thinks the tube will outsell the jar—but, as the Assistant Treasurer points out, the jar introduced Ingram's. And most Ingram users like it. In five years, with very little advertising, the jar has made Ingram's one of the largest-selling of all shaving creams in the world!

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

Now—with a new Ingram tube for men who prefer it, Ingram sales will climb still higher. They've already had a big increase! But which will appeal to most men? The jar? The tube? That's the question we want you to decide.

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize . . .	$1,000.00
Second prize . . .	$500.00
Third prize	$250.00
Next 325 prizes . *each*	$10.00

Have you ever tried Ingram's? It was the first of all *cool* shaving creams. Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, Ingram's tightens and tones the skin *while you shave.* You can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a 10-day supply of *cool* Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But, whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest today!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 233, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 233, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

Now for your picnics~there's this Special Lippincott Picnic Package

[for a limited time only]

at the special price of

33¢

WHAT could be more welcome for your summer-time picnics, your camping parties, your impromptu suppers than this picnic package of Lippincott Apple Butter and Lippincott Olives? Of course, a picnic without olives just wouldn't be a picnic, and certainly you must have something unusual for the sandwiches—so here you have just what you want—in a special "basket size"—all ready to take along.

Everybody knows that summer-time is picnic-time. And a fine time, we said to ourselves, for picnicking America to get a taste for these delicious Lippincott foods. So we went to your grocer and arranged with him to offer you this special package at the money-saving price of 33c.

In the Lippincott Apple Butter jar you will find a chocolaty, spicy conserve, with a tantalizing taste, to add new zest to your sandwiches. Serve it *au naturel* or combine it with meat or cheese or nuts, as directed in the recipe booklet enclosed with each picnic package.

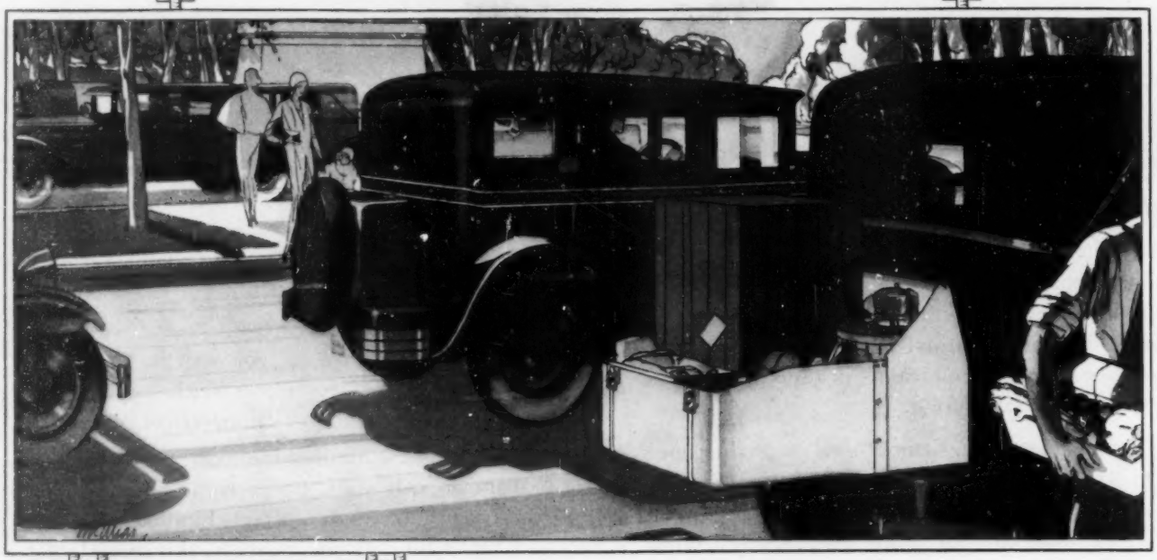
In the Lippincott Olive jar you will find pimento-stuffed olives, great big, meaty ones, with that crunchy, good, *good* taste—the kind you can never get enough of.

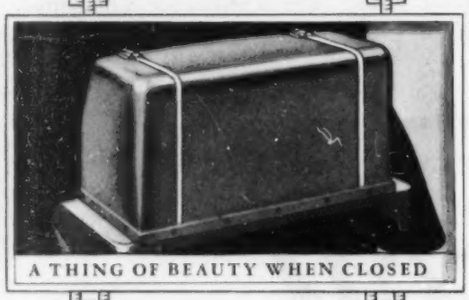
If you're the one who does the fixin' for the picnic, you'll want to call your grocer right now and tell him how many of these special Lippincott Picnic Packages you want. As you'd expect, this special offer *is* for a limited time. The Lippincott Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Lippincott

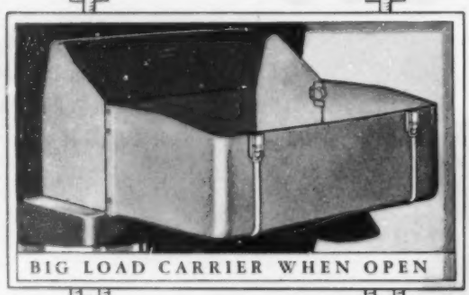
APPLE BUTTER · OLIVES ·
CHILI SAUCE · CATSUP ·
TOMATO PURÉE · PRESERVES ·
JELLIES · RELISH ·
MINCEMEAT

HERE are the jars in the Lippincott Picnic Package—reproduced in their actual size—Lippincott Apple Butter and Lippincott Stuffed Olives. And you know that the name Lippincott on the label means the very essence of goodness and wholesomeness.





A THING OF BEAUTY WHEN CLOSED



BIG LOAD CARRIER WHEN OPEN

Kari-Keen
MORE THAN A TRUNK

THE BAGGAGE CAR OF THE AUTOMOBILE

The aristocrat of toters

On every American boulevard the Kari-Keen is doing high service. The new model leaves no further excuse for crowding passenger space and ruining upholstery and carpets with bothersome baggage. It is so smart that it will grace any car, with its rounded corners and top, shapelier lines, bright chromium bands, and lacquer finish to match any car color. Deeper than before, this model will carry two full sized suitcases when closed and when open has a full nine square feet of extra luggage space. And it takes a four hundred pound load. Easy to operate. Easy to install. Easy on the family budget. Merchants, salesmen, tourists are buying them by the record-breaking thousands. Get yours today—from your motor car dealer.

Or write Kari-Keen Manufacturing Company, Sioux City, Iowa, or 680 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario. European agents, Melchior, Armstrong, Dessau Co., New York, London, Paris.

KARI-KEEN

(Continued from Page 124)

But Tish merely observed that the island was full of food and that he would better move on. We were about to get dinner. He stared at us queerly and got up.

"Very well," he said. "I'll move on, all right. I'll feel safer alone. There's an alligator on the other side of the island, and I'd rather have him for company, anyhow."

Before he left he asked humbly enough for a few matches.

"For what?" Tish demanded.

"To light a fire, madam. A fire's cheerful. James and I would enjoy a fire. James is the alligator. For warmth only, of course. We have nothing to cook."

All this had taken some time; and when he had gone our poor Aggie emerged from the undergrowth as if she had been fired out of a gun. She said she had at last found a tree trunk to sit on and, being weary after her night's exertion, had dozed lightly. When she wakened, however, a large rattlesnake was sleeping on the tree trunk beside her, and for some time she had not dared to move.

She was quite tremulous, and while Tish and I prepared our midday meal she interred herself once more in the sand and was fairly comfortable, although she complained that a number of small fiddler crabs, appreciating the warmth of her body, were cuddling against her.

Luncheon, always a light meal with us, consisted largely of the delicious stone crabs which were buried along a certain mangrove bank. These Tish brought in, and when boiled and cooled, the claws, with a French dressing, made a delightful meal, and afterward Tish and I left the camp to find, if possible, a coconut or two on the ground.

We were gone for some hours, and I rather blame ourselves than Aggie for what happened. As we have repeatedly explained to Charlie Sands, Aggie's situation was indeed desperate. Not only did she feel indecent but, what with mosquitoes and sunburn, her lower limbs were in a highly painful condition. As a matter of fact, the Monster was left in no worse condition than hers had been.

It happened as follows: Tish and I were returning, when we saw a strange figure on the beach. It was not the Monster, being much shorter, but it wore trousers, and Tish at once said that we were saved.

"They have found us, Lizzie," she said. "There is a boy coming to get us."

But I was not so certain. There was something familiar about the walk, and in truth it turned out to be Aggie, clad in the Monster's trousers.

"Aggie!" Tish said sternly. "If you have made friends with that Monster, that wretch, that unspeakable individual, then ——"

But Aggie, who had been sneezing violently with excitement, shook her head.

"Hardly freds, Tish," she said. "He's too far out to hear much, but sobe of the thigs he's called be are terrible."

"Out where?"

"Od the oyster bar."

Well, it appears that hardly had we started than the Monster appeared again, and Aggie had to retire into the bushes. This time, however, she escaped snakes by climbing a tree, and from there she saw all that happened.

The Monster dug around our ashes, and finding the shells of the claws, began to examine them feverishly. But he found nothing, and he then sat down and stared fixedly out to sea. After a time he apparently noticed the oyster bar and in a moment, and to her consternation, he was taking off his trousers. Clad thus, in his fishing shirt and underwear, he at once waded out to the bar and began to detach oysters and, breaking them open, to eat them in great numbers. Now and then he looked back at the beach, but, as he saw no one, he must have felt safe.

But Aggie was struggling against temptation. There on the sand in full view lay protection for her lower limbs, lay warmth at night and decency by day; and at last she succumbed.

Tish was thoughtful during this recital.

"I see no objection," she said at last, "to an equal distribution; to a day-about arrangement, for example. You have them one day and he the next. If he has any sense of fairness whatever, he will agree. After all, you are a woman. Where is he?"

"He's still od the bar, ad the tide is cobig id."

This proved to be accurate. Indeed, when, after spending some time looking for a palm tree which would be available for salad, we reached our camp again, only his head was above water. But he could still speak. Never in my life, before or since, have I heard such language. Aggie stood with her hands in his pockets and gazed out at him.

"He cad swib," she said. "It's only false pride, Tish. He'd let be go about exposed id a bathig suit, but he's too proud to be seed id his shirt. He's got udderwear, too, which I hadd't."

Well, the tide was still coming in, and finally he did swim to shore, landing at some distance away on a point. There he stood for some time, shaking his fists at us and apparently jumping up and down; but at last he turned and went away, and we were left to peace and a beautiful sunset.

With the coconut milk and some turtle eggs which we found buried in the sand, I was able to prepare a very fair omelet for dinner, serving it in the large shells which were scattered over the beach, and as Tish had managed to cut down a young palm, Aggie chilled a salad dressing for it in the sea. Also by grating the coconut into some of its own milk, we had a truly delicious drink, and thus fed and comfortable, we slept very well.

But as I have said, coconut gives me indigestion, and toward daybreak it roused me. The night had turned cold and there was quite a wind.

I sat up, and in the starlight I saw a strange and desperate figure. It was bending over Aggie!

With a shriek I roused the others, and the figure quickly departed. We felt, however, that it was not fair to Aggie to sleep again, and we kept watch until morning.

The next two days passed without incident. Our diet, although monotonous, was plentiful, and was varied by a school of mackerel which came in close to shore. With her usual consideration, however, Tish insisted that we leave the beach each afternoon, to allow the Monster to reach the oyster bar; and she also was careful to leave the salt and pepper where he could see them.

It was on the third day, I believe, that he seemed to tire of the oysters. Returning a little earlier than usual, we were in time to see him reach the bar and stand there for some time, looking down at the oysters. Then he seemed to shake his head in a melancholy manner, and he turned and waded back without touching any of them.

Tish, observing him narrowly, commented on the fact that this process was carried through in silence.

"He is growing gentler," she observed. "He no longer leaps and shouts. In a few hours he will be open to negotiations."

The nature of the negotiations she did not divulge, but I desire to call attention to the shrewdness of that prophecy. It was, indeed, but a few hours; at the time of our evening meal, in fact.

We were eating an excellent supper at the time, and his voice, when it came, showed that he was sheltered in underbrush behind us.

"Ladies," he said, "things being as they are, I must ask you not to look around. But I have come to appeal to your better natures. I shall not mention the affair of my trousers. It is a delicate matter. But I have come to speak of food. I find that I am surfeited, fed up, with oysters. Today it was all I could do to face that bar. Once I was fond of oysters, but that is gone. Gone forever."

He seemed to shudder, and Aggie looked at me pitifully. She is very sympathetic. But Tish was uncompromising.

"Lizzie, I'll have a little more of the boiled mackerel," she said, and proceeded to eat it calmly.

"It's like this," he went on in a plaintive voice: "I apologize for everything. Only don't ask me to face that oyster bar again."

"It's your stomach that speaks, not your heart," said Tish firmly.

He seemed to be surprised at that.

"My heart?" he inquired. "What's my heart got to do with it? You don't expect me to be sorry for those damned oysters, do you?"

And then Tish told him certain uncomplimentary truths.

"You've been a violent man all your life, probably," she said. "A nuisance and a pest. It is likely that you have had money, and that your employes cringe when they confront you. . . . Aggie, I'll have the salad now, please. . . . Yes, undoubtedly they hate you as well as fear you. And you're a bully; your own daughter ——"

"What do you know about my daughter?" he asked in amazement.

"Enough. I know that she is in love, and that you have thwarted that love. Your conduct has indeed been brutal. She is broken-hearted."

He was silent for a moment or so, and I remember now that he seemed almost too astonished to speak.

"In love?" he said at last. "Are you sure of that?"

"She has told me so."

"Curious," he observed. "I didn't know you knew her. I thought the young man—but never mind about that. I don't suppose you intend to starve me to death as well as steal my pants because my daughter's in love?"

"We might make a reasonable arrangement," Tish told him, "while the dessert is being brought on."

He groaned, and I could fairly feel his eyes boring into me as I carried a caramel custard from the fire.

"Is that a custard?" he asked.

"Yes."

"A caramel custard?"

"It is," Tish told him.

He sighed deeply.

"I used to be fond of caramel custard," he said. "Very fond. It was my favorite dessert. But that was years ago, before I was cast away on an island with three ——"

"Three what?" Tish demanded.

"Never mind about that," he said hastily. "You mentioned an arrangement. What is it? I'm only a weak man, and I dare say I'll sell my immortal soul, let alone my daughter, for a square meal. For a square meal and my trousers," he added.

But here Aggie wailed, and Tish firmly stated that the trousers were not to be bargained about. She demanded, and he finally agreed, that he consent to his daughter's engagement and that he abide by this agreement.

"Go back, send for the man, and give your daughter to him," she said. "That agreement finally drawn and placed in Miss Aggie's pocket ——"

"My pocket," he interrupted.

"—— we shall be able to discuss rates for board. Lodging, unfortunately, we cannot offer."

"Rates! You're going to charge me?"

"Why not?" said Tish placidly. "I have certain charities, and the funds shall go to them. Breakfast and lunch will be twenty-five dollars, and dinner fifty. If that is all right with you, you can stand behind that tree and we will pass your dinner to you now. There is plenty here."

Well, he carried on dreadfully—far worse than about his daughter—but in the end he agreed, and while Tish was writing the agreement I prepared his meal. I made a tray out of the engine hatch cover, and was about to carry it to him when Tish interfered.

"Payment in advance," she said. "Aggie, take fifty dollars off the roll of bills in your pocket ——"

"My pocket," he said again.

"—— and give them to me. All right, Lizzie."

$5 PRICE CUT

LORRAINE

DRIVING LIGHT

FULL 6" LAMP-HEAD

20% price cut

model 20 formerly model 25 priced at $25

now model 20 priced at $20

Here's a good reason for specifying Lorraine when you order the new car. A $5 reduction in price! Now Lorraine Model 20 at $20 matches price as it has always out-matched value.

Lorraine was the first genuine inside controllable driving light for automobiles. People said good-bye to "spotlights." Only relics of bicycle days. They saw how useful, how beautiful a real driving light could be when seriously designed and made by modern brains and ability.

Even car manufacturers were glad. Now, they said, headlights will be asked to do only the job they're intended for. To flood-light a short distance ahead. Leave long-range, flexible, emergency lighting to Lorraine. And they have.

See your car dealer or the nearest Lorraine station listed in the classified 'phone book.

Take advantage of the $5 cut on Model 20. For big cars we suggest Model 35 at $35. For Chevrolet or Ford, Model 15 at $15.

LORRAINE CORPORATION
Division of Van Sicklen Corporation
ELGIN, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Bonderized

- no rust

"WHAT'S under the enamel?" —that is the question you will reasonably ask when you buy your next car.

For Bonderite has made *sensational changes* in automobile manufacturing methods—and is also being adopted by builders of refrigerators, metal furniture, and other products *where protection against rust and the preservation of the final finish is essential to your satisfaction as an owner.*

Bonderizing is a chemical process, quick in application, efficient, and low in cost. Bonderite holds paint to steel. It is a Parker product for use only under paint, enamel or lacquer.

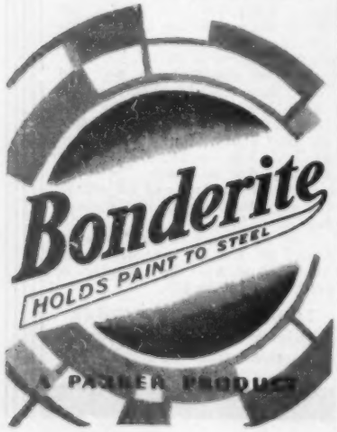
Paints are intended to beautify and protect—Bonderite gives protection and permanency to these outer coatings.

Any manufacturer can equip to apply Bonderite by installing a processing tank of proper size to handle his production. It may be used by the large or small producer with equally good results and economy.

Send for your copy of "Bonderite and Enamel" and get the complete story.

PARKER RUST-PROOF COMPANY
2175 Milwaukee Avenue
DETROIT, MICH.

"Parkerizing is rust-proofing"
"Bonderizing holds paint to steel"



I never knew a man to eat so much, and, strangely enough, when he had finished we heard him laughing. He sat back there in the darkness and laughed and laughed, and I must say it made me creepy.

"Ladies," he said, "I bow to you. Were conditions other than they are I would emerge and kneel to you. For sheer high-handed banditry you have the world beaten by a mile, and as for cooking —— You've robbed me of my daughter, of my money and of my pants—and, by gad, I'm for you. If any of you ever wants a newspaper job, come to me."

And even then we did not realize the awful truth! Not even when we were rescued from the island the next day, nor when, within the next twenty-four hours, we received a telegram from Charlie Sands calling Tish home at once.

FOR GOSH SAKE COME HOME AND EXPLAIN WIRE FROM BOSS STOP SITUATION TERRIBLE STOP DON'T WANT THE GIRL AND NEVER DID STOP WHAT HAS HAPPENED

We had spent the intervening time in bed and had seen no one, and now we packed hastily and prepared to go immediately. None of us was surprised to see Lily and her young man at the dock, and as he had his arm around her, we knew that everything was as we had planned. But we were a little surprised at a few words which passed between Lily and Tish just before the boat started.

"Did you hear the news?" she said. "Everything's all right."

Tish smiled at her benignantly.

"I am very glad," she said. "We had to use a little moral suasion, but it has worked out perfectly."

Lily looked a trifle bewildered.

"Really?" she said. "I thought it was because he had caught a diamond-button tarpon."

Then the boat moved out and we were left to consider Charlie Sands' telegram. We could make nothing of it, however, nor of Charlie Sands' wild expression when we got out of the train.

"Quick!" he said. "Out with it! What in the name of gosh a'mighty have you done to me?"

"Don't be an idiot," said Tish. "What could we have done to you?"

Well, he looked fairly stupefied.

"You're sure of that, are you? You don't know anything and you didn't do anything?"

"We have done a number of things, but none that concerns you or your affairs."

"And you didn't see the boss?"

"Certainly not."

Well, he seemed stunned. He drew a telegram out of his pocket and handed it to us. It said:

CERTAINLY YOU MAY HAVE HER MY BOY STOP HAD NO IDEA THAT IT WAS SO SERIOUS STOP GOOD LUCK TO YOU

"I've wired back for a confirmation," he said dejectedly, "but it's 'her,' not 'it.' He doesn't mean the job; he means his daughter, Clara."

"Tish," said Aggie suddenly, "you don't suppose ——"

But Tish silenced her with a look, and we went into the station.

I have related this series of incidents as they occurred, and in the hope that Charlie Sands will read them without bias. He has never been really fair to us, although, after all, Clara eloped with somebody else a few days later. But he did not get the job, and he has always for some reason held it against us. Especially Aggie.

"A woman who will steal a man's only pair of trousers will do anything."

Also it appears that just as soon as Clara had eloped he sent the boss a keg of very fine oysters, and that when they were opened in his presence he turned pale and ordered them out of the office.

"I don't know why," he says. "He used to like oysters. But that very day he gave another chap the job."

But he also says that he is much changed, and that he has ordered that every man on the staff buy two pairs of trousers with every suit. It has become a sort of mania with him.

"A man without trousers is worse than a woman without virtue," he told them. "For one is wicked, but the other is ridiculous."

But he has never told the story, nor have we until now, and that without using his name. As a matter of fact, he asked us not to do so, and that in the following manner: Although we have not related this to Charlie Sands, the boss sent Tish that very keg of oysters, and with it a card on which was written: "The oyster has a mouth, but does not talk."

THE SANDS RUN SWIFTLY

(Continued from Page 37)

Lucius Brandon would bob up again somewhere along my life line," he said. "They resent me. They feel enmity toward me. And to think that both of them were once on my pay roll! Lucius means to get his own back some day. Yes, yes, go on."

"The girl's name is Mary McHugh. Her sister—the fourth from this end—is Berenice Di Costi." At this Miss Smith's eyes twinkled a bit.

"Showing," said Randy, "the respective merits of the players."

"Mary McHugh went to work Thursday. She has not returned to the room the sisters occupy. If it were Berenice, I might cock a skeptical brow, but Mary was a plodding young person of regular habits and serious outlook. And there were attendant circumstances."

"Such as?"

"When the girls get a rest, Berenice will tell you."

"And how do you appear in this picture? Whence this wide acquaintance with chorus ladies and vanishing stenographers? How do you manage always to be at the seat of the alarum and the excursion?"

"Sheer genius," said Miss Smith. "I was born with it."

An intermission came suddenly and tired legs carried the dancers to chairs upon which they threw themselves with sighs of relief. The fourth young woman from the end sank upon the chair next Miss Smith, who presented her to Randy.

"Now, please, tell about Mary," she directed.

"She went out as usual in the morning, and that's all. I telephoned Mr. Van Cost, who says she did not come to the office that day. Other girls there say she didn't come. There's been no word of her since."

"And these curious attendant circumstances of which Miss Smith spoke?" prompted Randy.

"You'd have to know Mary to understand. She was a kind of a placid person—no kick to her, if you get what I mean. Just went along kind of contented. But she's been worried for a week. And once or twice she started to say something ——"

"What?" asked Randy.

"Something like: 'Oh, I wish I knew what I ought to do!' Like that, as if she had something on her mind; and once she said something about, if a person finds out something, what had she ought to do about it."

"Enlightening," said Randy. "The inference being that your sister had acquired a bit of information she wished she had done without. And she was afraid."

"Not exactly afraid," said Berenice. "More as if she was all steamed up about what she ought to do. If she ought to spill the beans, you know, or something like that."

"A matter of ethics, eh?"

"What's ethics?"

"We'll let that slide. And you're sure Mary has not gone out to play?"

"Not Mary!"

"You're very positive."

"I ought to be. I live with her. Say, the chances she turns down to have a good time! No sugar for Mary! The boy friends passed her up long ago as a blank. Simply ridic. Mary wouldn't neck with the Prince of Wales if he showed up in a plush coat."

"You make your sister very clear to me," Randy said. "Is this all the evidence?"

"All," said Miss Smith.

"Police notified?"

"Nix on the cops," said Berenice sharply.

"Ah," said Randy, "to be dealt with privately. And perhaps that is best. Run along, Berenice, teacher's calling."

"And the show must go on," said Miss Smith a bit wistfully.

"Do we have to stay here?" asked Randy. "It's distracting. If they'd tune the piano!"

"Then come. I might let you take me to luncheon. Do you know, I've a feeling that Mary McHugh is only a minor element in this matter."

"She looks to me like a symptom," said Randy. "Let's go and diagnose."

In twenty minutes they were seated in a pleasant eating place and their order was being taken. When the waiter went about his business, Randy leaned across the table.

"Thank you," he said gravely.

"For what?"

"Thinking of me."

She smiled. "Get what satisfaction you may from that," she said. "It seemed to me you ought to know."

"Why me?"

"You know as well as I."

"Yes," he said, "but I like to hear your voice. It's a nice voice. It fits the rest of you, which, also, is nice. The *tout ensemble* is swell. Each separate fragment is grand."

"We were speaking of Mary McHugh," said Miss Smith.

"Always discouraging! When do I get a half hour to do my best? I've things to say to you. I've wonderful thoughts to describe, and poetic hopes and fancies to depict. I've high-class courting to do, and the busy sign is always on the door."

"Courting? Careful, you'll commit yourself. And you as good as engaged to Patricia de Senlis!"

He spread his hands in a gesture of surrender. "Very well, then; to our muttons. The idea being that Mary McHugh, being in the employ of the said Norton Van Cost, did then and there, without malice aforethought, come into possession of some fact or occurrence which upset her apple cart."

"Precisely."

"And that the said Van Cost, being who and what he is, was apt to be concerned with a fact upon which the sun could not shine without disastrous effect."

"You reason well, young sir."

"And furthermore, as the song goes, that Van Cost, being the jackal of Lucius Brandon, might conceivably be planning something with Lucius not clement for the community at large."

"Or some member of it in particular."

"Meaning none other than myself. And hence the chocolate-colored cupid."

"It is common knowledge in the Street that Brandon grows apoplectic when your name is mentioned. Also it is common rumor that you are a footless young man, addicted to light pleasures and devices, who will one day come what the gentlemen refer to as a cropper."

"A lamb for the shearing. With Brandon and Van Cost handling the shears."

She leaned back and pursed her lips. "Isn't it about time you got rid of Smithfield Wagg and gave some attention to your affairs?"

"What is so rare as a day in June?" he asked. "July is coming, and August, and

(Continued on Page 133)

Not as romantic, perhaps, as the old Overland Express, but many times swifter and safer are today's transcontinental caravans — made of steel, by steel, powered through steel, rolling with surety and safety on steel rails. Without steel, development of efficient transportation, which has so vitally benefited our nation, would have been seriously retarded.

ALL . . . STEEL

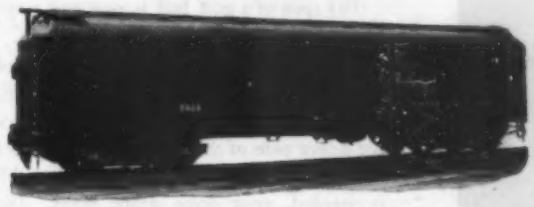
is another way to say "SAFETY"

THE bone and sinew of nearly all modern construction of any consequence—of buildings, ships, railroad cars, automobiles —is steel. There can be no compromise with safety.

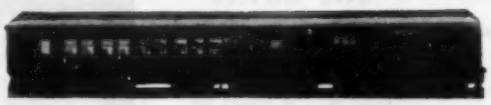
Steel, in general, has every needed qualification for the tasks at hand. This is especially true of copper alloyed steel, which generously contributes to the safety of everything constructed of it, and adds practical permanence as well. COP-R-LOY is a copper alloyed steel largely prescribed by those who have gotten to the bottom of the metal problems. It is used for steel lath and accessories, for sheet metal work of all kinds, including roofing, for bodies of cars, for piping, for railroad tie-plates and spikes, and for the manufacture of many sheet metal products of universal use. *Because* it complies with rigid specifications for performance under constant use and exposure.

The plumbing, heating and refrigerating industries use COP-R-LOY Pipe to deliver added savings through long life at lowest cost. You can enjoy these benefits of this modern copper alloyed steel by selecting COP-R-LOY Pipe for your home, and by asking wherever possible for the things made of COP-R-LOY which manufacturers identify by the small green label. Write for a booklet which will give you the full story of this important step in the metallurgy of steel.

One of the 100 new cars made for Detroit's Department of Street Railways by the Perley A. Thomas Car Works, High Point, N. C. Besides superior durability, COP-R-LOY insures better appearance through ability to provide a firm bond for paint.

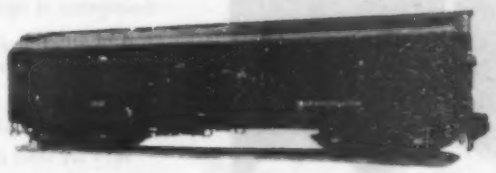


Type of modern steel cars built for leading railroad companies by the Pressed Steel Car Company, Pittsburgh, Penna., utilizing plates of COP-R-LOY, *the Copper Alloyed Steel.*



National Steel Car Corporation, Hamilton, Ontario, utilizes sheets of COP-R-LOY, *the Copper Alloyed Steel, for the manufacture of cars such as this combination Baggage and Smoking Car.*

A Refrigerator Car for one of our largest railroads made by the General American Tank Car Corporation, East Chicago, Ind. COP-R-LOY *in Plates, Sheets and Pipe, used for this and many other types of car construction.*



Save with Steel

Reg. U. S. WHEELING STEEL Pat. Off.

Fifteen of nine hundred all-steel box cars constructed with COP-R-LOY *Plates for a large railroad company by The Ralston Steel Car Company, Columbus, Ohio.*

WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION, Wheeling, West Virginia

Subsidiary Companies: Wheeling Corrugating Company Consolidated Expanded Metal Companies The Tyler Tube and Pipe Company Ackermann Manufacturing Company Wheeling Steel Corporation of Tennessee Wheeling Steel Corporation of Texas Consumers Mining Company Pitt Iron Mining Company LaBelle Coke Company

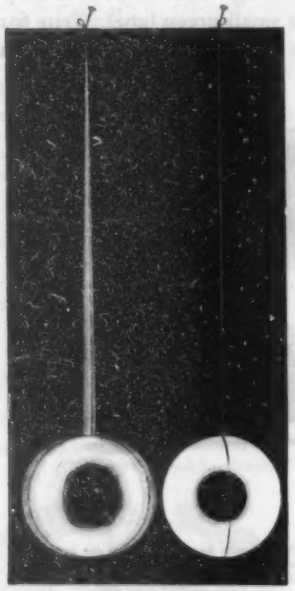
Manufacturers of Bessemer and Open Hearth Steel, Plates, Sheets, Tin Plate, Lithographed Plate, Pipe, Boiler Tubes, Rods, Wire, Cut Nails, Wire Nails, Roofings, Fence, Range Boilers, Tanks, Steel Barrels, Sheet Steel Products for Building and for the Home, Farm and Factory

COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

"Now golfers ... which wheel will spin longer?"



THE SPIN TEST

The X-Ray tells the story. Verify it yourself with the spin test. Tie ball with slip-noose to three-foot length of thread. Twirl ball to twist thread. Steady against swinging. Release. Ball on left is off-center. It wobbles and causes thread to vibrate. Ball on right is true-center, and thread does not vibrate.

NATURALLY, the wheel with its axle in the exact center will spin longer than the one with an off-center axle. It's just a simple question of the balancing of weight.

The spin of a golf ball is not one single bit different! When you hit a ball clean, it is given backspin. And it is the duration of this spin that governs the distance and direction of your drive.

But, if the weight of the ball is not in the exact center, the ball will act just like the wheel with an off-center axle. Every time the heavy side of the ball spins from the bottom up to the top, the spin will lose some of its force from this drag. When spinning is retarded, your drive drops short. (See flight diagram and description at right.)

And on the green, an off-center ball will make your best calculated putts miss.

Every "U. S." Ball has a perfect true-center. That's why more golfers are choosing them than ever before!

Why are sales of "U. S." Golf Balls increasing faster than those of any other make today? Why are "U. S." Balls being chosen and recommended by more pros this year than ever before?

There can be only one answer: "U. S." Golf Balls are absolutely true-center balls. They are made by an exclusive process which scientifically assures you of true-center in every "U. S." Ball. Their manufacture is controlled and scientifically checked at every step—the United States Rubber Company is the only manufacturer in this country that makes a golf ball from start to finish.

Try a "U. S." Royal, Tiger, or 444 this week-end. They are perfect, true-center, true-flying, true-putting golf balls.

FLIGHT DIAGRAM

A clean-hit ball is given underspin. Underspin forms an air-cushion under the ball and a vacuum above, causing it to lift itself in flight. Distance depends on the duration of this spin. If the ball is off-center, it wobbles—the air-cushion is dissolved, the spin is retarded and your drive is robbed of its legitimate distance.

THE ROYAL

No ball is longer than the "U. S." Royal. A perfect true-center ball that gives full justice to your shots. Mesh or recess, plain or colored dot marking. New 1.68 or present 1.62 sizes. Price 75¢.

•

THE TIGER

The "U. S." Tiger's smooth, circle-marked cover gives it tremendous run and perfect putting. It rolls like a billiard ball. A true-center ball, of course. Price 75¢.

•

THE 444

The "U. S." true-center 444 is what is commonly known as a "tough-cover" ball. It is wound somewhat looser than the Royal. Offers the utmost resistance to cutting. Mesh or recess, plain or colored dot marking, new 1.68 or present 1.62 sizes. Price 75¢.

"U.S." TRUE CENTER Golf Balls

Product of the United States Rubber Company

WE ALSO MAKE THE FAIRWAY—THE BEST AND LARGEST-SELLING FIFTY-CENT BALL ON THE MARKET. PLAY A NEW FAIRWAY INSTEAD OF A "SECOND" OR DOUBTFUL "REPAINT." © 1930, U.S.R. Co.

(Continued from Page 130)

even November. The rare days will be fewer and spaced more widely apart. Let me have my June."

"There are plenty of bets in the Street that you won't have anything left by July," she said gravely.

"Would you care?" he asked.

"I would dislike to see an amiable young man lose his warm coat," she said.

"Then," he answered, "I guess I'll keep it—to warm both of us."

"*Verboten!*" she said briefly.

"In spite of the eulogies," said Randy with a shrug of discouragement, "Mary McHugh may have gone away with the young man of her fancies."

"Possible."

"She may have gone of her own free will, because she was alarmed at what she knew."

"Right."

"She may have been hired to go away."

"Or?"

"She may have been placed temporarily where her knowledge can cause no grief."

"And finally?" asked Miss Smith.

"I doubt if there is a finally, provided Van Cost engineered this bit. Nothing worse than a temporary expedient. He's not the young man to be permanent and risk the electric gadget up the river."

"We're making no progress sitting here," she said decisively.

"I'm not so sure. A body has to look before he leaps."

"You've looked plenty," she said, and Randy noticed that she colored a trifle under his eyes, "so please go and do some leaping."

"When and where do I report progress?"

"Is that necessary? I'm content to withdraw and leave the matter to you. That is what they call confidence."

"Thanks for the flowers, but I'd rather have bread and butter."

"If you don't go," she said firmly, "I'll snatch back the bouquet." Then her manner became less unpromising: "I've not been so hard to find, have I?"

"On which high note of hope," he said, "we arise."

"Good luck," she said, "and the usual promise not to follow or have me followed. And thank you."

He watched her walk daintily down the street and then took a taxi to his home, where he went at once to the telephone.

"Let me speak to Major Somers," he said when his number was given him, and then: "Somers? Randy Hyde speaking. I want to know within the hour what stocks Lucius Brandon has been buying or selling, or what property. I want to know what he has been up to for a month past. Who is he dickering with, and about what?"

"As it happens, I can tell you in a general way. We are assembling certain natural-gas and electric properties in the Southwest and I ran on his trail. He seems to have been buying natural-gas fields right and left—properties we have investigated and turned down as dubious."

"In what locality?"

"Various localities, but always handy to lands or properties controlled by the Southwest Gas and Electric Company."

"Which," said Randy, and surprised his auditor, "we have got to take over to make our own holding company effective." This was information which the major fancied was not known outside the circle of Randy's trustees.

"Exactly," said the major, concealing his astonishment.

"As I understand it, the Southwest Company will be indispensable to us."

"It will, and I hope to be able to report very shortly that we have acquired it on a reasonable basis."

"It belongs now to Commodore Twelvetowns, does it not?"

"Lock, stock and barrel. He is the greatest individual owner of independent utilities in the country."

"I know him. A splendid old man. I've always admired him."

"And properly so," said the major. "His twin daughters are about to be married."

"Ah," said Randy, and then: "I think possibly I shall call to offer my felicitations."

There was a moment of perturbed silence. "I hope, however," said the major, "you will not mention this transaction."

"You would be surprised if you knew how ignorant I am of the very existence of such a thing," Randy said. "Thank you."

He rang off, and, presently, in his proper person and in his own town car, with one guard beside the chauffeur and two following in a second car, he had himself driven downtown to the huge building in which Commodore Twelvetowns kept his offices.

No matter how busy one may be, he does not refuse admission to a Randy Hyde. The owner of as many millions as were his finds that doors open before him instantly, and that lesser mortals are jostled aside to suit his convenience. So it was that he stepped at once into the commodore's paneled private office.

"Why, Randy," exclaimed the old gentleman genially, "what can I do for you?"

Randy smiled boyishly and his eyes lighted with genuine admiration as they rested upon the splendid, dignified face of the old capitalist. It was a face which spoke eloquently; it told of a fine mind within, motivated by honor and justice. It told of a good life, pleasantly lived in conscious rectitude. But now, as Randy scrutinized it, it told of something less pleasant. There was a look of heaviness, almost of illness. There was a haunted, worried, troubled expression, hidden but indifferently.

"I don't think, sir, you can do anything. I was passing. It occurred to me to pay my respects."

"A charming thought," said the commodore, and then his eyes traveled away with a strange flickering, almost a flinching, and he sighed.

"My father, sir," said Randy, "used to say to me that he hoped I might become such a man as you are." He smiled again in his charming way. "So, really, I've come to study my part."

The old gentleman leaned forward. "Randy," he said, "it is a fine reward, at the end of a long life, to sit alone and be able to say to yourself honestly: 'I have tried to deal honorably and with justice, and, in the main, I have succeeded.' As one nears the end, it is a comfort to examine one's life and to know, even with all the errors and mistakes and weaknesses no man may escape, that one has never consciously, or deliberately, or maliciously, injured another."

"Indeed, sir, I believe you."

"And, Randy, it must be inexpressibly bitter to come face to face with the inevitability of leaving that long life tainted and stained. The scores of years of rectitude would be forgotten, and only the blot be remembered."

"Such a worry is not for you, commodore."

"It might be for any one of us. I don't know why I speak so to you, my boy. But your face is fresh and young, and the road is all before you—leading to what destination? I speak, I think, in the hope that you never will face the most dreadful of all dilemmas—an emergency in which you must choose between the commission of a dishonorable act to save your name from blackness, or the saving of your honor by letting yourself be dishonored."

Randy frowned. "I'm not sure I understand, sir. It has the sound of blackmail."

The old gentleman flinched and his ruddy cheeks took on a tinge of grayness. "I hope such a decision never confronts you or me," he said. Then, with a gesture of throwing back his wide shoulders and of confronting an enemy, he smiled. "I am losing my daughters," he said, "but, happily, am finding two fine sons."

"I hope they will be very happy, sir." He arose. "I mustn't fritter away time as valuable as yours. But I should like, some evening, to call upon you in your home."

"Welcome always, Randy. But the young do not find much pleasure in the company of the old."

"I trust," Randy said, "that when I come we shall each be very glad to see the other."

The commodore looked at him strangely. "Come soon," he said, "or it may be too late. The sands"—he paused and his eyes darkened—"the sands run swiftly."

Randy left the office and remained standing for more than a moment in the street; his face was set and his lips compressed. "So that is the way of it?" he said to himself. "And the fine old fellow sees no way out but to help the sands to run faster!" He stepped briskly to his car. "What does that McHugh girl know?" he asked, and then: "She's the key to the cipher, and I must move rapidly or it will be too late."

As he rode, Randy considered the characters of the men, Van Cost and Brandon. The younger man, the jackal, was adroit, circuitous, cautious; Brandon preferred the bludgeon. If Van Cost had handled the matter of the disappearance of the McHugh girl, it would be with attention to detail; if, however, the necessity for her removal from the scene had arisen suddenly, then Brandon had acted, and he would act with directness and clumsy vigor. There would be no subterfuges or plottings, but a sort of bull charge, head down, regardless of all but the direct object in view. As Randy considered the matter so far as it was clear to him, he believed there had arisen a sudden emergency. The McHugh girl had been discovered listening or, foolishly, had blurted out the fact of her possession of knowledge.

Then Van Cost would have endeavored to blandish or to purchase her. Randy wished he knew the girl, so that he would have basis for a guess as to her behavior. But he had only the picture painted by her sister, which indicated a simple, diligent, sensible girl whose conscience kept her from the pleasurable paths trodden by her chorus-girl sister. If this analysis were correct, then she would not be open to easy purchase or cajolement, and Lucius Brandon's impatience would have taken charge of the matter.

The McHugh girl had left her room to go to the office in the morning, but she never had arrived at the office. Hence she had been intercepted between her home and the elevators of the building in which Brandon's offices were located. That had been on Thursday, and today was Monday.

Randy spoke to his driver. "The Utilities Building, please," he said.

At the door of this building a uniformed doorman opened the door of Randy's car, and Randy, to his astonishment, handed him a dollar and in the process of transfer dropped sundry small change to the sidewalk. For this the doorman scrambled, and Randy thanked him humorously—all of which gave excuse for a moment's conversation.

"Thank you," he said. "I hope everyone who comes here isn't so much of a nuisance."

The elderly man shook his head. "You'd be surprised what they ask you to do, sir. But, of course, I ain't allowed to leave my post. I could be running my legs off all day long."

"Are you on duty all day long?"

"Every day but Sunday for three years," said the man proudly. "I ain't missed one."

"Three years! I suppose you know every tenant in the building."

"And more besides." The man enjoyed an interlude of loquacity. "Us doormen get to know all the tenants and most of the people that work here, and you wouldn't believe what all besides. All we got to do is open doors and think. You get so you remember. A man doesn't have to come here more'n twice before I know who he is, and if he wasn't to come again for six months I'd remember him."

"I'll venture you even recognize their cars."

"Yes, indeedy."

"I wonder if I can catch you. Um. . . . What sort of car does Mr. Brandon use?"

(Continued on Page 137)

EXTRA
protection
EXTRA
convenience

at NO extra cost

When your milk is delivered to you in bottles capped with the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP, you not only enjoy a fuller measure of protection of the milk's purity, freshness and sweetness, but also the added feature of convenience in handling—all of which costs you nothing extra.

The idea will appeal to you instantly. So simple and easy—because of PERFECTION'S exclusive *hinged* feature! A slight pull on the tab opens the *hinged* flap part way for pouring. Gentle pressure seals the bottle as tightly as before. The *only* cap that you never need remove from bottle!

No prying open with unsanitary instrument—no splash and waste of rich top cream!

Thousands of modern dairies and dealers all over the United States have adopted this safer, cleaner, more convenient way of capping. If yours hasn't, let us send you *A MONTH'S SUPPLY FREE*. Once you've tried it you will quickly urge him to adopt it. Mail coupon below—today!

PERFECTION
PULL and HINGE CAP
A month's supply
For safety and convenience, try a 30 days' supply of Perfection Caps, at our expense. Mail this coupon.
FREE

THE SMITH-LEE CO., INC., Oneida, New York
Please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps, FREE.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Canadian Manufacturers: THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

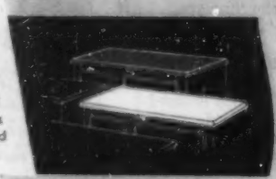
Coldial—for faster freezing of ice cubes and desserts . . . instantly accessible . . . provides seven freezing speeds. Standard on all Copeland household models.

Lighted Interior—assists in placing and removing foods . . . fitted with handy outside switch and indicator to show when light is on, standard on de luxe models.

WATER CHILLER

The exclusive Copeland system for cooling drinking water. Large reservoir with accessible filler and faucet. Standard on de luxe models; optional on other models.

Double-Depth Dessert Drawer—provides, in a single drawer, abundant space for freezing desserts, or making extra ice cubes . . . one or more in every model.



Colored Tops—you can harmonize your Copeland with your kitchen decorative scheme . . . choice of seven popular colors and white . . . standard on de luxe models.

Locked Mechanism Compartment—keeps children and servants from tampering with mechanism, yet leaves unit readily accessible; standard on all models.

THE DISTINCTIVE NEW COPELANDS ARE AVAILABLE AT MODERATE PRICES AND ON EASY PAYMENT TERMS!

The most astonishing thing about the new Copelands is the fact that they make such rare beauty, quality and *completeness* available at moderate price.

The new Copeland models were designed for those exacting housewives who have been waiting for a refrigerator which was really *complete*—a refrigerator providing *everything* the owner could need or desire: maximum beauty, maximum utility, and maximum convenience!

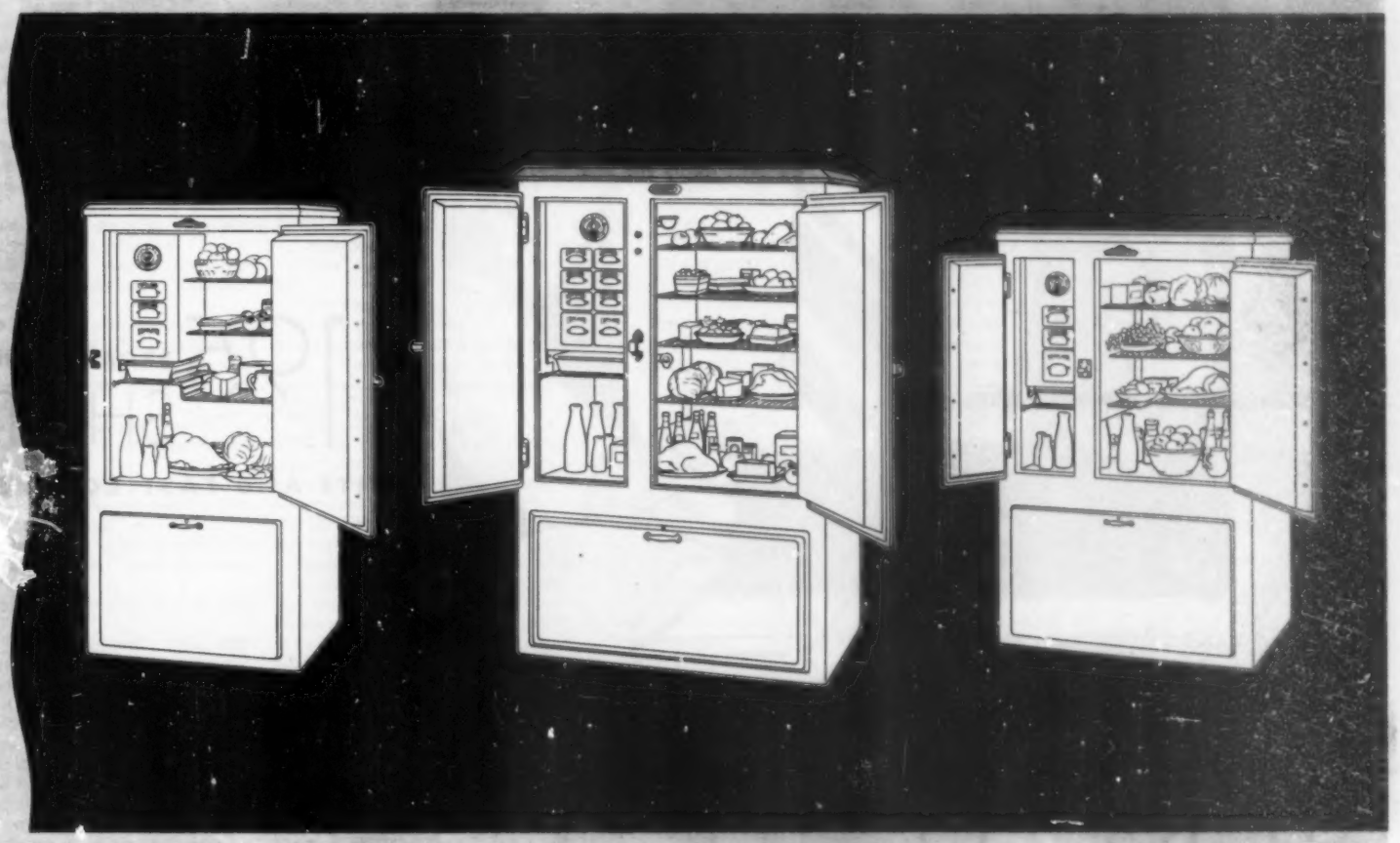
All this you get in Copeland's fine new household models, with their host of value-features, including the exclusive Copeland Water Chiller, 7-speed Coldial for faster freezing, electrically lighted interiors, locked mechanism chamber, extra-large ice cube capacity, double-depth dessert drawers, optional colored tops and other major refinements. And the same ability to anticipate the convenience-needs of the American housewife is matched by an ability to provide a degree of quietness and operating economy that calls for enthusiastic appreciation from the "head of the family."

Write for the Copeland booklet, or study the Copeland superiorities described at the left. Then visit your Copeland dealer, select the model you need, arrange payments which are easily handled out of income, and enjoy the *all-round satisfaction* that Copeland provides!

The same high standards of quality and general excellence of design, materials and workmanship which distinguish Copeland's TEN household models are apparent throughout the other products manufactured by Copeland: water coolers, separate units for present ice boxes, multiple installations for apartments, and units for various commercial purposes.

COPELAND

DEPENDABLE · ELECTRIC · REFRIGERATION



For information on the new Copelands sign name and address below, tear off and mail to Copeland Sales Company, 332 Cass Avenue, Mount Clemens, Michigan. Merchants wishing to participate in Copeland's success should state their qualifications by letter.

COPELANDS
AT · FACTORY
AS · LOW · AS
$185

FOR · THOSE · WHO · WANT · THE · FINEST

$1.95 BROADCLOTH
A SHIRT
WHITE AND FAST COLORS

HERE IT IS

from the airport of STYLE

The Shirtcraft AIRMAN—claiming an all-time altitude record for Shirt value at $1.95. Styled, as distinctively as a record-breaking "Lockheed", from Broadcloth with a permanent silky lustre. Sturdy. Lightweight. Tailored with the famous EVERFIT Collar (IT CAN'T SHRINK)—a Collar guaranteed to retain its correct size for the long life of the Shirt. Ready in a whole squadron of fast solid-Colors and White. Don't ever think of going up—or in fact, of going anywhere—in any other than a Shirtcraft AIRMAN. It's the Shirt for the style-lane as well as the air-lane. And it sells for $1.95 everywhere with no extra charge for color.

For the name of the dealer nearest you featuring the Shirtcraft "AIRMAN" for Men; or the Shirtcraft "AIRMAN, Jr." for Boys, write to: THE SHIRTCRAFT COMPANY, 212 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY; MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO; 746 SOUTH LOS ANGELES STREET, LOS ANGELES.

SHIRTCRAFT
AIRMAN
with the **EVERFIT** Collar (IT CAN'T SHRINK)

(Continued from Page 133)

"That's easy. Mostly he comes in a blue sedan."

"He didn't come in that car Thursday, did he?"

The man puckered his brow and squinted. "Thursday—that would be the day them manhole covers blowed off. He did come in the blue sedan. Yes, sir; I can see him now. Stopped, here, kind of blocking things until I almost had to ask him to clear the space. Jest sat in his car, kind of thinking."

"And then?" asked Randy.

"Then he got out and almost ran into a girl that works in his office—I just mislay her name—and he says something to her and handed her a big envelope. It was like as if he had forgot something or wanted her to run an errand he thought of sudden."

"You can remember!" said Randy admiringly. "So the girl walked away."

"Not a bit of it. She got into Mr. Brandon's car and the chauffeur drove her off."

"Remarkable!" Randy exclaimed, and then paused. "I don't believe I'll go up today after all. But thank you just the same." He got back into his car.

"Fifth Avenue and Seventieth," Randy said to his driver.

As they turned the corner off the Avenue, Randy saw a blue sedan standing beside the curb and signaled his driver to stop. He alighted and walked to the blue car, whose driver was reading a tabloid with marked interest.

"You," said Randy genially, "are Mr. Brandon's driver, aren't you?"

"Yes," said the man shortly, and then with some change of manner: "Yes, Mr. Hyde."

"I'd like to ask you a personal question," Randy said, still genially. "I'm an inquisitive person, and there's something I've got to know or go off my food. Have you ever been in Sing Sing?"

The man scowled and pushed himself upright in his seat. "No, I ain't never," he said belligerently.

"Ah! I thought maybe you had been, and liked it. It seemed to me possibly you were homesick to go back."

"Say, I'll take about so much from anybody, even if it's you," said the man harshly.

"Then you aren't planning to go to Sing Sing?"

The man leaned forward. "No, but about one more crack out of you and I'm plannin' to land you one on the button."

"Well," said Randy, "here's the crack. Unless you tell me where you took that girl Thursday, you'll be making the first step in your progress up the river within five minutes. And how's that for a crack, eh?"

The man eyed Randy blackly, but sank back on his seat, and a calculating, apprehensive look appeared in his small eyes.

"I dunno what you're talkin' about."

"One minute gone," Randy said pleasantly; and over his shoulder: "Tom, ask the policeman on the corner to step here."

"Hey, wait a minute. I don't know nothin'. I didn't do nothin'. All I do is obey orders. You can't lay a hand on me."

"Three minutes gone," said Randy.

"I took her out on Long Island," said the man sullenly.

"To Brandon's place?"

"Yes."

"Sensible fellow. Now you're going to obey orders again. This gentleman here"—Randy indicated the guard who occupied the seat beside his own driver—"will climb up beside you. He's grand company. You will then drive to Mr. Brandon's Long Island estate at a moderate pace. I will be just behind you."

"Hey!"

"And if you behave you'll be allowed to disappear with a hundred dollars in your pocket. Otherwise the little trip up the Hudson. There it lies, as the saying goes. Take it or leave it."

"I ain't goin' to take it on the chin for nobody," said the driver. "I'll drive slow."

An hour brought them to the entrance to Mr. Brandon's place on the North Shore, and Randy spoke once more to Brandon's driver.

"Where is she?"

"Gardener's cottage."

"You and I and Tom will drive right in as if we expected a hearty welcome. You will then rap on the door and state in your best casual manner that Mr. Brandon has sent you to fetch Miss McHugh. It will, as you see, carry the face of verisimilitude. It is apt to convince, and let us hope it does convince. If not, we shall resort to this and that."

They rolled down the blue-stone driveway, past the house itself, and came to a stop before the gardener's cottage. At a nod from Randy, the driver got down and rapped.

The door was opened the merest crack, but at sight of the chaffeur and the blue car this token of caution was discarded.

"Hello," said the man within.

"The old man sent me for the girl," said the driver, "and he's in a sweat too. Shake a foot."

The inner guard disappeared and presently returned with a young woman, manifestly frightened and reluctant.

"Quit squawkin'," Randy heard him say. "You're wanted somewheres."

"Chuck her in the back," said the driver, which was done without gentleness, and almost instantly the car was under way, leaving the guard of the gardener's cottage without suspicion that all was not as it should be.

"Miss McHugh?" asked Randy.

"Yes," the girl said in a tremulous whisper.

"I'm taking you home," Randy said. "Your sister is worried. We may not look it, but actually we are a rescue party in the flesh. Nothing fancy, you understand; just a plain or garden rescue party without uniforms."

"Oh! Oh! Really?"

"Cross my heart," said Randy with a grin. "And now let's talk and lay plots and make plans to the end that your late employer and your late employer's employer will do a Humpty Dumpty and never get put together again."

Presently they transferred to Randy's own car and were driven cityward. It was six o'clock when they arrived at the Hyde residence on Fifth Avenue, where Miss McHugh alighted without protest and allowed herself to be conducted within. Once in the library, Randy rang for his secretary.

"What report on Brandon and Van Cost?" he asked.

"They are going to Mrs. Tuckerman's Venetian Ball," said the young man.

"Thank you. Will you see to it a suitable costume is provided for Miss McHugh? She will accompany me." He turned to the girl. "Selecting something to wear," he said gayly, "will keep you from being bored. . . . And, Williams, if you will show Miss McHugh to the yellow room, she will have an opportunity to rest."

When he was alone, he called the residence of Commodore Twelvetowns on the telephone.

"This," he said, when communication was established, "is Randy Hyde. May I ask, sir, if you are going to Mrs. Tuckerman's orgy tonight?"

"Why, yes, Randy. My daughters have insisted; though I'm a trifle ancient for mandolins and moonlight. But I've been overpersuaded and shall appear as none other than the Doge himself, in robes of state."

"A compliment to the Doges," Randy said. "I shall see you there, sir, and have something to tell you."

The party was gorgeous as only wealth and taste can make such an affair gorgeous. The Tuckerman estate was lighted with swinging lanterns; gondolas plied the little lagoon before the house, which had been transmuted into a Venetian palace of the brilliant days of the Doge Dandolo. It seemed there were sufficient of guests to repopulate the ancient city with nobility, and certainly the dread Consiglio dei Dieci never looked askance at more lavishness of dress or a more astounding display of jewels.

It was nearing midnight when Randy approached the stately figure of the Doge.

"Most Illustrious," he asked in the gayest of voices, "dare I break in upon the revels with business of state?"

"My ear and my services," said the commodore, "are always at the call of my beloved city."

"There are those," Randy said, "who require an audience with you. Is it your pleasure to receive them on this spot?"

"My ancient legs are aweary," responded the commodore.

"Then, if it please you, I return anon." Wherewith Randy disappeared in the throng, a debonair young captain of *condottieri*, to come to a halt beside a somewhat portly nobleman and a slender, sharp-faced courtier.

"Ah," he exclaimed as if in keen delight, "Van Cost, isn't it? And none other than Lucius Brandon. How fortunate. I have been sent to fetch you. The Doge requires your presence."

Brandon scowled, but young Van Cost's face wore a sudden look of uneasiness.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"A part of the evening's program," said Randy. "Please follow me."

There seemed nothing to do but comply, though neither of them could understand Randy's addressing them in a manner so friendly.

He led them to the spot where stood the Doge, a young woman by his side, and then occurred a curious conversation. In the midst of merrymaking, bathed in moonlight and music, speaking as though casually, so no sharp eye could discern an unusual action or ear catch an untoward sound, they spoke of a grim business and reached a conclusion not without tragedy.

"Brandon," said Randy in guarded tones, "I think you and Van Cost are acquainted with Commodore Twelvetowns."

The old commodore bent his brows. "What is the meaning of this, Randy?"

"Sir, in your town of Venice there exists the Lion's Mouth into which any citizen may drop his accusation of an enemy. It would seem, Illustrious, that a plot exists against your person and happiness."

There was an instant of silence. Randy continued. "At your side, sir, stands the accuser. Doubtless Van Cost has recognized her by this time as a member of his staff who has been missing for some days. It was my good fortune to find her this afternoon, and to accumulate sufficient evidence to interest the district attorney, should that be necessary. She was abducted, sir, because she overheard certain plans of these gentlemen."

"Ah," said the commodore, and repeated, "ah!"

"It seems that during your recent trip to Europe you were presented—in Nice, was it?—to a charming young woman who expressed an interest in your collection of old masters."

"True."

"Whom you did not encounter again until some ten days ago, when she spoke to you as you walked up Park Avenue."

"Again true."

"Where she alluded again to your collection, and you, with your habitual graciousness, invited her to accompany you to your home and inspect it."

"I was so indiscreet," said the commodore.

"You offered her a cup of tea and chatted. In the midst of the conversation there was a ring at your door, and when the butler answered, he was shoved rudely aside and three men and a woman entered. Hearing a commotion, you left the room and peered down the stairs, up which they were rushing."

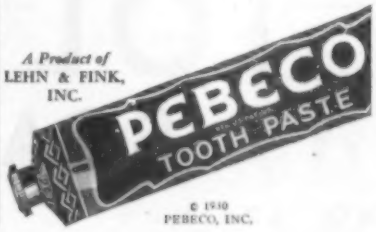
"You have the facts, Randy."

"They jostled you. They pushed you back into the room where the young lady had been drinking tea. She was quite another person now—disheveled, tearful, on

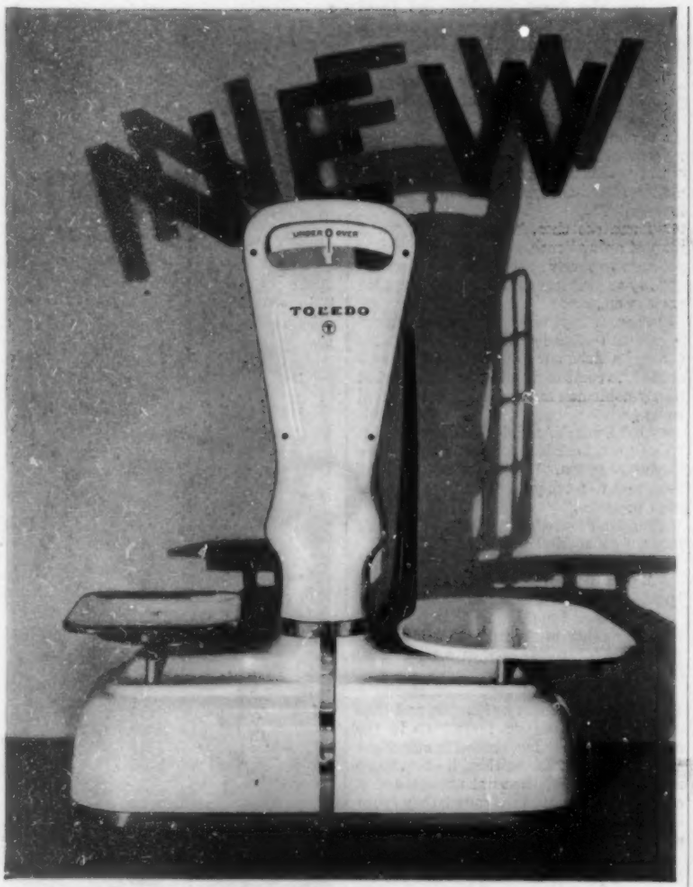
A *taste that says something and* MEANS *it!*

Ever feel that your dentifrice was just so much soap and water...that it wasn't doing its job? Try PEBECO Tooth Paste. Pebeco's taste has a distinct tang, a delicate "bite". This tang is significant, for Pebeco *is an active, working dentifrice.* Cleaning, whitening...and, in addition, stimulating the flow of saliva which neutralizes local acidity in the mouth and retards decay. It leaves your mouth in a more refreshed, exhilarated condition than you have ever before enjoyed. *Discover for yourself* this extra service that Pebeco gives. TODAY!

A Product of LEHN & FINK, INC.



© 1930 PEBECO, INC.



TOLEDO GRAVITYGRAM SCALE No. 1076

A Coffee Bean Moves It!

Now a new Toledo—new throughout—for new weighing needs—with marvelous new features which give you amazing accuracy.

Reliable and dependable always—the pendulum construction and the gravity principle make sure of that.

Install it anywhere. Move it as often as you please. Don't take time to level it. It will do its job just the same—and just as accurately.

So keenly sensitive that it shows a 64th of an ounce, 1/1000th of a pound. Imagine, just a coffee bean moves the indicator!

You can't misread this new Toledo Gravitygram, no matter how you try. Everybody reads it exactly the same, too.

Put the weights on anywhere. Even if you are in a hurry—you can't throw it "off". A careless, rushed employee can't get anything but the right results.

Noiseless! You'll hear no crashing and banging which shouts "Wear! Short Life!" This new Toledo works for you steadily, accurately—and quietly.

It fits anywhere, adaptable to any condition. Read from the front or from the end. And all as simple as moving the rear view mirror on your car.

The secret of its extreme sensitivity lies in the self-aligning bearings—exclusively Toledo. Friction is barred—out! Sensitivity is sealed—in! And it stays there!

Beautiful, too, white porcelain for retailing; gray baked enamel for industry, and stainless steel trim.

For a demonstration with no obligation, call our office in your city.

TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY . TOLEDO . OHIO

TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS . HONEST WEIGHT

the verge of hysterics, and accusing you to her father and brothers and sister."

"Yes," said the commodore.

"After a disagreeable scene, they withdrew, and next day you were waited upon by a lawyer."

"It is so."

"Who informed you that if you refused to purchase certain dubious gas fields for your Southwest Gas and Electric Company you would be sued publicly in the courts and a ghastly charge made against you. All of which was magnified in its malignancy by the approaching marriage of your daughters."

The commodore stood mute, waiting for Randy to continue.

"You could have purchased and resold to one of my companies. For, as you know, and these men know, your Southwest Gas concern is indispensable to a great combination. We would have had to pay. You were confronted with the necessity of acting honorably and appearing before the public as a monster, or of saving your name and your daughters by sanctioning dishonesty."

"That is the dreadful fact."

Randy smiled. "I am not without a certain influence in this city in business and in politics. I have and am able to protect a credible witness to this plot. I have sufficient evidence to convict Brandon and Van Cost of her abduction and imprisonment. And I can push the charge through to a conclusion. But that, sir, does not seem expedient. The tools must go unpunished for this time, but not the principals."

Brandon sneered. "Well, what do you think you can do?"

"Drive you out of New York," said Randy grimly. "I will close every bank and office to you. You will be unable to buy or sell or borrow. Your seat on the Exchange will be taken from you. This I can do. You are done in this city, Brandon. In thirty days you will be gone—to Europe, anywhere—I don't care where. And if ever you set foot in this city without my express permission, I will see to it you are smashed—and smashed never to arise again. Am I clear?"

"Try it," said Brandon menacingly.

"I think that is all," Randy said, with a return to his careless, amiable tone. "Thirty days, Brandon. Good night to you and Van Cost."

He turned his back. Brandon stood for a moment, muttering and glowering, until his companion plucked his sleeve and led him away. Then the commodore extended his hand.

"Randy," he said, "you have my thanks. I could see no other way out than ——"

"I understood, sir. And now that everything is grand, I mustn't neglect Miss McHugh. She's been having a pretty thin time for some days."

"Bring her to me tomorrow," said the commodore. And then: "Your—er—thin times are over, young woman. I am grateful."

Randy smiled boyishly. "Let's go dance," he said. "I'm all tingled up. Really, I never before in my life danced with a girl just rescued from ruffians. Romance!" His face fell suddenly. "I wish I knew how I was going to make my report."

"What report, Mr. Hyde?"

"Why, rescuing you was an assignment given me by a young lady whose name probably isn't Miss Smith."

"Oh, Miss Smith. She was in our rooms when I talked to my sister. She said to give you a message at midnight. Is it midnight yet?"

"It is," said Randy severely, "five minutes past."

"Then here is the message: Miss Smith asked me to say to you that sometimes she lunched at Pierre's on Tuesday."

"My dear," said Randy, "most virtue gets its reward in heaven, but I, being more fortunate, get mine on Park Avenue." He paused and smiled up at the moon. "It's a swell night, isn't it?" he asked.

THE DRIFT OF THE ELK

(Continued from Page 46)

grounds are more remote. There are several well-planned game preserves in all three states bordering Yellowstone Park, and these preserves may be extended by the game commissions of the states or they may be delimited in extent.

So the elk need not follow his Arizona cousin or the California grizzly to extermination. He should grace public parks and private estates in small bands and should increase sufficiently to provide a surplus for other city parks and private preserves. As a quarry for the Nimrod, we are not so sure he will stay with us. If he does, he will almost surely be confined to Montana, Wyoming and perhaps Idaho, so far as the United States is concerned. He will stay a while for the hunter, perhaps, in South Dakota, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado, but civilization is too close to him in these states and relatively small preserves and perpetually closed seasons will make him a museum specimen there, unless the stock interests adjust their range to give him more territory, especially for winter range, which is not likely.

This brings us back to the big wilderness of the Yellowstone Park-Jackson Hole-Grand Teton country. There, outside the parks and state game preserves, the surplus above the 40,000 will be available for the hunter. We all hope this number can be attained and held, but remember that even hunting for elk here in this sportsmen's paradise will not be for long unless:

1. The winter-range problem is completely solved by the Government supplementing and completing what private contributions and purchases have so magnificently begun;

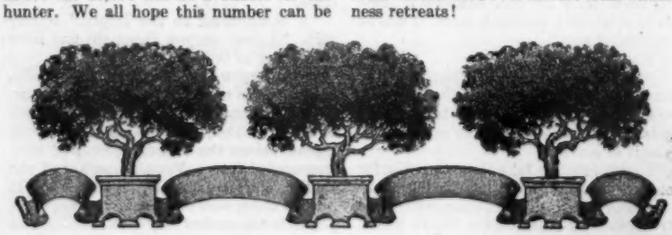
2. Research is continued to determine elk diseases and methods of prevention;

3. State game laws give state officers complete control of seasons, bag limit and preserves, with ample funds for warden service;

4. State and Federal officers coöperate very closely in determining the number of elk to be killed, and in otherwise removing the surplus if and when it occurs;

5. The wilderness character of this part of the Rockies is maintained by limitation of settlement—a course that ought to be pursued anyway, because of soil and climatic conditions of the country.

If such action is taken the elk will be preserved for those who love to see him in the wild and who enjoy hunting him with rifle or camera. Otherwise he will go the way of the bison—an object of interest only under fence. Let there be renewed interest in his welfare! May he be permitted to roam unrestricted over the last of his wilderness retreats!



Cool Mountain Air

brings restful sleep

Makes an overnight trip on the PENNSYLVANIA a vacation . . . .

THE route of the Pennsylvania Railroad between the Atlantic Seaboard and the West takes you straight through the wooded passes of the Appalachians. Cool mountain air brings restful sleep. And in the morning you reach your destination fresh and alert.

The roadbed over which you speed swiftly and comfortably is one of the smoothest in America. The rails are more than one-third heavier than those in ordinary use. The skill and deft touch of Pennsylvania enginemen on the throttle reduce the jolts and jars of travel to the very minimum.

No wonder experienced travelers prefer this cool, smooth route between St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville and the cities of the Atlantic Seaboard.

Special Vacation Fares

And when you plan your vacation let the travel experts of the Pennsylvania help you make all arrangements. Many special low vacation fares to the National Parks and the West are offered during the summer months. Call your local Pennsylvania agent and he will explain these special tours in detail.

He'll tell you about stop-over privileges, schedules, and different routes. Phone him today, no obligation is involved.

These *Luxurious Flyers* take you through the cool, green Appalachians

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York and Chicago

MANHATTAN LIMITED
Chicago and New York

THE GOLDEN ARROW
Chicago and New York

THE PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED
New York and Chicago

THE AMERICAN
St. Louis and New York

SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS
St. Louis and New York

LIBERTY LIMITED
Chicago and Washington

THE RED ARROW
Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and the East

(IN BOTH DIRECTIONS)

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

MOTOVOX
THE VOICE OF THE MODERN MOTOR CAR

This is the PREMIER model installed

The Horn BELONGS
Out in Front

This is the STANDARD model installed

SAFER
MoToVoX, the new automobile horn, definitely increases the factor of safety in driving. Mounted out in front on the crossbar, its warning note is projected out forward, unmuffled by hood, shutters and fan slipstream.

MORE BEAUTIFUL
Motovox is one of the handsomest car accessories on the market today. The homely trumpet has given way to a shining disk that adds distinction to the smartest car.

COMPELLING
MoToVoX has the voice of a leader. Its silver-clear clarion call commands attention and gets action. Without it is pleasant and harmonious to the ear.

EASY TO INSTALL
MoToVoX goes on your car in a jiffy. Most cars are today fitted with crossbars and the individual box in which Motovox is packed contains all necessary parts and full instructions. Get your MoToVoX today and make your car safer and smarter.

MOTOVOX
THE "OUT IN FRONT" WARNING SIGNAL

MOTOVOX PREMIER $7.50
MOTOVOX STANDARD $5.00

MOTO METER GAUGE & EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
Long Island City, N. Y.
Toledo, Ohio LaCrosse, Wis.

WHERE THE ACTOR ENDS

(Continued from Page 39)

human being, is debased or ennobled according to the parts he plays. It is obvious that the repetition of comedies of wit and truth and tragedies of great, purging sorrow or poetic beauty must react in the minds and lives of sensitive persons more beneficially than that of cheap, stupid, vulgar and untruthful entertainment. And since about eight-tenths of plays in the so-called commercial theater come under this latter category, the actor of taste and discrimination is frequently torn between the necessity of feeding his body and the desire to nourish his mind, a conflict that generally ends in mental starvation or, worse still, mental poisoning.

Twelve Wood Men and True

The spectacle of actors being hauled off the stage and carted off to a magistrate's court, charged with participating in an indecent play, has been an all-too-frequent one in recent years. It has opened up the question of the degree of responsibility that rests upon the actor individually for the morals of the play in which he is engaged. A deputation from the Actors' Equity Association recently visited the New York State Legislature at Albany to protest against the actor being held responsible and liable to arrest for taking part in what the police decide is an immoral entertainment. My own view is that the legal responsibility is unimportant. By all means let the actor be absolved of that on grounds of common sense and make the producer the responsible party. But from the ethical viewpoint, there can be no question of the actor's responsibility. It exists, of course, and it must exist. He has got to face that. The individual in our profession must make decisions, often against the interest of his pocket, in favor of his self-respect and to the eventual benefit of his career. I speak, of course, of the legitimate actor who desires to be something more than a mere entertainer. For without the inspiration of intelligence and nobility, the actor's profession is a stupid and meaningless one; one which can only bring dissatisfaction and unhappiness to a person with anything like a decent brain. And the nature of the actor's theatrical life certainly has an inescapable effect upon his real life.

There are cases where the opposite of this occurs—that is to say, instead of the actor's stage rôle affecting his private life, it is his private life which affects his rôle. There was an old actor in England, who shall be nameless, who had a great weakness for a vice which is politely known as John Barleycorn. He was a good old actor, but his failing dragged him from bad to worse, until he finally ended up in a cheap suburban theater devoted to most violent melodramas. It was in a section of the East End of London. The management was very poverty-stricken and was obliged to save money in all directions, so that in a certain play which called for a court scene and a jury of twelve, they were obliged to have the extras painted on the back cloth. The jury was cut out of wood and canvas, and placed, motionless, in the jury box. The old actor to whom I refer, being more inebriated than ever on this occasion, suddenly exclaimed, "The jury will now retire to consider their verdict." This line, I regret to say, was not in the script. The other actors did their best to hush up this unfortunate remark, but nothing could stop the old man. "You heard what I said!" he bellowed. "The bench orders the jury to retire to consider the verdict!" There was nothing for it—the jury was pulled off in a body, and, after a suitable lapse of time, was pushed back in a similar body. The old man looked at them and then gravely announced, "Guilty."

Another instance of the effect of private life on the actor was that of a famous actor who shall also be nameless. This actor in the most emotional moment of the play, when the audience was in floods of tears, placed his hands over his eyes, murmuring, "I'm only a poor old man." This was invariably his moment to peer between his fingers at the house and count how many empty seats he saw.

But in a much larger sense than this sort of thing, it is true that the actor must inevitably be affected as an actor by his life as a human being. After all, art is only the reflection of life; and since life is more important than art, it is life which dictates what that art shall become. This is particularly true of the actor, whose art must necessarily flow out of his life, and not vice versa. It is like a river. It starts at the source and can flow only one way. If it flows backward something unpleasant happens. The actor, unlike other artists, cannot use printed words, bronze or marble, colors or canvas, as his medium. The actor's medium is himself, his own mind and body. It is a very delicate medium; it is very easily harmed, very easily ruined. The actor cannot give out of his medium more than he puts into it. If, in other words, he assimilates nonsense, he gives out nonsense. If he assimilates beauty and truth, he gives out, according to his capabilities and technic, a certain measure of these qualities. Generally speaking, what the actor is in private life, he is to a large extent on the stage, because he cannot conceal himself and his true personality from his audience. He is not like Dorian Gray; he has not got a picture of himself which he keeps hidden from the world and which absorbs all his vices, while he himself appears to be spotless.

As I threatened earlier in this article, I am going to say a few words about the effect which performers have upon one another. During the long run of The Green Hat, in which I played opposite Miss Katharine Cornell, I was always meeting people, usually of the opposite sex, who were convinced that I must be desperately in love with Miss Cornell. At the risk of being unchivalrous and certainly of being unromantic, I would deny this. Of course, even if it had been true, I should have been equally obliged to deny it, as Miss Cornell and myself were happily married at the time—to different people—and, so far as I know, still are. "But you must be," they would insist. "How could any man make love to that ravishing creature and not really mean it? Besides, you do it so convincingly. Oh, you can't tell me!" This happened to be a case of complete friendship, but there are any number of famous examples where the protagonists of the love drama, far from being in love, hated each other intensely. And ludicrous as it may seem, there is more jealousy between leading men and leading women than between any other classes of actors. I must admit, however, that I can imagine no greater difficulty than to be obliged to make love to an actress whom one actively disliked. I am touching wood as I write these lines. I feel that stage lovers must at least be friendly, or, possibly, even a little more than friendly, to make this kind of acting agreeable.

Good Actors Aren't Bad Actors

One of the most frequent remarks I hear from women—women, that is, who are not connected with the stage—is "I'd hate to be married to an actor." That is prompted, I suppose, by the same misconception that actors are always in love with their vis-à-vis on the stage. Of course, I must insist that it isn't at all bad being married to an actor—not that I know definitely, but I have an idea that it must be very entertaining. My own wife, who is not connected with the theater, seems to have a very good time and, at least, is able to view my antics with other women on the stage with complete equanimity. In fact, contrary to all general conceptions, the actor is in the majority of cases an exceedingly domestic animal. His wife and family see much more of him than do the wives and families of men in other professions. He is home all day, as he has no office behind which he can take refuge, like the business man, and only at night and matinées for two or three short hours is he separated from his domestic existence. And even in the theater he is, of necessity, under a strict régime. He is bound to be in the same place regularly eight times a week. There is no difficulty about locating him. He cannot say he has just "stepped out on business." My secretary interrupts at this point to say that her reason for objecting to marrying an actor would be on account of the precariousness of the occupation. I mention this because I imagine it represents the point of view of a good many people, and it is to a large extent true. The theater is no place for mediocrity. Therefore, my advice to those about to marry an actor is: Pick a good one.

Home Was Never Like This

Even if it were possible for the actor to become so imbued with his part that he lived it offstage, the working conditions of the average theater would certainly destroy this continuity. The audience only see the scenery as they are intended to see it. The actor, immediately he leaves the stage, has every illusion shattered for him. Most theater architects have yet to discover that the actor exists at all. There are several cases in existence where theaters were actually planned and partially erected before it was discovered that there were no dressing rooms at all for the actors. Some theaters have improvised dressing rooms in the cellar underneath the stage. Others have little holes in the walls which serve as dressing rooms, and which are reached by sort of iron ladders, so that actors crawl up to them like flies.

And it seems to be an odd rule of the theater that the higher the drama, the worse the conditions for its interpreters. The dressing rooms of vaudeville actors and chorus girls are quite elegant apartments, with private baths attached, while the actor who plays Hamlet has to climb up to a hole in the wall.

All this does not tend to help the actor to live his part, and, furthermore, I assert that even while on the stage it is impossible for an actor really to forget that he is on the stage. To begin with, if it was real life, you would be surprised to find that the fourth wall of the room was missing, revealing a black void beyond, from which a number of funny-looking faces are peering at you, and that, for some reason or other, it was required that you should be nearly all the time facing this black void, and that strange rows of lights were causing too much illumination; that, in particular, the brilliant row on the floor seemed quite unnecessary. "Why on the floor?" you would remonstrate; referring, of course, to the footlights. "And why all those lights overhead, like so many suns?" And you would find it disconcerting that the windows of the room were entirely innocent of glass, and that, whether these windows were open or shut, they would admit just as much air into the room; and you would decide that it was only play acting, after all. Which is very much the decision of the actor who works under these conditions, unless he is an incredible poseur who really tries to fool himself that it all happened. Let us rather agree that the theater in its highest sense is art produced by artifice, and that it is, accordingly, artificial. The word "artificial," I regret to say, has fallen into disrepute, but in its true sense it is indicative of the highest conceptions of the human mind.

It will be seen, therefore, how contradictory an institution the theater is—an institution which works unceasingly, on the one hand, to build up illusion and, on the other, to destroy it. It does this unashamedly, making no effort to fool itself about the artificiality of its existence. In the same way the actor.

"This piquant, zestful dressing for your favorite salads

. . . "Crisp stalks of celery, tender, peppery cress, succulent lettuce, tomatoes, romaine—the very *freshest,* indeed, of vegetables and fruits—the best of meats and fish . . . these should be chosen for the salad," says Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company. "We are all inclined to be a trifle extravagant where salads are concerned. And the reason is that *taste* is so vastly important.

"*Taste* in the salad itself, and *taste* in the salad dressing. And more than a few women make the sad mistake of believing that the natural goodness of the salad materials will bear up under a poor dressing . . . They won't!

"So to achieve the delicate flavor you want, begin at the beginning. Choose one of the Heinz Vinegars—Cider, White, Malt, or Tarragon. They have far more than merely that 'sour' taste. For months they're aged in the wood until they are mellow, fruity, with a flavor and a bouquet peculiarly their own. Months of flavor, of ripeness, in every spoonful! . . . And Heinz Imported Olive Oil, from the Seville district of sunny Spain—pressed in the Heinz plant there from the choicest fruit . . . retaining the *full* fragrance and flavor of the olive!

"What smooth, piquant salad dressings these make! What zest they give to salads!

"I'm going to give you a tested and successful recipe for French Dressing. This is the foundation recipe—you may vary it in dozens of delightful ways . . .

"FRENCH DRESSING

5 tablespoonfuls Heinz Pure Vinegar
½ teaspoonful paprika
¾ cupful Heinz Imported Olive Oil
1 teaspoonful salt • 1 teaspoonful sugar

"Mix the salt, sugar and paprika together. Add vinegar and oil and beat thoroughly, *or* put all the ingredients into a glass jar, screw top on tight and shake thoroughly. A few drops of onion juice may be added if desired."

SOME OF THE **57**

Enjoy these radio talks • *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson of the Heinz Home Economics Department will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.*

©H. J. H. CO. '30

HEINZ VINEGAR and OLIVE OIL

ART - SCIENCE - SPORT
INDUSTRY - EDUCATION
- AGRICULTURE -

World's
Most Progressive
Annual
Exposition

CANADIAN NATIONAL
EXHIBITION
TORONTO
Aug. 22 to Sept. 6-1930

Picture Exhibition City. Scores of modern, massive structures filled with costly products gathered from the four corners of the earth. The finest expressions in the realm of art . . . the first showing of 1931 motor cars in the million-dollar Automotive Building . . . four concerts by the superb 2,000-voice Exhibition Chorus . . . an inspiring pageant nightly presented by 1500 performers on the world's largest outdoor stage.

Along the mile-and-a-half of Exhibition waterfront, seaplane and outboard motorboat races, thrilling international yachting, rowing and canoeing competitions, professional world-championship long-distance swimming races.

Attractions and exhibits of absorbing interest for everyone, every hour of the entire fourteen days. A vacation—an education.

Come to the fifty-second consecutive Canadian National Exhibition which costs over a million dollars annually to stage and attracts two million visitors. Send the coupon below for road map and folders describing this wonder achievement.

Reduced rates by rail, bus, steamboat and airplane. Motor highways de luxe in Canada.

SAM HARRIS,
President
H. W. WATERS,
General Manager

Department of Publicity,
Canadian National Exhibition,
Toronto 2, Ontario, Canada

Please send me free, Canadian National Exhibition road map and booklets.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

JUSTICE AND HORSE SENSE

(Continued from Page 29)

procedure, to recognize and apply the spirit of the codes. Hence, though a number of the jurisdictions in the United States accomplished great advancement over what had theretofore existed, there is today room for still further improvement. Many of the admirable rules and devices of the English procedure are to be found scattered among the procedures of the various American commonwealths, but it remained for England, once that the work of reform had been intrusted to the expert knowledge of the courts and not to the nonlegal legislature, to gather together these scattered improvements and, with some original device of her own, to formulate them into a consistent, easily amended code of rules administered by a compact court organization."

After a year's study, this observer of the English system pointed out that it was not perfect, nor all of it applicable to the United States, where forty-nine jurisdictions deal separately with court procedure.

But he discloses that, by comparison, the American weakness is found in the first of the following two extremes of administration:

"1. That an action or proceeding ought to result in a determination of the merits of the litigation, sometime, somewhere, and that it should not end in a final judgment on some rule of procedure. To use a figure, it is the duty of the courts to carry litigation through to the delivery of the real controversy or the merits of the matter between the parties rather than to wreck the train in the ditch of some procedural error.

"2. That, on the other hand, obedience to well-established rules must be obtained to the end that there may be certainty of procedure, speed in the proceedings and a definite restraint upon all caprice, passion or prejudice of the judges and all other judicial agencies."

The first of these two extremes accompanied by delay is so often found now in American justice that the public regards the machinery of justice as a national disgrace.

The usual cause for this slow justice of procedural kind is the mass of inflexible rules set up by legislative control, but there appears to be no danger in England or elsewhere that an organized judiciary, making its own rules, will cast aside all sense and go to the other, or second, extreme.

Virtues of the English System

In England, flexibility has been attained since the reforms and organizations of the judiciary—a flexibility which, by judges of higher quality who are divorced from political domination, has been used to exercise greater powers in exacting truth from witnesses, in helping the jury to act intelligently, and in making wise short cuts to finished business.

The complete organization of the judiciary for England and Wales need not be described in detail, for parts of it contain historical remnants with which we are not concerned. The main thing for us to know is that by Acts of 1873 and other parliamentary acts, the system and organization of the County Courts, the High Court of Justice, with its special functions distributed in Chancery, King's Bench, and Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Divisions, and the Court of Appeal, are all grouped and coördinated in the organization of the Supreme Court of Judicature.

Mr. Higgins sums up the result of the English reforms. Anyone can see that in large measure these results are the very ones we, the people of America in general, desire and need. Mr. Higgins presents, better than I have, the faults in our courts by listing the virtues of the English system. He says:

"The main features of the English administration of justice which speed causes and further the determination of the merits of claims are:

"1. Certain inherent aids, including the absence of hindrances to the administration of justice, due to the habits and character of the people, such as regard for law and for the courts, the spirit of fair play, a lack of emotionalism.

"2. Adherence to the precedent of decided cases.

"3. The elasticity of the rules of procedure so as to meet the requirements of individual cases. This is due to the great amount of 'judicial discretion,' safeguarded from abuse by precedent, by provisions for review by higher authority, and by regard for the good opinion of fellow judges, due to the organization of the court.

"4. The means by which character and ability are secured for judicial service, such as appointments, high salaries, and security of tenure of office.

"5. The absence of certain physical obstacles to a more speedy and certain determination to the ultimate facts, due to reasonable hours of trial and to comfortable quarters and to other accommodations for the judge, jury, witnesses and counsel.

"6. The length of trial sessions.

"7. The means by which, on the one hand, a determination of the merits may be secured in most cases in spite of procedural mistakes, and yet, on the other hand, obedience to procedural rules may be compelled. The first is due to rules permitting amendments, to others authorizing the court or judge to disregard nonprejudicial errors, and to still others granting the court or judge power to enlarge the time for the performance of certain procedural acts; the second is due to the imposition of costs as a penalty upon the offending party or his attorney.

"8. The scope of the action to permit the joinder of parties and of claims, subject to severance or dismissal for prejudicial inconvenience to the administration of justice or to the opposite party.

"9. Efficiency due to the elimination of considerable waste of individuals, their time and effort.

"10. The constant accessibility of someone in authority to pass upon interlocutory matters, particularly upon pleadings, and motions for directions as to the conduct of individual proceedings.

"11. The judicial power to make rules of procedure, thus furnishing a ready and efficient means to procure speedy, timely and well-drafted rules to meet the demands of procedural justice, as revealed by the daily business of the courts. This is in contrast with the slow, unscientific and often unreliable method of code making by legislative action, and is safeguarded from abuse by limitations imposed by Acts of Parliament, and by sensitiveness to popular opinion.

"12. The publicity of judicial business and accessibility to judicial statistics showing each year just how much business has been done by the courts in general and by the judges in particular, and accounting for the time and effort of the various judicial agencies.

"13. The judicial control of procedural steps to suit the varying needs of a large class of cases.

"14. The means by which dilatory attacks may be speedily determined.

"15. The simplicity and conciseness of the statements of pleadings and of other means by which claims are brought into court, due to the elimination of the necessity of pleading 'conditions precedent' and to the language and arrangement of official forms, drafted as models.

"16. The elimination from issue, as a rule, of all ultimate facts not really in controversy, so as to avoid delay and effort required for the proof of a 'prima-facie case.' This elimination is secured, or at least furthered, by the requirement of specific denials, and by the machinery provided for Interrogatories, Demand for Admissions, and Discovery and Inspection of Documents, backed by the possibility of the imposition of heavy costs for unreasonable refusals to give the information or admissions sought.

"17. The express finding of each of the ultimate facts of a claim or defense, so as to avoid new trials of all the issues, or to permit the correction of an erroneous judgment. This is accomplished by 'findings' and by special verdicts in the shape of 'answers to special questions.'

"18. The absence of certain hindrances to the speedy selection of jurors.

"19. The flexibility of the judgment, due to its severability.

"20. The elimination of considerable delay in appellate practice. This is accomplished by the simplification of the means of appeal, the shortening of the time, and the method of presenting the questions and argument."

In England, the costs of litigation and of each process and filing and judicial service are not fixed by any arbitrary legislative act. Instead, the judiciary organization establishes a flexible schedule; judges are relieved not of assessing costs but of the question of fixing costs, because they can turn the determination of costs over to a master or taxing officer who exercises discretion to punish frivolous and malicious actions and establish equitable assessments.

A Wrong Ringmaster in Court

It has been said by one distinguished English judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature that 95 per cent of the cases in that court are settled, dismissed or compromised, and only 5 per cent are tried!

The various means by which litigation or prosecution can be avoided, accelerated and concluded with reduction of taxpayers' burdens for the administration of justice, the auxiliaries to the courts, such as conciliation and arbitration machinery, and the usefulness of masters and referees to whom contentions may be submitted and settled, somewhat as was done in the Roman Republic by the prætor, are most easily accomplished when the judiciary is organized and is freed from the plaster-of-Paris rules and regulations of legislators. Legislators are less open to adopt progressive adjuncts to the court system than would be an organized judiciary which had experienced crowded calendars, too much work and too little power to prevent dilatory tactics. There is every reason why American citizens must turn their faith for reformation of a ponderous, pompous, slow and creaking machinery from their legislatures toward a delegation by such legislatures of their court-procedure regulatory powers to the organized judiciary itself.

As I have already stated, several of our states, as well as the Federal Government, have made moves toward larger powers, better organization, and toward autonomy of the judicial system. Each one of those moves has indicated the path to a greater respectability of the law, higher dignity and usefulness of judges, and the way of escape from the absurdity of the windbag and hair-splitting which makes the lawyers, rather than justice, judges or juries, the ringmasters in our court arenas.

Not enough has been done. The people in most of our jurisdictions are not awake to the fact that legislatures, after constitutional changes, if need be, should be forced to take the nonsense out of the administration of American law.

When the National Economic League sent out its questionnaire on the subject, some of the timidity of reform appeared in the first question asked:

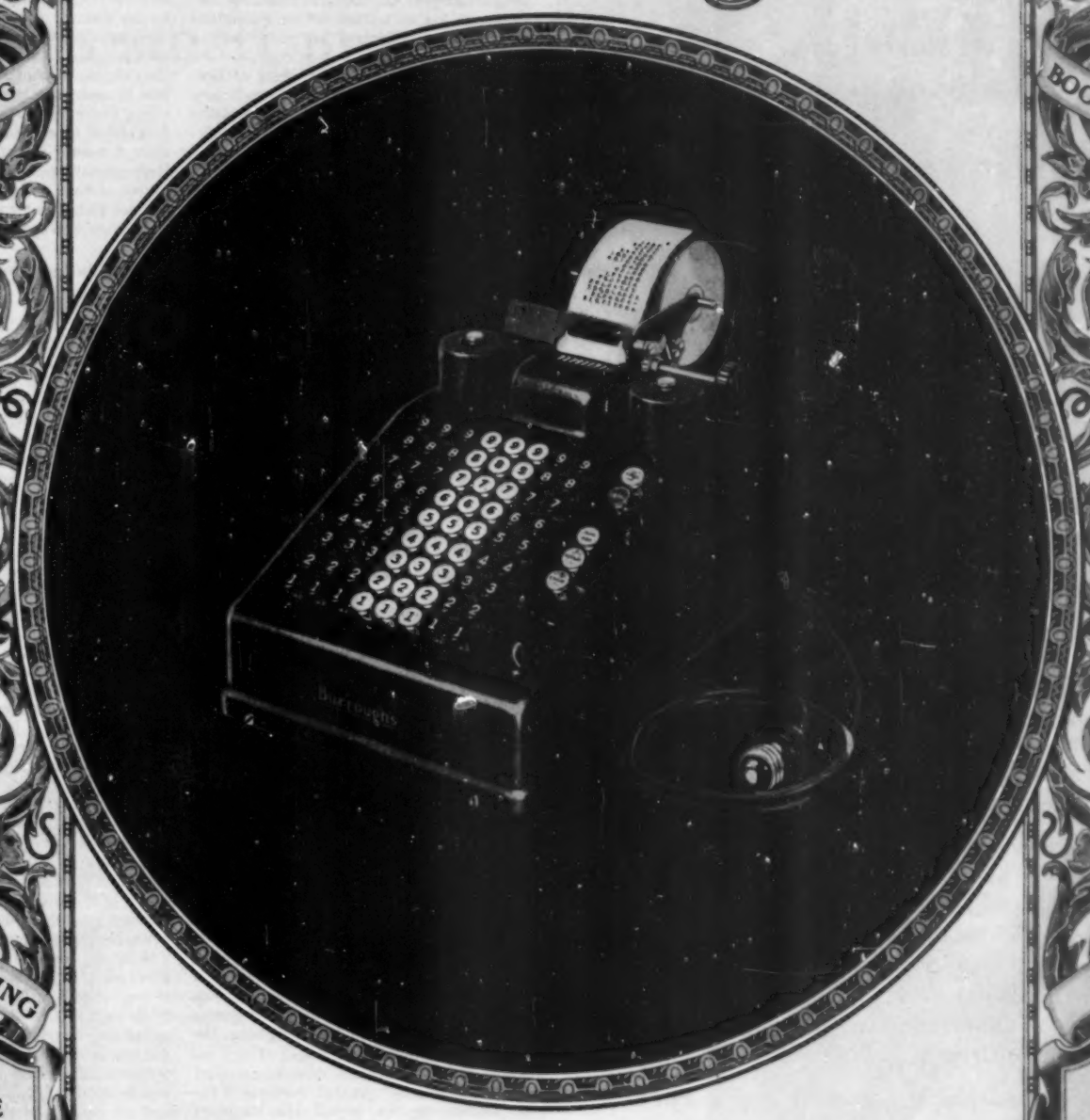
"Should there be a permanent Judicial Council in your state, the duty of which should be to make a continuous study of the organization, procedure and practice of the courts and to report from time to time

(Continued on Page 144)

Burroughs

ADDING

BOOKKEEPING



CALCULATING

BILLING

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Burroughs Electric Portable

Provides the speed of electric operation with the convenience of portability. Easy to operate. Light in weight. Low in price. Takes up little more desk space than the average letterhead. Wide range of models.

Adding-subtracting machine illustrated, $175 delivered in U. S. A.; $205 in Canada. Other electrics as low as $130

Burroughs

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6106 SECOND BOULEVARD DETROIT, MICHIGAN

But *then* it matters mightily *who insured you!*

When disaster comes, the question is not only the financial responsibility of your insurance company but its willingness to make good. Then you will be fortunate if you have a policy in the Fire Association Fleet.

If there were not a decided difference in methods of handling insurance claims, the broad and generous practice of the Fire Association Fleet would not have won such widespread attention and appreciation. This organization has the remarkable record of having paid every just claim in full for 113 years, and is renowned for making settlement without quibbling.

Why not telephone the agent of the Fire Association Fleet in your locality and ask him to call on you? He can give you some new and helpful ideas on insurance and will make it clear that his visit entails no obligation on your part. You will find him a business adviser worth knowing.

The Fire Association *Fleet*

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Almost every kind INSURANCE excepting life

Victory Insurance Co.
Fire Association of Phila.

Constitution Indemnity Co.
The Reliance Insurance Co.

EVERY JUST CLAIM PAID IN FULL SINCE 1817

(Continued from Page 142)

to the governor or the legislature upon the work of the various branches of the judicial system, with recommendation for their assistance?"

Ten to one of the replies were in favor of this suggestion, which, in principle, corresponds to the creation of such a council in Massachusetts in 1924. Such a council, we must notice, is not an organization of the judiciary at all. Despite whatever usefulness it has as adviser to the legislature and governor, it might be called only a "groaning board."

Frank W. Grinnell, an attorney of Boston, who has given attention to judiciary organization, and has been a member of the Massachusetts Judicial Council, has written:

"Up to January, 1927, Judicial Councils, in one form or another, had been created in Ohio, Massachusetts, Oregon, North Carolina, Washington and California. Since January, 1927, councils have been created in North Dakota, Kansas, Connecticut and Rhode Island; and interest in the idea appears to be developing in other states.

"The powers differ in different states. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, the council has no powers except to study and report the results of their study. The Massachusetts Judicial Council has made three annual reports, for 1925, 1926 and 1927, to the governor, copies of which may be obtained by application to the Public Document Room, State House, Boston, by anyone wishing to see the nature of the work done. In California, the council has power, by constitutional amendment, to 'adopt and amend rules of practice and procedure for the several courts not inconsistent with laws,' and the chairman may provide for assignment of judges of one court to sit in another if the business requires such assistance. One report has been issued by this council.

"By the Kansas Act—A. B. A. Journal for May, 1927—the council may require information from judges, clerks and other officials. By the North Dakota Act, the council has compulsory process for obtaining witnesses and evidence, and a bureau of statistics is provided for—A. B. A. Journal, May, 1927, p. 276."

Legislature Protects Its Powers

"The Massachusetts Judicature Commission recommended a body of not less than seven nor more than nine. The legislature provided for a body of nine men, including five judges and four members of the bar. In California there are eleven members, with the clerk of the Supreme Court as secretary. In North Dakota, the council includes all the judges of the supreme and district courts, one county-court judge, the attorney general, the dean of the state-university law school, the chairmen of the senate and house judiciary committees, and five members of the bar selected by the executive committee and by the State Bar Association. In Kansas, there are three judges, four 'resident lawyers' and the chairmen of the senate and house judiciary committees, all except the last two appointed by the chief justice of the supreme court."

This gives a brief picture of Judicial Councils and their powers. In the main, however, these councils have been more in the nature of research and advisory boards than true judiciary reorganizations. California had gone further than any of the other jurisdictions in actually putting rule and procedure making in the hands of a judicial body, although the phrase "not inconsistent with the laws" may mean "not inconsistent with the regulations and procedure already set up by legislative domination." Here again the phrase was slipped in by a legislature bent on emasculating the act.

The Federal Government, largely because of the activity and wisdom of the late Chief Justice Taft and Attorney General Daugherty, did something after the war to add to its judiciary efficiency by providing more district judges and creating a judiciary council. In an address to the American Bar Association, the Chief Justice said:

"The Attorney General (Daugherty) properly, as it seems to me, conceived that the first step to take was the creation of new judgeships. A bill was introduced in both Houses for the addition of eighteen district judges to the judicial force, two for each circuit, who were not to be assigned to any district, but were to be subject to call to any district in the circuit in which they were appointed, to assist the existing district judges. In addition, these judges and the existing district judges were made subject to assignment from one circuit to another where the business required it. The suggestion of a flying squadron of judges did not meet with approval in the House of Representatives, and the Judiciary Committee of that body preferred to add local district judges for the districts where the congestion was most apparent."

Extra Judges for Jammed Courts

"Accordingly, a bill was put through which made the judges in twenty-one districts. The bill, when it reached the Senate, was modified somewhat. The bill went to conference, and a bill which provides for twenty-four new district judges and one circuit judge in the fourth circuit was reported to both Houses. It was opposed, and will doubtless lead to discussion, but in view of the previous votes in the two Houses, it seems likely that the bill will pass before the close of this Congress." As it did.

"The bill contains a very important provision, which, it seems to me, will make for expedition and efficiency. While the districts which receive new judges are those in which additions to the judicial force are most needed, there are arrears in other districts, and the delays and defeats of justice are not confined to the normal jurisdiction of the twenty-four new judges. The new bill authorizes a judicial council of ten judges, consisting of the Chief Justice and the senior associate judge of each circuit, which is to meet in Washington the last Monday in September, to consider reports from each district judge, with a description of the character of the arrears and a recommendation as to the extra judicial force needed in his district. The conference thus called is to consider at large plans for the ensuing year by which the district judges available for assignment may be best used. The senior circuit judge of each circuit is given authority to assign any district judge of one district to any other in his circuit, while the Chief Justice is given authority to assign any district judge in one circuit to a district in any other circuit, upon request of the senior circuit judge of the circuit to which the district judge is to be assigned, and the consent of the senior circuit judge of the circuit from which he is to be taken. These provisions allow teamwork."

Nothing done in the United States, however, equals the bold reforms in England or the flexibility and unification and practicality of the law courts of the Continental countries.

None of the traditions of our system of law are in conflict with any sensible policy of organization; on the contrary, those who oppose organization of our judiciary machinery are in the position of opposing efficiency in putting into effect methods of dispatch in sustaining our valued traditions.

The National Municipal League a few years ago stated the results they desired to achieve:

"1. Effect a unification of the courts of a state.

"2. Restore to the courts control of practice and procedure through the rule-making power.

"3. Disturb existing procedure and offices as little as possible.

"4. Exclude detailed provisions of a statutory nature.

"5. Be as far as possible self-operative."

(Continued on Page 148)

"A good-looking bow is always smart in summer"

says Mark D'Andrea

of D'ANDREA BROTHERS, *Tailors and Style Authorities of Fifth Avenue*

THE D'ANDREAS' reputation for knowing style brings men to New York, from all over the country, to have their clothes made by this firm of Fifth Avenue tailors.

Mark D'Andrea speaks with the authority of a professional designer when he says . . . "This is the time of year when the bow tie combines good looks and smartness with practical utility.

"A man finds it convenient to have his tie out of the way when he is in his boat or playing golf . . . At other times, he will wear a bow because it is correct and good-looking with any kind of summer clothes . . . And he will discover that it is especially becoming with the popular blue coat and white flannel trousers for semi-dress occasions."

* * *

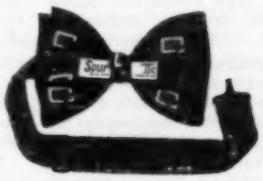
You will like the fresh colors and distinctive patterns of the new summer silks . . . crepes, poplins and crisp foulards . . . which this country's leading silk manufacturers have made up exclusively for Spur Tie.

Spur Ties are beautifully and expertly tied to start with. You can perk or puff them any way that suits you best. You'll like the neat way a Spur Tie adapts itself to any type of collar and its unfailing smartness.

And the sooner you add a new lot of Spur Ties to your wardrobe the sooner you'll appreciate what D'Andrea says about the convenience and smartness of the bow for summer wear.

* * *

FREE—Write to us for a copy of "Off the Lot," the pictorial "Who's Who" of Hollywood stars, past and present. Address: Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65-S F Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.



©. *Look for this label. It identifies every genuine Spur Tie . . . tied over the patented H-shaped Innerform, that holds the bow the way you like it.*

Painted for Spur Tie, by DONALD GARDNER

Spur Tie

50¢ 75¢ $1.00

TIED BY HAND · · · IT STAYS TIED

HEWES & POTTER, Inc., 65-S F Bedford Street, Boston, Mass. 200 Fifth Avenue, New York. 120 Battery Street, San Francisco. 426 South Spring Street, Los Angeles. 412 So. Wells Street, Chicago. 1604 Arapahoe Street, Denver. Made in Canada by Tooke Bros., Ltd., Montreal. In Australia: Wallace, Buck & Goodes, Pty., Ltd., Sydney.

The worst thing you can do for your hair

A MORNING shower bath is a fine bracer but have you noticed what it does to your hair? It does the very worst thing possible—washes out the natural oil. Without this oil, the scalp tightens and dries—even feels itchy and uncomfortable—and the next thing you know the hair becomes thin and lifeless.

Enjoy a shower as often as you like, but for your hair's sake, counteract the drying effect by this simple treatment: Once a week apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp and rub it in vigorously with a rotary motion until your whole head tingles. Then shampoo as usual. The massage stimulates circulation and loosens the scalp. The tonic cleanses every pore and leaves just the right amount of oil around the hair roots. Watch your hair respond! It will be thicker and more alive and your scalp will feel better.

You'll find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at all good drug stores. Sold in bottles of two sizes, with a convenient shaker-type top. Made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930

(Continued from Page 144)

To these purposes I would add others. I have found, as I have approached the subject of American justice, just as any citizen would find, a whole field of fascinating opportunity for imagination and resource, which could be developed from the first steps of a nonpolitical organization and unification of judicial mechanism.

The Judicial Council, as I conceive it, not only should have the rule-making power and act as an aid to the proper distribution of cases, both civil and criminal, to the proper courts, but should be the means of spreading such information as would bring the public into closer touch with law administration.

No doubt, a Judicial Council, in addition to representation of the judges and of the bar associations, should include a representation of the general public by men of business, professional and organized-labor experience.

Such a body might provide or at least encourage the creation of proper bill-drafting machinery, so that meaningless, vague, frivolous or fanatic laws would not accumulate on our statute books.

Such a body could act to restate the laws worth preserving.

Such a body could bring together the statistics of litigations and prosecutions—the time spent and the money spent by our machinery of justice.

Such a body could directly or by appointment of a nonpartisan committee provide nonpolitical nominations of judges, as I have already suggested in a previous article, so that, without interfering with the election of judges, the whole of the judiciary might be taken out of politics.

Such a body might bring about modifications and improvement in our jury system. Perhaps, in one way it could do so by causing the removal of all the exemptions from service which uselessly exclude, either by statute or by laxity of judges or by challenges by pettifogging lawyers, the intelligent juror. Perhaps, in other ways by bringing about, with great saving to the taxpayer, juries of smaller numbers, the elimination of juries, civil and criminal, whenever the parties agree, valid verdicts with something less than unanimity of a jury to prevent the stalling of justice by an obstinate or sold-out juror, mistrials and the expense of retrials. Perhaps, also by getting rid of the grand jury, which is the silent tomb of many criminal cases which should go to trial.

Fighting to Preserve Traditions

Such a body might bring about a general agreement that prosecutors as well as judges should be nominated by a nonpolitical committee, just as judges would be, and go to the electorate with a nonpartisan designation on the ballot. The prosecuting officers today have even more power than judges to tolerate the corrupt relationship between organized crime and organized political machines, and to allow delays, the intimidation of witnesses, and the "cooling" of cases.

Such a body might bring about, when necessary, the proper and official creation of strong bar associations. Such a body might raise the standard of requirement for character and learning of applicants for admission to the bar.

But above all, such a body—such a full-powered Judicial Council—would have the leadership in innovations which, with or without statutory or constitutional changes, would broaden the whole concept of reform in the creaking old wagon of our law.

Opposition to innovations has been persistent in the legal profession. Give many lawyers a chance to use electric light and they will cry out that the sacred candle must be preserved.

Take the cases, for instance, of delegation of law cases to referees or masters. What a howl! And yet, to relieve the law courts of expense, of delays, of crowded calendars, the extension of practices which have never done harm in equity courts would be of infinite benefit to you and to me, as taxpayers, even if we never become litigants.

Take the case of conciliation courts and definite conciliation machinery.

Take the case of arbitration acts such as those passed in several of our jurisdictions. You will find the Constitution howlers baying on the trail! And yet, England accepted arbitration to the full.

Says Harlan F. Stone, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States: "That two merchants of full age and mental competency should not be permitted by the laws of their country to stipulate for the adjustment and settlement of controversies between them exclusively by the arbitration of a fellow merchant, would seem incredible to a layman."

But, none the less, apparently a considerable force of our lawyers, judges and legislators are timid about conciliation methods or about giving any legal force and effect to arbitration decisions which have been agreed to either in advance and by contract, or after the dispute has arisen.

Courts of Last Resort

Conciliation acts have been passed in more than one state, but they are so timid and limited as to amuse English jurists, who look upon conciliation as a way out of useless litigation and expense. Arbitration legislation, where passed, has been attacked in a manner to slap the face of American common sense.

One who observes the reluctance of the present legal machinery in America not only to become efficient itself but even to allow auxiliary aids to justice must be shocked at the utter lack of imagination and progressiveness. We are clinging to many a worn-out shebang whose competency and dignity are found in grandiose phrases rather than in realities. The "majesty of the law" is an expression now used to defeat the very measures which would tend to make the law majestic.

And yet, if the legal machinery of American jurisdictions does not have imagination, if it does not organize, if it does not provide justice by common sense, then we will have more of the strong-arm methods of the police, and more civil disputes settled far away from courts by trade associations and merchant organizations by means of fines, boycotts and expulsion for those members who do not live up to rules and accept decisions. Why? Because in the first instance the police have learned that a defendant need not take the stand in court, that prosecutors nol-pros cases or accept a plea of guilty to lesser offenses, that when the courts no longer are deterrents to crime the strong-arm squad with extralegal violence is all that is left to protect citizens from lawlessness. And just as, in some provinces of China and other Eastern lands, associations and guilds regulate business and turn their backs upon the delays and hanky-panky of the judicial system of magistrates and of official awards to administer their own justice, so also our own system of administration of justice may be gradually more and more isolated. It will be shunned unless it accepts progressive suggestions. Our courts are not an end in themselves; they are only a means to the ends which citizens desire.

The working of conciliation and reference to referees and masters in England makes utterly ridiculous the attitude of some tradition-loving old fogies in America. As far back as 1887, Lord Bowen described the spirit of law administration in England in these words: "A complete body of rules—which possesses the great merit of elasticity, and which, subject to the vote of Parliament, is altered from time to time by the judges to meet the defects as they appear—governs the procedure of the Supreme Court and all its branches. In every cause, whatever its character, every possible relief can be given with or without pleadings, with or without a formal trial, with or without discovery of documents and interrogatories, as the nature of the case prescribes—upon

(Continued on Page 149)

"You can't build a good team without good material"

says Connie Mack

"FOR TEN YEARS," says Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics, "I tried to construct a team from second-rate bush leaguers. I failed. Then I went out and got good material, and in three years I had a world championship team."

So it is in developing motor oils. Careful refining can add greatly to the quality of the finished product. But you must have quality material to begin with. Good oils can be made only from good material—the finest oils can be made only from the finest crude!

And the finest crude in the world, as oil experts agree, is Pennsylvania Grade Crude.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE...
the raw material of the world's best lubricants

Pennsylvania Grade Crude is better—discriminating motorists know that. But no one in the world knows *why* it is better. That's a question only Mother Nature can answer. She made this one crude oil superior to all others—just as she made some metals harder, and certain kinds of wood more durable.

Nature gave to Pennsylvania Grade Crude a singular degree of purity. It has an "oiliness" found in no other crude.

A crude oil with qualities like these might be expected to yield fine finished oils. And it does! Given proper refining, Pennsylvania Grade Crude produces lubricants that are longer-lived, and more resistant to heat. Throughout the world, these lubricants are used for the hardest lubricating tasks—in automobile, airplane, tractor and motor boat engines; in locomotives, turbines and stationary machinery. They stand up where other oils break down.

To prove it, try a filling of Pure Pennsylvania Oil in your automobile motor. See how many more miles of super-lubrication you get. See how much more power your motor has, how much more smoothly it runs. That's because these oils effect a better piston seal. They reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption. They add thousands of miles to the life of your motor.

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil. It signifies that the oil is made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Every brand sold under this emblem is bonded to protect *you*. The individual brand or trade mark is your assurance of careful refining. With oils like these to choose from, why even consider oils made from any other crude?

THE HIGHEST GRADE CRUDE OIL IN THE WORLD

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product

© 1930, P. G. C. O. A.

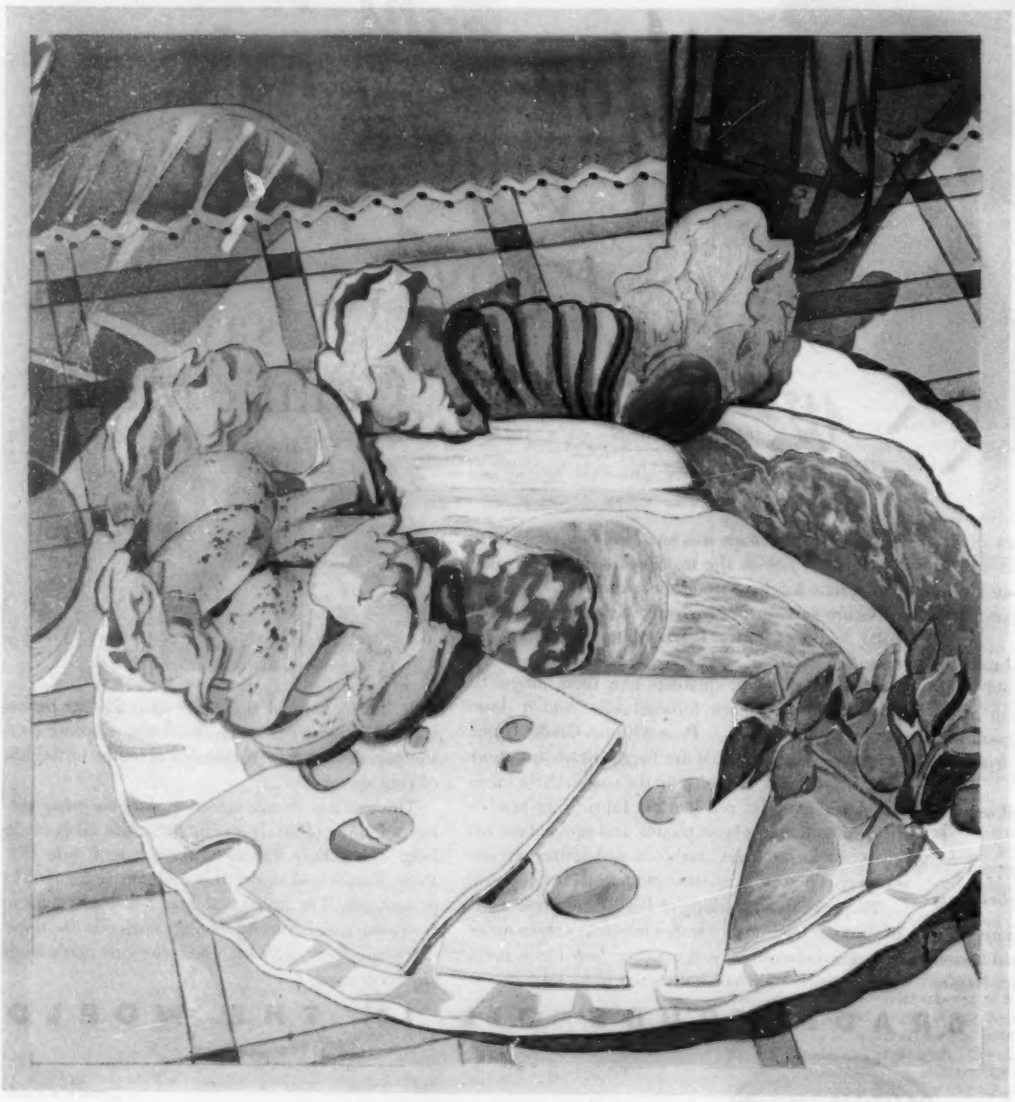
Mail this coupon today

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION S.E.P. 6-30
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.
Please send me the booklet, "$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil."
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

NEITHER "SWISS"..."SWEITZER" NOR "IMPORTED SWISS" HAS SUCH FLAVOR!

THE FLAVOR OF SWITZERLAND CHEESE CAN NEVER BE COPIED!

THESE names no longer mean cheese coming from Switzerland. So that you can be sure to secure the one and only one cheese that has the master stroke flavor . . . nut-sweet, full-bodied edge . . . they have called it, and marked it on the rind, Switzerland. ✡ No one, no matter how hard he may try, can ever copy this flavor. It is a taste for which there is no recipe, no man-made formula. Snow-fed mountain streams, flower-flecked pastures and rarefied air of the Switzerland Alps hold its secret. ✡ The ways to serve Switzerland Cheese are almost endless. With salads. With cold meats. Sliced with apples, pears and grapes. Diced in soups. Folded into omelettes. Toasted and in rarebits. Each way brings new and exquisite flavors! ✡ The rind of every Switzerland Cheese is stamped many times with the word "Switzerland." Be sure to see this before buying. The color of Switzerland Cheese may vary from rich butter to cream, according to the time of year when made, and the size of eyes may differ, but the superb flavor can never vary. Be sure you get the genuine Switzerland Cheese . . . the delight of epicures and despair of imitators.



Now it's easy to make sure of getting Switzerland Cheese. The rind is stamped with many imprints of the word "Switzerland." This marking is Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

May we send you a copy of the beautiful booklet in color—"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It"—showing many unusual and attractive dishes? It's free for the asking.

Switzerland Cheese Association, Inc.
105 Hudson Street, New York City

Name_____

Address _____

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

AN ADVERTISEMENT PUBLISHED BY THE SWITZERLAND CHEESE ASSOCIATION OF BERNE, SWITZERLAND

(Continued from Page 146)

oral evidence or affidavits, as is most convenient. Every amendment can be made at all times and all stages in any record, pleading or proceeding, that is requisite for the purpose of deciding the real matter in controversy."

This breathes a spirit of the law which bespeaks the giving of a service. This is far from the position of many members of the American bar, who would preserve our system of courts as a kind of incubus upon the people or as a vehicle important to preserve just as it is, no matter how little it carries, no matter how grotesque its old-fashioned and quaint appearance, no matter how slowly it moves, no matter what it costs the taxpayer, no matter what it costs the litigant. It is the lawyers' band wagon, and anyone who wants to grease its wheels is proclaimed a hasty and dangerous interloper, toward whom certain members of the bar will always turn an angry or supercilious eye.

Nevertheless, a body like a Judicial Council with real powers would inject a great deal of common sense not only into law administration but into the law itself. There is something absurd in keeping petty misdemeanors in our criminal codes or attaching criminal penalties and the stamp of criminality upon persons who have done merely slight wrongs to the state. Many first offenders and, indeed, many hard-boiled offenders would be cured more quickly by ridicule. But the law has no sense of humor. It is also an unimaginative law which fails to conceive that many petty misdemeanors can be treated as giving rise only to the right of the state to collect something in the nature of damages. Many regulations of states, and municipal ordinances, of traffic rules and nuisances, could be treated swiftly and often out of any court at all.

Quick Action in Italy

In Italy, for instance, there has been a growing practice of collecting damages on the spot. While traveling in Italy, a member of my family put her feet upon the opposite seat. The conductor of the train gave her a ticket. That ticket fined her about fifty cents and was torn from a stub showing that amount. The ticket explained that if the supposed offender desired to fight out the question of breach of a rule against putting one's feet upon the seats of railway carriages, then the ticket was a summons to appear within a specified time before the nearest court. If admittance of guilt were made, then payment of the fine to the conductor, who must pay in that fine, not to the railway but to the government, would settle the whole matter. The whole matter was, in fact, settled without a word, and in less than twenty seconds. Here in America we crowd our courts with petty cases tried under the atmosphere of criminal prosecution, when the state could escape bother and the offender the useless stamp of criminal lawbreaking by the initiation of the simplest system of collecting damages to the state or city. Here is a whole field for common sense, and American justice has never touched it!

The subject of costs—particularly the cost of delays—to the poor needs an attention which nothing but an organization of bench, bar and public can give it. It is not true that the poor get the worst of it on merits; juries generally give the worst of it to the rich in verdicts and judgments. But the inequality which the poor suffer is in their inability to pay for legal talent and in the cost of standing the long sieges of our archaic system. The inability of some defendants in criminal cases to engage defense counsel should be remedied by an obligation of lawyers practicing in criminal courts to serve on panels from which the judge could assign them to protect the poor defendant.

Poisoned by Politics

American justice will not relieve itself of absurdities, nor will it restore itself in the opinion of a wholly dissatisfied and distrustful public, until American justice organizes itself, unifies its systems of judiciary, informs the public of its doings, mobilizes and enlists the bar, aids the legislatures.

These reforms will not be made by any series of articles written by me. The most I can do is to point out why we—the public—believe, with many conservative leaders of the bar, that the administration of justice is poisoned by politics or rendered ridiculous by mere pomposity and futility.

The most I can do is to assert that the cure lies in judiciary organization—not only for the purge of politics, not only for the purge of inefficiency, but to lead the way to short cuts, to simplifications, to making the courts relinquish, as far as possible, any of their jurisdiction which can be given over to official conciliation and arbitration, recognized, as in England, as the courts' best auxiliaries.

Finally, only an organization of bench, bar and public will be able to push off the American stage those laws which are useless, or grotesque, or insincere, and the whole gamut of folly and inequity represented by the farces of breach-of-promise suits, framed divorces, trials of defendants or litigants in the press rather than in the court, or introduce onto the American platform of justice all the means to dismiss, before any court is aware of their existence, cases which can be settled elsewhere, either between citizens or between citizens and the state itself.

This is not to happen tomorrow, one may be sure. Today many voices will say that our report has only hastily charted a way across a sea of obstacles and difficulties.

Certainly! But nevertheless, the general public will be a little closer, shoulder to shoulder, in agreement that justice in America needs horse sense and the science and organization to get it.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Child.

DRAWN BY GONALD McKEE

"Ya Don't Mean to Say Ya Got Me Old Home Town!"

Nothing else stops sunburn pain so *quickly*!

because Unguentine goes as deep as the burn

UNGUENTINE acts the instant you spread it on. Softly, soothingly, it banishes the fiery pain. Safe, natural healing begins.

Unguentine does far more than mere lotions and toilet creams which only reach the *outer* surface of the skin. Unguentine goes as deep as the burn—it *penetrates* right down to the inflamed tissues in the dermis, or inner layer of the skin.

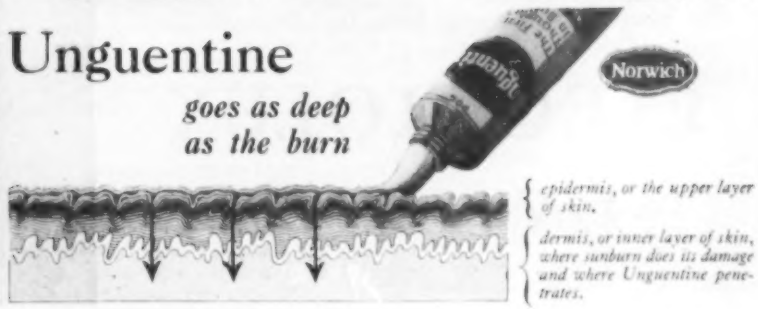
Here it eases the inflammation—takes out the sting. And, since it is *antiseptic*, it guards against the dangerous infection which any burn may develop.

8 out of 10 hospitals use Unguentine for burns. Sunburn is not different from any other burn—and should be treated in the same careful, scientific way.

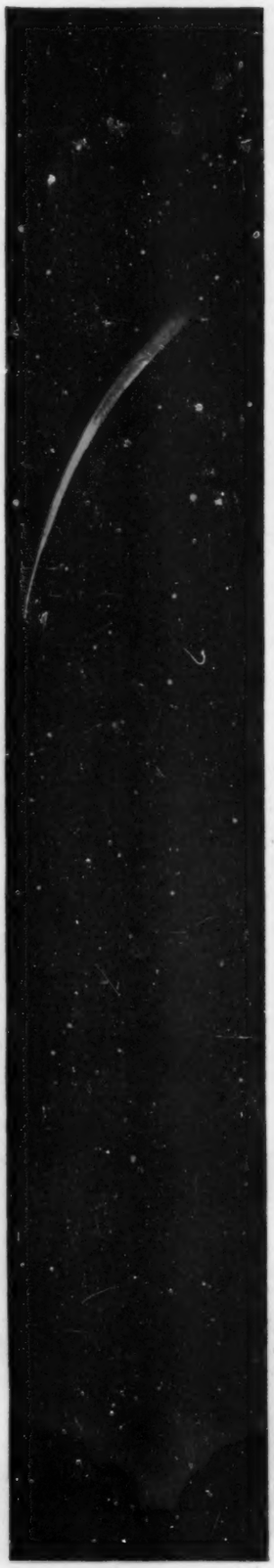
Apply Unguentine liberally, and turn the raw red into a glorious, healthful tan. Only 50 cents for the long-lasting tube. At your druggist's. Use Unguentine for burns and scalds, too, and for cuts, scratches, insect bites, etc. Take it along with you on your vacation trips.

Unguentine

goes as deep as the burn


Norwich
epidermis, or the upper layer of skin.
dermis, or inner layer of skin, where sunburn does its damage and where Unguentine penetrates.

SILENT as a falling star



Electrolux freezes ice cubes, makes constant steady cold, but never any noise

How can Electrolux automatically make cold and freeze ice, without machinery or sound? You feel the cold when you open the refrigerator door. You see the ice cubes in the freezing-trays. But there's no sound and no movement. You wonder how it's done.

Here's how: Electrolux uses a tiny, inexpensive gas flame and a mere trickle of water to circulate a refrigerant. The flame turns the refrigerant to vapor. The water condenses it back again. That's all there is to the simple cold-producing operation.

The refrigerant is sealed for life inside rigid steel. It never needs renewal. Even the tiny gas flame is safeguarded. Should the flame ever go out for any reason, the gas shuts off automatically.

The simplicity of Electrolux is also responsible for its remarkably low operating cost. This cost is only 50 cents a month in some localities. And no matter where you live, the cost of operating Electrolux is almost always far under that of any other automatic refrigerator—about half what you pay for ice.

More and more fine new homes and apartments—tens of thousands of them all over the country—are choosing Electrolux. Prices are $195 to $430, f.o.b. factory. Liberal purchase terms. Many different models to choose from. Where there are no city mains, this refrigerator can be operated with Pyrofax Gas. Visit the showroom of your gas company or other Electrolux distributor, or write us for complete illustrated information. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has 9.9 square feet of shelf space and makes 45 large ice cubes

CARRYING ON FOR LUTHER BURBANK

(Continued from Page 9)

second place, after a few specimens have been eaten, one's discrimination is dulled.

What actually happened in the orchard, with others as well as myself, was that the first fruit tried was a surprise and a delight, and no one wanted to go on sampling.

"This plum is good enough for me!" a visitor would say. "I'm ready to camp right here."

"But there are at least two hundred new varieties to be tested!" I might protest. "Here, try this one."

Skeptically the connoisseur would take the proffered fruit, usually holding fast to the one he had first tried, and would nibble a little.

"My, that is better!" he would cry. Down to the ground would go his first love, and then he would want to start in and clean up a limb or so of the second variety, and I would have to begin over again to get him to go on.

Undoubtedly the hardest man in America to sell a new fruit to is a big nurseryman. He has hundreds of new fruits offered him every year, and he has long since made up his mind, like a famous editor I once heard of, to buy not on the basis of "Can I afford to accept this?" but on the basis of "Can I afford to turn it down and, perhaps, let some rival get it?" One of these nurserymen came clear across the country to visit the Sebastopol grounds and see if there might be one or two new fruits of Mr. Burbank's worth adding to his already large list of novelties and new varieties.

Sold!

We who were going to take him to the farm made what we thought a subtle selling plan for guiding him so that he would appear to stumble on one or two of the plums that we knew to be unusual and delicious, but somehow he got away from us on arriving at the orchard, and presently we heard him shout:

"See here! What's this one? The greatest plum I ever tasted! Is this for sale?"

We hurried over, to find him under a big tree west of the Grape Gate that we had passed by as comparatively inferior in our judgment; he had a plum in each hand and juice dripping from the corners of his mouth. He was really excited.

"Marvelous!" he cried. "Delicious! Look at the size and color! And what a flavor!"

"But, see here! You haven't ——"

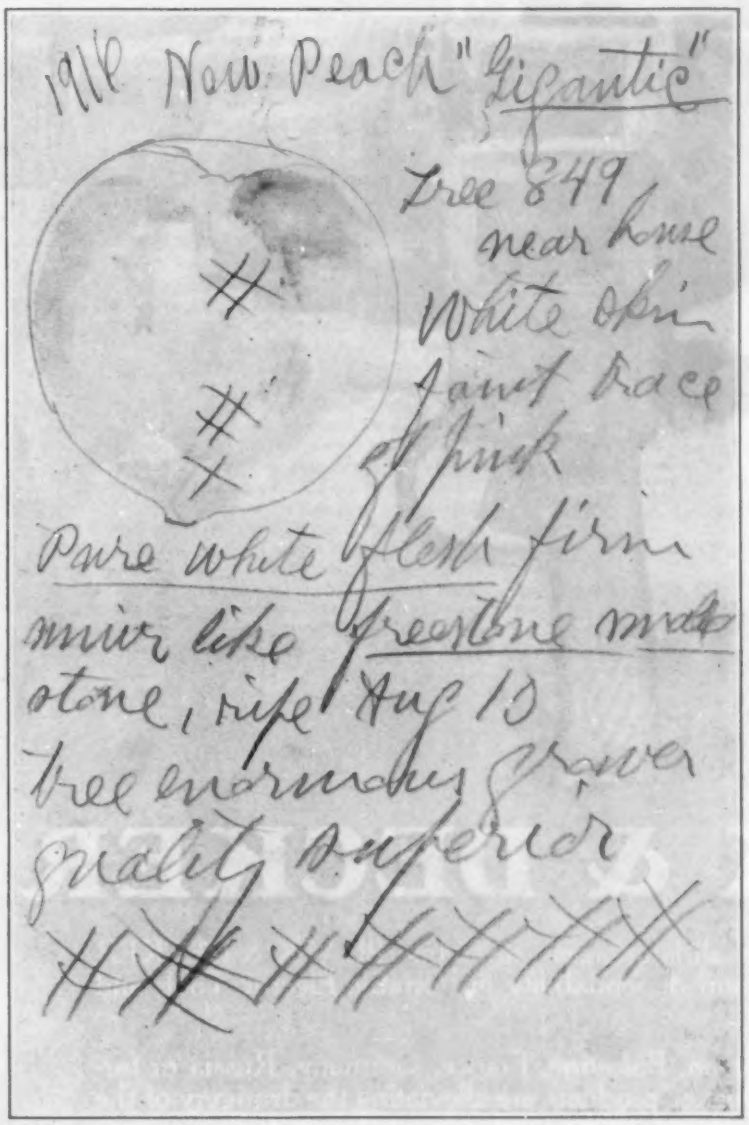
"Can't help it! I don't want to spoil the effect with any second-grade plums now! Sell me this and I'll have 10,000 grafted trees next year and 200,000 the year after!"

There was no dissuading him; he had sold himself! He took that plum.

But meantime, with one helper, I had systematically gone over the whole orchard, sampling the fruits as they came into bearing, beginning with the cherries, marking the trees, making such records as I could, and trying to check up the fruits with Mr. Burbank's own field notes. Of course, to start with, he had long before eliminated undesirable trees, poor bearers, fruits subject to early decay or susceptible to disease, and, most important of all, those fruits which merely duplicated varieties already existing and which would therefore add nothing to the world's store. What surprises and delights that summer brought! Of course, some few of the fruits were familiar to me, and of some I recognized the names. Mr. Burbank usually chose names for his own use that were descriptive or that meant something definite to him, to aid in identifying the different varieties; and later, before introduction, he would change that name to one suitable for trade purposes. So there were the Grape Gate plum, My White peach, the Earliest-of-All cherry and the West Row pear. One plum he himself called the Bath Tub, because he said it was so juicy that was the only place one could be eaten. A boy, tasting one of his plums, cried, "Gee whiz!" and the Gee Whiz plum finally went on the market under that name.

A cause of much anxiety was the fact that several of the varieties I knew, or that were mentioned in the records, were not to be found in the orchard in that first summer. Careful search was made, because the plan was to lose nothing until some disposition of the treasury of new things could be made. For example, there was the Gold nectarine, which I believe only Mr. Burbank and I had ever tasted up to that time. I knew it must be located, yet repeated efforts failed to disclose it. I did not know whether it was a single tree or a graft on one of the older trees or on a seedling root.

Then, when I had almost given up hope of finding it, a pomologist working in the orchard asked me what I wanted done with a dozen or twenty scraggy and wretched trees on the west side of the orchard. I inspected them and found them apparently a miscellany of unhappy seedlings, with no particular meaning or value, and told him he could have them taken out.



One of Mr. Burbank's "Fruit Records" Made in the Sebastopol Orchard

Gold at Last

He gave a workman the order. But the meanest and poorest specimen in the lot, apparently a peach seedling, the helper overlooked. Before he could be sent back to uproot it, in the press of other work, it began to bloom feebly. I still thought it a peach, but the pomologist said it was not a true peach and that we had better leave it a while and watch it. Four or five blossoms became fertilized and tiny fruits began to develop. Someone knocked off one of these, and an untimely wind and frost withered two more. Two fruits were left. Only one of these matured—into the Gold nectarine!

By that narrow margin we found the lost fruit. The tree, we discovered, planted at the end of a long row, had been badly bruised by a careless cultivator who had turned his team into it and torn the trunk with the traces or a singletree end. We took cions from it and they were grafted into sturdy seedling stock, and some day probably the Gold nectarine will begin to appear in orchards and markets where there are discriminating fruit lovers—for I consider the nectarine one of the most delicious of all fruits, and I think a good many agree with me.

At once a help and a hindrance was a find made one day in a neglected corner of the little house Mr. Burbank had used at Sebastopol as an office and seed house. It was a perfectly tremendous map, loosely rolled, tied with tape, covered with years of dust. Unless one knocked out a partition, he could not spread the map in the house, so it was taken out-of-doors. It proved to be a

(Continued on Page 153)

FREE

Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

ACCEPT THIS LIBERAL TRIAL of Hires Root Beer

WITH our compliments—serve 8 bottles of Hires Root Beer to your family and friends. See how they enjoy it. Hear their praise of its wonderful flavor. No beverage is more refreshing, more invigorating.

Yet Hires Root Beer can be served generously and without worry of cost, because it is surprisingly economical.

May we send you a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer?

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, *Dept. M*
Philadelphia, Pa. [10-6-28-S]

Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract

Name.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
Print name and address plainly

Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

IN EVERY COUNTRY

BLACK & DECKER

In every country in all languages the name BLACK & DECKER is symbolic of quality and dependability in Portable Electric Tools and Appliances.

In Japan, Iceland, Spain, Palestine, France, Germany, Russia or far-away India, Black & Decker products are alleviating the drudgery of the ages by putting into the hands of the workman an almost endless variety of electric tools for quickly performing work previously requiring much time and hand labor.

In the Land of the Midnight Sun, in Borneo or Sumatra, on the North American Continent or in the Hawaiian Islands wherever you may be a Black & Decker distributor is near at hand, ready to serve you.

The BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.,
TOWSON, MARYLAND, U. S. A.

Slough, Bucks, England Sydney, Australia Toronto, Ontario, Canada

(Continued from Page 151)

beautifully made map of the farm, but dated 1912. On it was marked the location of every tree, shrub and plant on the place at that time, with tree numbers, some variety names, and a good many cryptic notations that might be keys if one could interpret them.

We were overjoyed at this discovery and supposed that many of our troubles were over. But, though the map did help materially in locating the oldest trees, it was very confusing as regards distances and directions and the locations of the very large number of plantings that had been made probably years after the date of the map and that had never been entered on it. By a slow process of deduction and elimination, we were able, from the map, in time to fix pretty closely the ages of many of the trees. We found some varieties long lost, and we checked up on changes that had been made in the arrangement of the orchard, which assisted in work with some of Mr. Burbank's fruit records, which I shall describe presently.

Visitors who were shown the map often expressed surprise that Mr. Burbank had not kept the map up-to-date; but I knew why he had not, and so did they when the magnitude of the task was pointed out. Mr. Burbank often planted 500,000 plants at Sebastopol in one season; he usually put in anywhere from 2000 to 20,000 grafts or buds every year. I suppose that he had set out originally to keep that map annotated; I can imagine that after the first three or four days of trying it he had given it up summarily and possibly rolled the chart up, never to unroll it again. I should like to know how much it cost to make in the first place. Certainly a pretty penny!

The Survivors of Sebastopol

The one form of record of the fruit experiments that we had in definite, clearly read shape, was rectangles of light cardboard which Mr. Burbank called his fruit records. He usually used for these a good quality of Bristol board about five by nine inches in size; in the upper left-hand corner he would make a "picture" of the fruit by cutting a specimen in half with his knife, removing the core or pit, pressing the fruit half down and drawing a line around it with his pencil. This would give the exact size and shape of the fruit; he would then write on the card the tree number, possibly a description of its general location in the orchard, and the outstanding characteristics of the tree and the principal characteristics of the fruit itself.

Here are some examples of these fruit records:

My "White" apple. L903. Ripe Sept. 1st to 20th. Pure white, very rarely a slight speck or flake of red. Sweet, juicy; beautiful color. Splendid baked. Extra good bearer; rather weepy tree; strong grower. Apple almost smooth as if turned. About ¼ larger than Downey's Rambo; just the size of a large Baldwin.

\# \# \# \# \#

"Best 1914" (Cherry) Tree No. 1. Old North West Tree. Long slender stem—unusually early and abundant bearer. Extremely large for an early bearer—almost as large as Giant. Flesh firm black, unusually rich and spicy. Small stone, half cling. Color of fruit, jet black. Unusually good keeper. The very best of all early cherries. Ripe just before or with the "Burbank," and superior in quality and productiveness.

\# \# \# \# \# \# \#

(A pear) Tree 1699, Limb No. 1. Pale lemon yellow, faint blush and stripes of red; numerous small, russet dots. Flesh firm, white. Fairly good to good. Ripe Oct. 1. X

But this:

(A pear) Tree 1597, Limb No. 1.
1 specimen only. WORMY.

The doubled crosses appearing above are the exact number the several records bear. Notice that the "fairly good to good" pear did not even get a doubled cross; a single X was sufficient. And as for the WORMY one, with its single specimen, it was out! I have no doubt that the limb that bore it was cut off and sent to the bonfire immediately after that record was made, for that was always the fate of fruits or flowers or plants that failed to come up to Mr. Burbank's standards.

I do not know how that record happens to be in the big portfolio that contains them, for it must be borne in mind that Mr. Burbank made thousands and perhaps tens of thousands of such records during his long experimental labors, and that a large percentage of the fruits produced were not sufficiently valuable to deserve a place either in the orchard or in the record portfolio. That is why most of the records repeat over and over such phrases as "A splendid fruit!" "Best keeper," "Superior," "Best of all," and so on. This praise of his fruits was not due to enthusiasm or a tendency to superlatives, but to the fact that the fruits in the Sebastopol orchard at the time of Mr. Burbank's death were the pick of thousands he had developed there; they had stood all the tests to which he had put them; they were ready to be introduced to the orchards and markets of the world.

The reason why he did not introduce them himself is that there is probably no undertaking more discouraging, difficult and arduous than introducing a new variety of fruit. This is primarily because of the perfectly natural hesitancy of men cultivating commercial orchards to risk a new variety in a market already highly competitive, and where only proved and accepted varieties find sure sale; secondarily, it is due to the strange anomaly that the plant experimenter and breeder is denied any protection in the rights to his discoveries.

For many years Mr. Burbank financed his experimental work and made his living by selling new varieties, mainly outright to established nursery companies, but in many cases at retail sale through catalogues issued annually from the farms. The former class of buyers were able to advertise and push sales, and they could afford to pay a fair price for the novelty; buyers from Mr. Burbank's catalogues were usually garden lovers, wealthy people with estates to build up, and fanciers of new fruits. These latter sales made up a fair aggregate of profit, but meant hard work in digging, packing, shipping under rigid and often onerous state inspection laws, and so on.

As time went on, the difficulty of selling new fruits particularly increased. Orchardists waited for the public to become acquainted with the new introductions before they would plant extensively. Other experimenters or the discoverers of accidental sport varieties of value began to appear. Nurserymen had full catalogues and hesitated to add more.

No Rights of Discovery

Mr. Burbank used to say that when his Santa Rosa plum was perfected—in his judgment the best plum for commercial production in the whole list of varieties of that fruit—he was unable to sell a single tree until one day, in desperation, he got on his bicycle and rode an orchardist down and made him buy enough to plant ten acres. At any rate it was not easy, and became steadily less so, to introduce his creations, and finally, about 1914, he ceased to try and turned his attention more to the seed business, in which he was very successful, offering his new things each year through a catalogue.

The second cause of the difficulty of introducing new fruits—or any of the results of plant-breeding work—and which contributes to the first difficulty, is the lack of protection to the experimenter or discoverer under the nation's patent laws. There is a strong effort being made in Congress this year to amend the patent laws so that such men as Mr. Burbank may be included with the writers of books and plays, the inventors of useful mechanical devices and the chemists who develop new and precious formulas, as worthy of a share in the proceeds from their work. As things now stand, the man who breeds or brings to perfection a new flower, a delicious fruit or a valuable vegetable may be able to make a small amount in the first few months after introduction, but immediately he has pioneered sufficiently to prove the value of his product, anyone can propagate the novelty and sell it without the slightest obligation to the discoverer or creator, and with perfect freedom to use his name in exploiting the product. Mr. Burbank always felt very strongly about this anomalous defect in the patent laws. His interest was not selfish, since his name became a sort of copyright by itself, without any process of law, and people everywhere in the world had a fine respect for it; what he deplored was the fact that this lack of protection was keeping out of the profession of plant breeding many capable young men, holding back, thus, the proper progress of horticulture in America more than any other one factor, and holding it back until it was hopelessly behind our progress in mechanical, chemical and industrial lines, and even our progress in the arts. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when selfish commercial interests will be overcome and this situation met by well-advised legislative action.

A Plethora of Plums

In 1924, two years before Mr. Burbank's death, he prepared an inventory of the more important plants, shrubs, vines and trees then on the Sebastopol farm, and no better idea of what it has meant to try to carry on for him could be gained than by perusing that catalogue. Here are a few excerpts from the list, just as he set them down, including the parentheses:

13,209 large and small "Royal" hybrid walnut trees.
14,846 new seedling hybrid chestnut trees (many wonderful ones).
455 rare select new roses.
254 new large fruiting hybrid hawthorn trees.
174 new grapes.
1499 new plum and prune trees, bearing some 2000 new varieties.
76 seedling Pistachio nut trees.
557 new blackberry plants.
3000 new hybrid Watsonias (first ever produced).
43 new hardy hybrid hibiscus—very beautiful.
441 clumps new large flowering Coreopsis (great improvement).

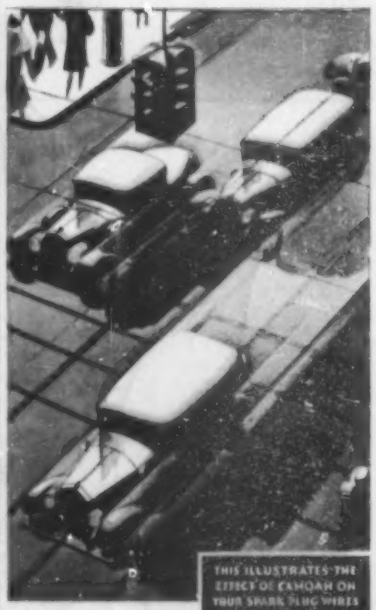
These few items indicate the widely varied nature of the collection that was there to be cared for. It was not possible to find anything like the whole sum of inventoried plants without the most skillful assistance, yet nothing growing on the farm could be destroyed without great risk. Everything had a value to the scheme and might have great value to the world. Many of the varieties were proved and ready for introduction.

There were, for example, at least two hundred of the new plums that practical fruit men, big nurserymen, pomologists and discriminating lovers of fruit for eating pronounced equal or superior to any of the plums now commercially grown in this country—of which plums, by the way, more than 80 per cent originated in Mr. Burbank's orchard. There were, in fact, too many fine new ones for the orchards of the world to absorb. It became a question of choosing a few that could be economically introduced.

Mr. Burbank's Royal and Paradox walnuts were among the creations that he himself believed were of the most value to the world. They are exceedingly fast-growing trees, sturdy and suitable to almost any temperate climate, and their woods are as fine for cabinetmaking and finishing as any walnuts known. I was fortunate enough to find in the attic of the old barn a pile of milled pieces that Mr. Burbank had had turned out from a fallen Paradox limb and from a Royal tree he took out a good many years ago; with these I had some furniture made and a stairway built when I remodeled his old home in Santa Rosa, and they are concrete examples of the possibilities of these woods, if only the trees could be extensively planted on a commercial scale.

His new berries, his new grapes, his acclimated and developed New Zealand

When Your Car Doesn't ZOOM on the Getaway


THIS ILLUSTRATES THE EFFECT OF CAMOAH ON YOUR SPARK PLUG WIRES
OLD SPARK PLUG WIRE
LEAK ELECTRICITY
LIKE AN OLD HOSE
LEAKS WATER

Remember CAMOAH* *Robs the Plug of its Vital Spark*

* CAMOAH—a word coined by The Packard Electric Company research engineers to express the six causes (Corona, Abrasion, Moisture, Oil, Age and Heat) of failure of spark plug wires on modern engines.

If your car seems to lack that split-second pickup . . . if it lazes and lags at the start . . . remember: That CAMOAH* attacks spark plug wires. Electricity escapes! Power is lost! Keep vital electrical punch where it belongs with Packard Lac-kard Spark Plug Wires; replaced every 10,000 miles.

Get genuine Packard . . . standard on 75% of American makes of cars. First, and kept the best by continual research . . . Ask your garage man.

THE PACKARD ELECTRIC COMPANY
WARREN, OHIO · TORONTO · WINNIPEG

The JANTZEN
Shouldaire Sun-suit
THE SHOULDAIRE—designed by Jantzen for Devotees of the Sun the world around.
A suit designed for smart sun bathers—and active swimmers. On the beach an ingenious tie permits straps to be dropped for an even coat of shoulder tan. The photographs below illustrate its simplicity.
In the water the Shouldaire is a swimming suit characteristically Jantzen in its permanent perfect fit. Smoothly, comfortably it molds the body to graceful flowing lines.
The lovely colors are created by Jantzen to harmonize with every type, to enhance the beauty of every complexion. But see the Shouldaire at your favorite shop or store. You'll find the famous Red Diving Girl on every genuine Jantzen. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.
Jantzen
The suit that changed bathing to swimming
Bring shoulder cord from under arm.
(Posed by Dorothy Mackaill First National Star)
Draw beneath straps and tie at side.
Remove straps. Suit now held by cord.
No straps to mar an even shoulder tan.
NOTE—Cord should not be used when shoulder straps are up.
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 14
Portland, Oregon
Please send me free new "Jantzen Color Key to Smart Sun and Sea Togs"
Name
Address

flax, his decorative shrubs—there was no limit to the treasures at Sebastopol. Among other things, we soon found that the chestnut seedlings included a number of novelties that, in themselves alone, would have been a contribution worth making to the world. Not only were there chestnuts that were blight-resistant but there were individuals that bore so early that chestnut experts would not believe even the photographs we made of two-year-old trees not two feet high loaded down with nuts; there were several that promised to be evergreen, bearing part of their leaves through the whole year; there were several with nuts as big as a small hen's eggs; there were new flavors and textures in the nut meats, and so on.

Both at Sebastopol and on the home grounds Mr. Burbank had grown a very large number of rose seedlings in the last six years of his life, and these demanded imperatively something more than mere care and the comparative judgment of amateurs. Even in the spring of his death they bloomed enough to challenge attention. And they were all marked, good and poor individuals alike, with the two characteristics Mr. Burbank had been sedulously seeking—electric, vivid color and fragrance.

It may be interesting here to recall that Mr. Burbank devoted a great deal of time and work, in his earlier years as a plant experimenter, to roses, specializing—if his successful introductions form a criterion—in climbing roses and bedding varieties, and not paying much heed to bush roses. He dropped this work for a long time, but returned to roses about 1918, when his nursery business was ended, his fruit experiments were largely completed and his seed business was paying its way. And in the last six years of his life roses, zinnias, dahlias, gladioluses and a large number of highly specialized experiments in unusual, imported, rare and unknown plants occupied much of his time. Included in the latter were his last extensive experiments with spineless cactus and his work at hybridizing plants generally supposed to be practically impossible to cross, such as the Watsonia and a number of rare lilies.

Final Labors of Love

Rose breeding is a difficult task, not because the technic is complex but because many roses do not bear seed normally and crossing is, therefore, not always possible. Mr. Burbank chose half a dozen strong, beautiful roses, such as the General MacArthur—red—the Caroline Testout—cream—the Ophelia—pale pink—and the new Daily Mail—copper—that produce pollen and bear seeds more or less bountifully, and planted them along the sidewalk leading to "the big house"; his experimental rose bed was a few feet away, and in it he set out some of his own roses, a large number of seedlings, and a few other named varieties, and began a long, patient, careful campaign of cross-pollinating. Where he got seeds he harvested them by hand—a slow process—kept the seeds in dry sand through the winter, and planted them in the spring in shallow boxes in the greenhouse. In the second year after germination these roses bloomed, and he began selecting for the vividness of color he was seeking and for fragrance. He was in the midst of this work when his death occurred; almost the last thing I remember seeing him do before his final illness was to walk the length of the rows of seedling roses and mark some for preservation and some for destruction, even before they had bloomed that year. Because here lay Mr. Burbank's unique genius—the ability to tell from the shrub or tree or plant or bush or vine, with uncanny and inexplicable exactness, whether the coming blossom or fruit was going to tend toward the goal he sought in his experiment or whether it was merely a step backward in the progression he planned.

Within a week of his death the seedling roses began to bloom, and it was a comfort and a pleasure to walk up and down those rows discovering what his years of work, interrupted though it had been, had brought forth. There were some ragged and apparently valueless roses, and there were heavy bloomers and light bloomers, there were sturdy bushes and weaklings, there were large and small roses and single and double roses; but without exception, they all had vivid, electric color, and they all had fragrance. The work of marking those that seemed most promising was my own particular task and delight; some of my choices did not receive the approval of experts who came later, but many of them did, and the rose I liked best—a delicate, shell-pink single-petaled bloom, of exquisite shape and grace of stem, and with stamen and pistils a golden yellow, that I called the Apple Blossom—was finally pronounced, to my great satisfaction, a genuine novelty and worth introduction among the first.

No Favorite—Except the Rose

The very last of Mr. Burbank's seedling roses were in two beds on the experiment grounds in Santa Rosa; these were tiny little fellows in their first year of life, and if I had not known that Mr. Burbank expected a great deal from them, I should certainly have been tempted, from their appearance, to clear them all out. On the contrary, I gave them what care I could; two years ago they were moved to the fine sandy soil of the Sebastopol farm, properly cultivated and pruned and encouraged to grow sturdy and strong; this spring they are blooming profusely and they provide one sensation after another to rose lovers who are permitted to see them. There is one in particular that I cannot help describing, though at the risk of not being believed by any but the most experienced rose breeders.

It is a dark, rich Burgundy red and appears in the form of a small and not entirely attractive bud. It opens as a small, neat rose and promises nothing. But it has an extraordinary power to grow in blossoming; the first petals shrivel and disappear, and new ones come on, two, three, up to as high as a dozen rows of petals, velvety, touched with crimson at the tips and shading down to a dark wine red inside, and spreading and curling and expanding until the developed rose, two weeks after the first bud has appeared, is by actual measurement six inches across and from two to three inches deep!

Someone once asked Mr. Burbank, "What is your favorite flower?"

He replied, "Oh, I don't think I have one—except, of course, the rose."

It was this love of his for roses that prompted him, when he thought he could relax a little in his other work, to return to his rose experiments. I firmly believe that a new chapter in the history of the rose will have to be written when these last seedling hybrids are made accessible to the people, for I have never seen or heard of varieties like most of his, and I feel sure that at least a score of them will find places in all truly representative rose collections.

Well, it may be clear to the reader now that the legacy of treasure and responsibility left by Mr. Burbank was not one to be competently managed by one amateur with limited capital and very little experience. My principal fear in considering plans for the disposition of the wealth of plants and trees he left was that they might be commercialized instead of distributed on the system he himself always followed—not for profit, yet in such a way that the money they brought in would be sufficient to enable him to go on with his further research and breeding. He had suggested, during his last illness, the name of a man whom he had known and dealt with, as with his father before him.

Finally, two years after Mr. Burbank's death, this man took over the responsibility, with the understanding that Mr. Burbank's last work would be examined, catalogued and put to practical tests, and that all his unfinished experiments would, in time, be carried on as well as the most expert plant breeders available could carry them on.

THE TERMINAL TOWER dominates the terminal group of buildings. Rising 708 feet above the concourse level, the Tower is visible from virtually every part of Cleveland. By day, the Tower is impressive in its chaste dress of limestone. By night, hundreds of floodlights transform it into a luminous mass, visible for many miles.

The New
CLEVELAND UNION TERMINAL
offers you

A location on the Public Square in the very heart of Cleveland's new business district.

Unsurpassed terminal facilities coördinating with rapid transit, bus and taxicab service.

All transportation services are electrified. 17 miles of electrification are included within the terminal and its approaches.

Approximately 35 acres are embraced in the terminal area. More than 1000 buildings were razed to make room for this terminal.

Shops providing practically every article and service a traveler may need.

Complete dining facilities—dining room, lunch room and cafeteria.

CLEVELAND'S *great new terminal*

EFFICIENCY and CONVENIENCE . . . conforming to the travel tempo of today . . . are symbolized in this great terminal in the very heart of Cleveland . . . the capital of a new trade empire.

The new Union Terminal is Cleveland's greeting and invitation to the traveler of today. Here stands the most modern of all the world's great terminals . . . conforming to the highest architectural and engineering standards.

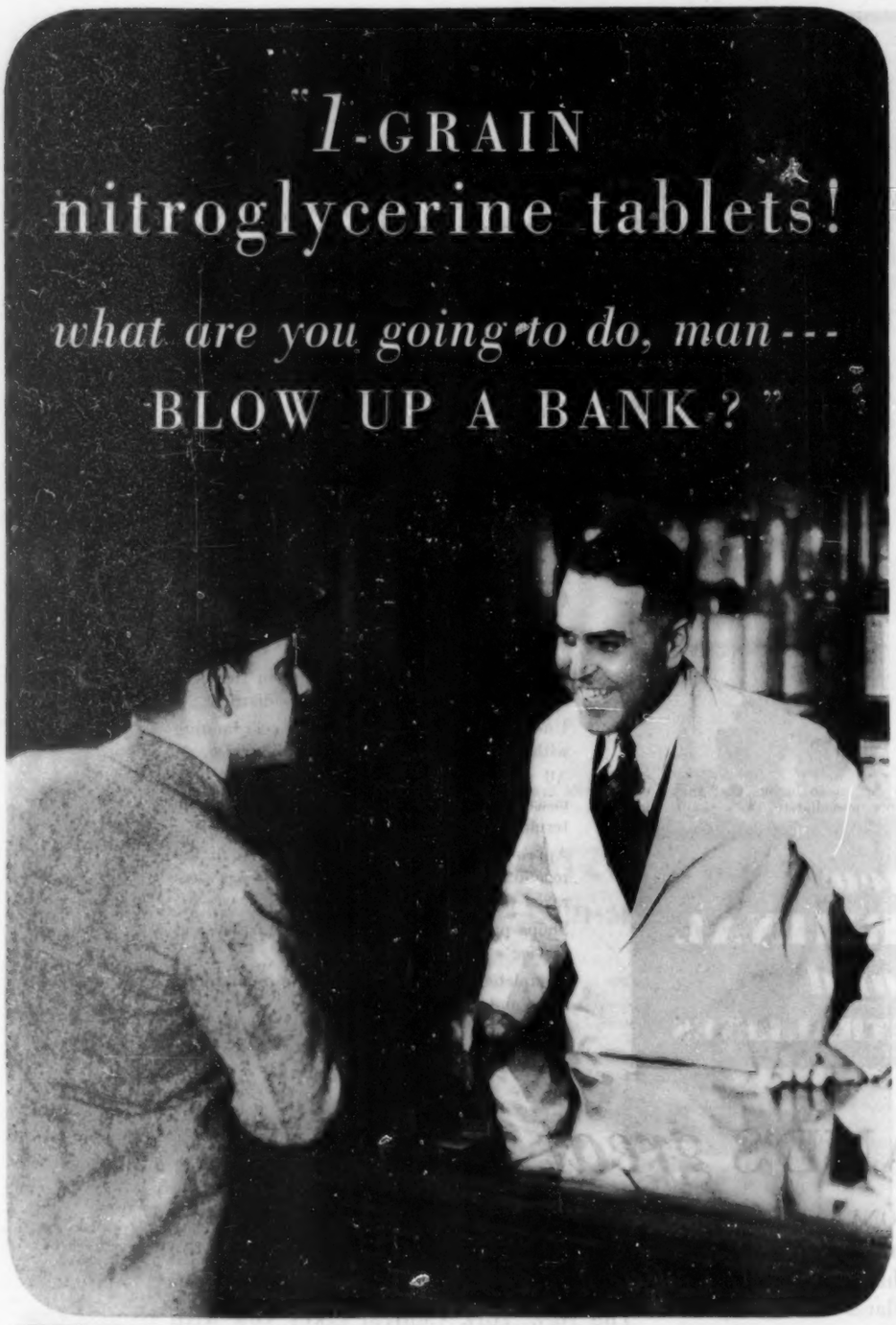
Cleveland is one of the chief commercial and industrial cities of the United States and enjoys the service of the New York Central Lines, which set the pace in providing the utmost in travel luxury.

The New York Central takes you with unrivalled ease over this comfortable low level route between the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic seaboard. This priceless natural advantage of safe, restful travel enables you to enjoy undisturbed sleep by night . . . and by day the ever changing, colorful panorama of the beautiful, historic Hudson Valley.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED
Chicago · New York · New England

SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED
St. Louis · New York · New England



THAT IS what he asked for. And that is what he would have got—if the Druggist hadn't known better.

But the Druggist *did* know. He knew that the usual therapeutic dose of nitroglycerine is only *1-100* of a grain, and that in his business it is deadly-dangerous to apply the complacent rule, "The customer is always right."

The Druggist knew because his profession *required* him to. To pass his State Board examinations and win his license he had studied, among a host of other subjects, Posology, the science of doses. On his shoulders, in the interest of public welfare, had been placed the responsibility of knowing the *safe and proper doses of every drug.*

A weighty responsibility, that. Did you know that your Druggist may be held liable for filling *exactly as written* a prescription which, through error, calls for an improper dose? . . .

Perhaps that gives you a new conception of the importance of the Druggist as an able, educated, responsible professional servant of the public. It should. Your Druggist is no ordinary merchant. His first concern is the health and comfort of the community.

It is an honor to the products of Bauer & Black that so many Druggists prefer to sell them. But every Druggist knows that Bauer & Black adhesive plaster, sterile gauze, bandages, and absorbent cotton—to name only a few—are of such high quality as to merit his most earnest professional endorsement.

BAUER & BLACK Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Absorbent Cotton in the Handy Package. Soft, fluffy, highly absorbent

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Gauze Bandages, in sealed cartons. Frayless edge prevents raveling

BAUER & BLACK Pal Athletic Supporters give protection and de luxe comfort at work or play

Blue-Jay Protect-O-Pads (new) and Corn Plasters—BAUER & BLACK aids to foot comfort

BAUER & BLACK Baby Talc. The perfect talc . . smooth, healing, and moisture-resisting

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY

Chicago · New York · Toronto

© 1930, The Kendall Company

GUNMAN

(Continued from Page 23)

Having polluted, he must go on polluting. Having bribed, he must go on bribing. Having schemed, he must go on scheming. Only infallibility could maintain such a program, and Angelo knew himself to be distinctly fallible.

For the first time since his association with Antonio Scarvak, the lawyer came face to face with the irresistible truth of his position.

If the law-abiding citizens of the town were roused to fever heat, big rewards might well be offered for killers and organizers of murder. How simple a thing it would be, thought Angelo, for any one of a dozen thoughtless girls who had known the luxury of his various apartments to report, for money, what he had told them in braggadocio!

There were at least half a dozen such girls who had reason to hate Angelo for the manner in which he had cast them aside. These were the sort of girls, he knew, who would soon form acquaintances with others of his type, and where this might lead, Angelo's fertile mind readily perceived. Despite his power, his well-advertised intellect, and his sapient skill before a jury, Angelo Castagara felt above his head the sword of Damocles.

Yet he dared not turn back; could not. At the slightest hesitancy there was to be faced the death dealer, Antonio Scarvak, with the only law he knew. Angelo promptly imputed to his own idiocy the reckless manner in which he had thrown away his money.

In this day and age, he figured, a man needed at least a million if he were to live without effort. Sudden flight might offer him a haven, but he knew that his disappearance would fire Antonio's gang with suspicion and immediately precipitate the internal dissension which Scarvak feared most of all. For this the penalty would be death.

So his flight must be a success; he must completely cover his trail if he would avoid the Scarvak vengeance. This meant that he never again could work, and there in his office he made sudden resolutions to save feverishly from his great income against that day when he must disappear from the face of the earth and forever hide his identity.

Throughout the underworld, rumors of Karfola's dread coming tautened nerves. Gunmen whispered rather than talked in their customary blatant confidence. Heavier guards rode with the whisky that rumbled through the night on Scarvak's trucks.

Every jail in town quickly filled with the flotsam and jetsam of a great city. Vagrants, accustomed to being arrested for the sake of a night's sleep, found themselves suddenly elevated to importance in the estimate of the police. They were cross-examined at length for any indication that they might be identified with Red Karfola. The unimportant routine cases in the police courts suddenly showed a tendency to clog the dockets. The singsong monotony of petty-offense trials altered into an ominous questioning and investigating of previous records.

All this Antonio Scarvak and his lieutenants understood, but the greater care with which these minor cases were tried impressed Thomas Wilton and his citizens' committee with the belief that their campaign was bearing fruit.

They secured the services of a prominent attorney, who altruistically offered his abilities gratis. This man employed a staff of clerks and assistants, and with the help of police acquired the services of several secret investigators.

But even a cursory investigation disclosed some amazing facts to Wilton and his committee. The activities of bail commissioners came first to their attention. They discovered that, whereas millions had been pledged in bail, little was actually collectible after the bailed prisoner had vanished. They discovered that men charged by law with the careful investigation of collateral offered in bond had repeatedly accepted merely the affidavit of convicted criminals that they held title to the collateral pledged. In many instances land and buildings had been pledged without knowledge of the actual owners.

It then became obvious that no matter how diligent the police force might be in the apprehension of criminals, the arrested crook was often permitted to slip through their fingers by way of a funeral bond. The police made a big point of this helpful disclosure.

The committee checked through various criminal-court dockets, and their investigations uncovered innumerable continuances which had conspired to bring about the freedom of unquestionably guilty criminals—continuances which had repeatedly and mechanically been granted over and over again.

The stir in the newspapers was profound, and Antonio Scarvak made use of this publicity. Quite calmly he made a bundle of the papers and sent them without comment to Red Karfola in his near-by stronghold. It was as well, he thought, that Red should see for himself the power of his opposition.

During this brief period Antonio quite deliberately cut down the supply of liquor which was distributed to his bootleggers. For as much as a week there was an actual shortage of booze. As a result of this, the price went up and citizens began to take the war against bootlegging more seriously.

Through his runners, Antonio used this publicity to suggest to buyers that they lay in a supply immediately. As a result, his volume of business increased and he secured a higher price. Customers bought less often, but in larger quantities. This had the effect of decreasing his risk by requiring fewer deliveries and keeping his trucks in seclusion while the public cry against murder was at its height.

All the underworld smiled at this piece of business and to a degree profited by it. But beyond the money value of the stroke Antonio valued the enhanced confidence of his gunmen. They could see for themselves, now, that Antonio was a leader to be followed. And none knew better than he that membership in his gang soon would require confidence—confidence and courage too.

Upon this Antonio depended for the solid front he intended presenting against Red Karfola. He weighed carefully the possibilities of the situation and came to the sound conclusion that the tightening of the police net, and the publicity given the citizens' committee, would suffice to keep Karfola out of town until public interest had subsided.

He knew Karfola's problem and realized that while the man must act soon, he dared not act too soon. Therefore, Antonio waited until the first delights of the new house on Betzer Hill had appeased Rosy. Then, adroitly, and at first with little more than vague suggestion, he laid preparations to send his family to the old country. In doing this, he reckoned upon the indisputable experience that history repeats itself.

Very carefully he had turned over in his own mind the experiences of the gang leaders who had preceded him. Almost to a man they had lasted just three years. None of them had been big enough or rich enough to survive the very sort of war Karfola now offered him. Though the business itself prospered, the leaders fell regularly before belching guns. So Antonio did not blind himself to the possibility of his own downfall. Accordingly he planned to send Rosy to the old country and there have her lay away and hold for him enough of his present revenues to assure them all a life of comfort should he some day reach that point where safety lay only in flight.

In the very nature of things, neither Angelo Castagara, the lawyer, nor Antonio Scarvak, the racketeer, confided to anyone these innermost thoughts superinduced by the approach of war.

V

JUST as soon as the statements of the citizens' committee lost news value, they naturally disappeared from the press, and so lost immediate public interest. Accordingly Antonio once more turned loose his trucks for normal liquor deliveries. That Red Karfola had managed to keep posted on developments immediately became evident.

Two days after the trucks had been busy all night supplying Scarvak's cardinal points of distribution, Lefty Pino called at the house on Betzer Hill. He came accompanied by two gunmen who had at various times acted with him in the capacity of bodyguard to Antonio. The killer was in a doubtful mood.

"Things ain't so hot," he complained to Antonio. "You been stickin' pretty close to the house here, chief, and that's the right thing for you to do. But mebbe you don't realize as quick as we what's goin' on in town."

Antonio met this dubious report with a twisted grimace. "You been talkin' to Jim?" he queried.

"Jim, yes," Lefty nodded, "and others too. Red means business."

"Well," Antonio challenged quietly, "you don't think I'm foolin', do you?"

Lefty shrugged. "Mebbe you know all about it," he said, "but it don't look good to me, Tony. I ain't thinkin' so much about myself; not even so much about you. As long as we know what's comin' we can get set for it."

"Well, who are you worryin' about?" Antonio grunted. He was regarding Lefty speculatively, and Lefty obviously was finding difficulty in expressing himself just as he wanted to.

"It's like this, chief," he began at last: "If there's anyone in the mob that you can depend on, it's me. You put me in the racket and let me make plenty out of it. For my side, I've never hesitated to get you what you wanted. When you go out in that bulletproof car of yours, I'm the guy that sits out front. When you want anybody bumped, I'm the guy that does it. So I mean to say that you don't need no more proof about me bein' for you."

"Get down to brass tacks," Antonio instructed impatiently. "Say what you got to say, Lefty. You gab like you'd been vaccinated with a phonograph needle. What's worryin' you?"

"Well, it's this way," Lefty began again: "If Red Karfola knows the minute you start deliverin' booze, it's a cinch he also knows about this here house."

"Certainly he knows about it," Scarvak snapped. "Did it take you all this time to figure that out?"

He hesitated a moment and silence fell between them. A sneer writhed about the gang leader's lips and his black eyes regarded Lefty in a steadfast manner.

"Are you another one of those guys," he asked at last, "that loves me so much you're afraid somebody's goin' to come and get me?"

"Don't be a mug," Lefty snapped with a flash of temper that even Scarvak had grown to respect. "There ain't no love in this racket. What I'm askin' myself is where I head in. I ain't fightin' for you because you're my pal, or my brother, or any of that hooey. In the last two years I've knocked over four different guys for you."

He paused a moment and his eyes shifted nervously at the thoughts which filled his mind.

"If Karfola bumps you off, Tony," he continued steadily, "you know what'll follow. Red himself will be in the saddle here

Again FINNELL is FIRST!

Now COMBINED in one Machine

First to make a practical floor machine, *first* with a water absorber, and *first* to perfect a vacuum mopper, FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc., now announces the *first* successful floor machine which scrubs and "picks up" in one operation, and can also be used for waxing and polishing.

FINNELL
COMBINATION *Scrubber Water Absorber—Polisher*

Cheapness is no longer an excuse for mopping. One man, with this combination FINNELL, can scrub a floor *perfectly* clean in half the time it would take him to mop it *partly* clean.

This twin disc scrubber speedily scours loose every bit of grime. Then, *immediately*, before the dirt has a chance to settle, a powerful vacuum suction operating simultaneously with the brushes draws up the dirty water into the tank provided for that purpose.

If you are spending money for mopping, let us, without cost or obligation to you, make a survey of your floors, and tell you how much you can save with this machine. Write to FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc., 106 East Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Eight other FINNELL models for scrubbing, polishing and maintaining all types and conditions of floors.

For Homes, Too

FINNELL Household model insures beautiful floors. Waxes, polishes, refinishes, or scrubs—wet or dry. Light and efficient. Write for booklet.

"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best"

DRESSING SENSIBLY

For the dog-days of summer there are just three things men want in their underwear—COMFORT, COOLNESS and CLEANLINESS. With these they can even forget they are wearing underwear.

The B. V. D. Union Suit is designed and tailored to fit a human body that sits, stands, swings a golf club or a bat—and perspires! There is no binding at any point—waist, crotch or shoulders—just a single thin (but extremely tough) layer of material covering (but not hugging) the body. There is room for the complete circulation of air between the cloth and the skin permitting free body ventilation—fresh air accelerates evaporation of perspiration and keeps the body cool.

Treat your body—and your disposition—to a B.V.D. Union Suit.

Other B. V. D. Products—Coat Shirts and Drawers of B. V. D. nainsook, Pull-over Shirts and attractive Shorts, Knit Union Suits, Swimming Suits and Sweaters. The three letters B. V. D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of The B. V. D. Co., Inc.—it will pay you to look for them.

B.V.D.

THE B. V. D. COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

UNION SUIT

and guys like me won't have a chance. They'd turn me up just to get rid of me and satisfy this citizens' committee. . . . Oh, don't stop me!" he snapped as Antonio made to answer him. "I want you to get a load of this. I know just where I stand as long as you're alive, and I know just where I'll stand the minute you're dead. You see, it ain't love. It's just good horse sense. I'm fightin' for you to protect myself."

Antonio laughed almost pleasantly. "You're the kind of an egg," he responded, "that I can depend on. Not long ago," he added sarcastically, "there was a half-wit tryin' to tell me that he was strong for me because he loved me like a brother."

"I ain't that way," Lefty said frankly. "But while we're talkin' about this, chief, let's talk it out. You got to make some arrangements to get out of this house. It's all right to build steel windows and shut 'em up tight when somebody hollers boo, but you're never goin' to handle Red Karfola that way. The only language he talks speaks fifteen hundred words a minute, an' you know what I mean."

"Sure," one of the others grunted, "machine guns."

Antonio maintained a quizzical silence. His eyes danced with amusement, and now and then his lips twitched as though about to break into a smile.

"Karfola's got guys in town right now," Lefty insisted. "You know as well as I do that his first move will be at bumpin' you without too much excitement. If he slips up on that, he'll ship about four carloads of tough guys in here some night, blast this joint right into the next county, and you along with it, and then run his cars out again before anybody knows what's happened."

"Yeah? Go on," Antonio grinned.

"That's all I got to say," Lefty snapped. "From there on, it's up to you, chief."

Antonio pondered a moment, then he burst into genuine laughter and threw one arm about Lefty's shoulders.

"You're a knock-out, Lefty!" he grunted. "I ain't goin' to try to explain everythin' to you. The quickest way is to show you. You got the idea that I built me a nice steel cage just to keep away from the muscle mob? Well, I did." Then he added hastily, "But that ain't all I did. Come, I'll show you. You guys come, too," he ordered, "'cause you'll be livin' out here with me now for a while."

There followed a complete inspection of the house. When Lefty entered the secret room under the steep lawn and saw there the firearms and ammunition along with the electric lighting and telephone controls, a new intelligence burst upon him. He laughed with Antonio and at his own fears.

"You get the idea?" the gang leader amplified. "If Red wants to send his muscle mob in here, they can't do a thing till they get inside that high, stone wall, can they? Then they got to bring their guns in after 'em before they can start to shoot, ain't they? Once they get 'em in and set, all we got to do is turn on the flood lights and shoot at 'em through steel shutters. Can you imagine how many of 'em'll get away when they have to either climb that wall or make for the big gate?"

He burst into uproarious laughter and the others joined him. When the merriment had subsided, Lefty assumed the conversational lead, and the tenor of his thoughts was changed.

"Honest, chief," he applauded, "you know your onions. I wouldn't miss a shindig like that for a fleet of limousines."

"You'll be in on it," Scarvak promised. "If you hadn't come out here today, I would have got you on the telephone and brought you out. Jim called me over the private wire this mornin'. The first thing he told me was about pickin' up one of Karfola's men. That's the tip-off. From now on, you three guys stay in the house with me. And I'm goin' to call up Moon and Gyp and Cokey and Mouse and Whitey as well. Mebbe more. We might as well settle this once an' for all! Just as soon as they get out here, I'll order all trucks into the garages, tip off the boys to put a guard over 'em, and then have Jim advise the police in Red's town that most of us have disappeared and he's afraid we're goin' over to attack Red. Just as soon as Karfola hears that, he'll think I'm over here alone, and he's sure to come a-runnin'. When he does, we'll let hell pop all at once and see who comes off second best."

After he finished, he permitted his black eyes to roam about the stone foundations. "After gettin' a look at this plant," he suggested, "I'll give you ten guesses which of us'll win."

"There's only one thing weak," Lefty answered calculatingly. "Do you know what it is?"

"What?" Scarvak demanded.

"Rosy and the kids," Lefty answered.

"Forget 'em," Antonio grunted dubiously. "When the break comes, I'll lock 'em up in the sleepin' quarters. A twelve-inch shell couldn't get in there."

"Mebbe that's so," Lefty insisted, "but what'll they testify in court after the shindig is over? You know what a woman is, and you know what them kids might do. Take my advice, chief. Get 'em out of here right away. They ought to go today."

Antonio nodded. He recognized in his family the one weakness, upon which Lefty had so quickly laid his cunning finger. "It wouldn't hurt us," he admitted, "and they couldn't help us durin' the fight."

"But it's afterward," Lefty cut in sharply. "That investigation afterward!"

"Sure it is," Antonio agreed thoughtfully. "They'd have to testify, and a smart lawyer might tangle 'em up."

"You better get 'em out of here," Lefty insisted. "Any lawyer would tangle 'em up. It wouldn't even take a smart one."

"I already thought some about it," Antonio admitted. "I been tryin' to sell Rosy a trip to the old country. But she never could get away today," he added.

"Get her away," Lefty snapped. "You ought to be able to think of somethin' smart."

Very thoughtfully Antonio stepped to the secret telephone and called Angelo Castagara.

"Here's a chance for you to be smart," he said to the lawyer. "Things are goin' to pop out here. Inside an hour I'll have about a dozen of the mob ready for Mr. Red Karfola. Probably tomorrow night, or the next one, we'll stage that little battle."

The imminence of the catastrophe obviously left Castagara speechless. Availing himself of this silence, Antonio brusquely continued:

"I'd like to get Rosy and the kids out before we stage the shindig. It ain't that I'm afraid of them bein' shot up. What scares me is what might be wheedled out of 'em in the investigation that'll follow the fight."

"Good Lord, yes!" Castagara gasped. "They can't be there, Tony. Not under any circumstances. Isn't there any possible way you can avoid this thing? Couldn't you and Red talk it over first and maybe strike a deal that would work both ways?"

"Remember what I told you," Scarvak growled. "We want your suggestions after we're in trouble, not before."

"Don't get me wrong, Tony," the lawyer interjected. "Give me just a half a second to think. You certainly have got to get the family out of there."

"I've been tryin' to get her to go to Europe," Tony grunted, "but I can't work it that quick." And he added thoughtfully, "She's got a sister on the East coast."

"That's right, she has!" Castagara cried eagerly. "That's the bet, Tony. We'll use her sister."

"But Rosy couldn't pack up that quick just to visit her sister," Scarvak scoffed.

"Wait," Castagara interrupted again, "just half a second, Tony. I got an idea. There's a lawyer I know that operates in your sister-in-law's home town. I'll get him on the telephone and have him send Rosy a telegram inside half an hour. It'll be a

(Continued on Page 161)

NEW.....

FOR EXECUTIVES . . . "THE SOUTHWEST MARKET"

EXECUTIVE interest in the Southwest mounts daily throughout the structure of American Business. Some are tempted by the size and richness of the Southwest market area of Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana. Others are attracted by Southwestern raw material and fuel resources. Still others are primarily interested in the untapped reservoir of intelligent labor. Frequently all of these factors are of interest to the executive. And there is a definite swing to Dallas—geographic and economic center of the Southwest Market. American Business has chosen Dallas as Southwestern Headquarters.

We have prepared for business executives a new 160-page book of facts—"*The Southwest Market*"—which is just off the press. This book gives the latest available information on Southwestern sales and manufacturing opportunities. It presents to executives quickly and concisely the facts that are needed in considering expansion in this rich and growing territory. It will have the respectful attention of every executive to whom it is sent. As an executive, you are invited to send for this new book. Write on your business letterhead, or mail the coupon now. All inquiries held in strict confidence.

TWO THOUSAND one hundred and forty national and sectional concerns maintain sales, distribution or manufacturing branches in Dallas. Two hundred and thirty of these concerns came to Dallas in 1929; one hundred and twenty-five have established branches in Dallas since January 1, 1930. Our new book gives the facts on which executives of these concerns have chosen Dallas. Be sure to send for your copy *now*.

Dallas

Southwestern Headquarters to American Business

EXECUTIVE COUPON

Industrial Dallas, *Inc.*
501 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Dallas.

Please send free copy of your new book, "*The Southwest Market*," to:

Name_____

Title_____

Company_____

Address_____

SHE MERELY CARRIED THE DAISY CHAIN....

Yet she has "Athlete's Foot"

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN, TOO!
Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan.

SO fragile, so freshly feminine, so altogether lovely—the very Spirit of Youth and daintiness to all who beheld her—

Yet even as she trod the velvety green of the campus, a tiny twinge reminded her of that slight rash-like redness that she had noticed lately between her smaller toes—noticed and *worried* about, for the persistent eruption seemed such a slander upon her daintiness.

She doesn't know it, of course, but her affliction is a most common form of ringworm infection, known to millions in America as *"Athlete's Foot"!*

***Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—so Easily Tracked into the Home**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath houses—even on hotel bathmats. It thrives on damp floors everywhere.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

***It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ**

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

This will be good news to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed below at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
217 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

(Continued from Page 158)

shock for Rosy, but it'll turn the trick for us. I'll tell her her sister is dying and begging to see Rosy and each of the children once more."

"What a peaceful joint this house is goin' to be when she comes back!" Antonio growled.

Castagara laughed uncertainly. "Don't you see, Tony," he asked with some enthusiasm in his voice—"don't you see what I'm doing? Killing two birds with one stone? In the first place, we'll get Rosy and the kids out of the house before nightfall. In the second, we can face the investigators and have the telegram, and her trip, as evidence that the whole thing was an outside job. It was all a trap, see? To try and murder you for reasons unknown. That'll square the investigation."

So it was arranged, and though the big house on Betzer Hill sprawled comfortably under its red tile roof and gave no outward evidence of the turmoil within its walls, pandemonium reigned on the Scarvak estate.

The telegram arrived. Upon reading it, Rosy promptly fainted. Under the ministrations of a cook, a nursemaid and the parlor maid, none of whom spoke English, she finally regained consciousness and set up a combined moaning and screaming that quickly brought the children to tears and Antonio to the verge of madness.

Distraction laid hold upon her and she rushed about the house like an elephant which has been fed tobacco. Through tears, moans and shrieks she supervised a hasty packing.

From Antonio she exacted at least twenty promises that immediately she was aboard the train, he would telegraph the priest of her sister's parish and the best available doctors in her home city. In all these things Antonio acquiesced, though he did lose patience to the degree of slapping Antonio, Junior, for a shrieking as incessant as his mother's.

Fifteen minutes after the telegram was received, Lefty Pino and his two associates sought peace and refuge in the cellar and there regarded one another from the slough of helpless despair. Lefty lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. He regarded the others intently, amazement heavy upon his narrow features.

"Can you tie that?" he asked pointedly. "Can you even approach it? Ain't that dame a dainty little peasant?"

As he spoke he gestured conclusively with his nicotine-stained hand.

"Just the same," one of the others grunted, "the marriage-license department is still busy. Most of the world's off its nut," he avowed earnestly as he dropped disconsolately onto an upturned egg crate. "Marriage sure proves the public intelligence!"

"I wouldn't marry a queen herself," the third man swore. "Not if she give me a palace and promised to spend the rest of her life in South Africa."

By dint of tremendous exertion, Rosy and the children were loaded in two motors and started for a late-afternoon train. When they had gone, Antonio joined his henchmen in the basement. They met him with understanding glances of sympathy. He shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"You seen her goin'," he growled. "Can you imagine how she'll be if she ever gets wise that this was a frame-up?"

"I wouldn't be the porter on her car," Lefty Pino avowed earnestly, "if they give me the railroad."

"Anyway," Antonio grunted, "she's gone. You go upstairs to the other telephone, Lefty, and call the rest of the boys. Tell 'em to come out here in one car and enter the rear door of the garage. They don't need to bring no rods. Just tell 'em to get here right away."

He turned then toward the hidden door to the secret room.

"In the meantime," he growled, "I'm goin' to have the police of Red's city telephoned. It's only midafternoon now, and a five-hour drive from Red's place to mine. If they don't show up tonight, it's a hundred-to-one shot they will tomorrow night."

"Aces!" Lefty agreed eagerly.

VI

BETZER HILL rose majestically into the silent night. It wore the Scarvak home as a monarch might wear a crown. Its grounds were shrouded in shadows except for a small area immediately before the entrance to the house. Here a single ornate porch light cast restricted luminosity.

Through the high windows of the dining room other lights peered into the night, but these did not affect the grounds; rather they spent themselves against the blanket of darkness. There was another light on the second floor, and this one was visible from a distance more than a mile down the road to the city.

The countryside was calm, and the house on Betzer Hill loomed comfortable and complacent, as might any beautiful wayside estate. But inside the house there was contrast. Seven men in shirt sleeves had gathered in the blue-and-gold dining room. Liquor of various kinds was placed there ready to hand, and they sat about the beautiful walnut table playing poker. The stakes were high and the conversation about them confined to brief profanity. The rug on the floor was littered with bottle tops and the air of the room stank with the odor of dead tobacco. On the buffet dirty dishes were stacked, with here and there remnants of hasty cold meals.

No servants were in the place, and with the exception of the dining room and one small window on the upper floor, all the windows and doors were backed by steel shutters. At the one window on the upper floor a man sat watchfully. He peered intently at the grounds beneath him, and along the road outside the wall, that he might note the approach of motor cars. At the rear of the house another sentry was posted, and these men were at great pains to keep the glow of their cigarettes hidden as they smoked. The porch light had been snapped on shortly after dusk.

"We got to make the joint look natural to 'em," Antonio Scarvak instructed. "With a light on the upper floor they'll think somebody is dressin', or just goin' to bed, dependin' on the time they get here. The lights in the dinin' room, if they come early, will look like we're eatin'. If they come late, they'll think we're playin' cards. They'll fall for that. As for the rest of the joint, it's locked up tighter than a Scotch pawnbroker. When the blow-off comes, each of you knows where to go. Slide back the shutters in the steel windows, jam your roscoes through and blast hell out of everything in sight. The only thing I want to warn you against is shootin' too soon. Wait till you get the word from me. I'll be movin' all around the house. When things are ready to open up, I'll stand right on the hall stairs, and believe me, when I holler you'll hear me. Then give 'em the works."

This was the second night of these preparations. The watchers in the house had subsisted on cold food, and the dining room was a litter of unwashed dishes, while the butler's pantry was stacked high with empty cans. By way of passing the time, the poker game had started; and of this Antonio was glad, because it served to keep the minds of the men off the sanguinary business ahead.

"Red'll come all right," he told them repeatedly. "He's been tipped off that my family has been rushed away on the train, nobody knows where, and that a good many of us have disappeared. That'll do the trick. Red'll figure he's outguessed me an' come over here as sure as you're a foot high."

The wisdom of his deductions was proved shortly before two in the morning of the second night following Rosy's departure. At that hour, the man who watched in the kitchen came to the dining-room door and in a tense voice said to Antonio, "Answer the telephone, chief—the private one down in the basement. I guess they're on their way out."

The shirt-sleeved men about the table instantly lost interest in poker. Heedless of the pot or the hands, they rose to their feet. Each of them manifested his interest in a different way. Some took to questioning avidly. Others found their mouths too dry to speak. One laughed in a high, strained key. Another gulped audibly. Still another reached with trembling hand for a bottle of whisky and helped himself copiously through its neck.

"Stand by, fellows," Antonio snapped. "All right, Mouse," he said directly to the watcher from the kitchen. "Get back on your job now and keep your eyes skinned. I'll answer the call from upstairs."

He went up the steps three at a time, across the broad hall, and so to the sleeping quarters. There, between the costly twin beds, he seized the telephone instrument and somewhat hoarsely spoke into it.

"Shoot. This is Scarvak," he said.

"Listen, chief," a strained voice came back to him. "This is Number Seven. I'm at the fillin' station on the boulevard."

"I got you," Antonio snapped. "What about it?"

"Two cars just went by," the man reported. "They're big tourin' cars with side curtains on. They was travelin' fairly fast with all lights out."

"Okay!" Scarvak acknowledged. "You're usin' a motorcycle, ain't you?"

"Right," the voice answered.

"Well, use it," the gang leader instructed. "Don't let those mugs at the fillin' station get any better look at you than you have to. You're speakin' over the public telephone, ain't you?"

"Right," the voice acknowledged.

"Okay!" Antonio grunted, "an' good work. Climb onto that barkin' bicycle of yours and get back to town. No matter what comes off, keep a lock on your lip."

He hung up the receiver and returned quickly to the dining room. "Everybody get to your stations," he said hoarsely, though calmly. "This may not be it, but I think it is. Two tourin' cars with side curtains and no lights. They're probably in sight of us right now. I won't know what to do till I see how they work. But," he repeated vehemently, "don't you guys do nothin' till I give you the word. I'll stand on the hall stairs. From that point every man on the first two floors in the house can hear me. Just as soon as I holler, Mouse, down cellar, will throw the switch that lights the grounds. When you get that, blaze away."

The gangsters nodded and went, each of them, to their separate stations. A pall seemed to have fallen upon the big rooms of the house. Cigarettes were snatched up, ignited, puffed once or twice, then dropped heedlessly on the polished floors, there to burn out.

Antonio joined the watcher in the front room on the upper floor. Together they peered tensely out into the night. Long intervals of silence lapsed between them, and Antonio was amazed at the few sounds which reached him from the big house. Eleven men were there, armed to the teeth, standing ready for they knew not what; and silence was upon them. This he took as a good sign.

Suddenly the man at his side reached forth and with trembling fingers seized Antonio's forearm. With his other hand he pointed outward and downward toward the winding driveway that led off into the night.

A faint crunching of the gravel there reached their ears and mystified them. There was no sound of a motor, nor yet of footsteps. The big house lay still and, out-of-doors, clouds blotted out the stars. The sound on the gravel was an eerie one. But it quickly explained itself and brought from Antonio a grunt of understanding.

That which swung into the luminous circle diffused by the porch lamp was a bicycle, and on it rode a man in a telegraph company messenger's uniform. As they watched, tense, the fellow had the temerity to whistle softly to himself.

They sat silent as he dismounted and leaned the bicycle against one of the white

Easier for Mother—
more wholesome for
baby

READY-TO-SERVE—with a pinch of salt or such other seasoning as may be prescribed by baby's doctor—the Gerber Strained Vegetable Products are saving hours and effort for thousands of mothers all over the world. Scientifically prepared, and specially strained through monel metal screens, they reduce to minutes the kitchen-time devoted to baby's daily vegetable feedings.

The Approved Gerber Method

Even more important to mother than the greater convenience of Gerber Products is the increased nourishment they bring to baby to supplement milk feedings. Vitamin A, Vitamin B, Vitamin C, and rich mineral salt values—lost at home through oxidation and solution in cooking water—are conserved to the maximum by the Gerber method.

After cleaning, the choicest, fresh-picked vegetables are steam-pressure cooked in vessels from which oxygen is excluded. Steam-sterilization for 60′ at 250° insures maximum safety.

You need never accept a substitute for the Gerber Products. Leading dealers in every neighborhood sell and recommend these scientifically prepared, strained vegetables. The Gerber blue-and-white label is your protection when buying. And the Vitamin A, Vitamin B, and Vitamin C Blocks further identify these finer, health-building vegetable foods for baby.

SEND FOR ASSORTMENT

If you have not already used the Gerber Products, ask your doctor about them today. If your own grocer or druggist is unable to supply you—send us his name and $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment offered below—or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid.

In Canada, Complete Assortment only, $1.10—Canadian Currency or Money Order.

Free Samples on request to Physicians or Hospitals.

Gerber's
STRAINED VEGETABLES

Vegetable Soup · Spinach · Carrots · Prunes · Peas · Tomato · Green Beans

SEND THE COUPON TODAY — A WEEK'S SUPPLY

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich.
$1.00 Complete Assortment. Dept. 8-2—Enclosed find money or stamps for assortment or for Gerber Products checked.

15c Strained Vegetable Soup	15c Strained Spinach	15c Strained Carrots	15c Strained Prunes	15c Strained Peas	15c Strained Tomato	15c Strained Green Beans

Name.....

Address.....

My dealer is.....

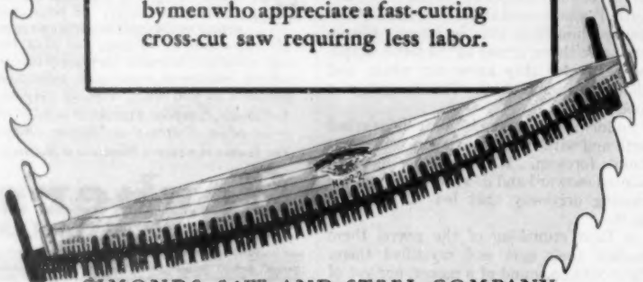
The FLORSHEIM Shoe

ALL the pleasant things you associate with Summer's sunny days are expressed in FLORSHEIM Sport Shoes. Smartly styled leather combinations that go perfectly with your light clothes. Easy-fitting comfort, and shapeliness built in to stay. The BERKSHIRE, Style M-397....Most Styles $10

The FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY Manufacturers CHICAGO

A Simonds Cross-Cut Saw never quits!

PUT a Simonds Crescent Ground Cross-Cut Saw to the severest tests imaginable . . . try it on the toughest timber . . . see how long its sharp, perfectly formed teeth retain their bite without filing! There's unquestioned stamina in a Simonds. That's why they're so widely used by men who appreciate a fast-cutting cross-cut saw requiring less labor.



SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
"The Saw Makers" FITCHBURG, MASS. Established 1832
Branch Offices and Service Shops in Principal Cities

SIMONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

stones that marked the edge of the lawn beneath them. Then, telegram in hand, he mounted the porch, and they heard particles of gravel that had clung to his soles grate complainingly against the stone steps. A second later the peal of the electric bell rang through the house like a clarion call to battle. For a moment the audacity of the thing left Antonio at a loss. He turned to the man at his side, and his words grated across his dry lips in almost a rattle.

"Can you beat that?" he muttered. "Can you even tie it?"

"Whoever that mug is, he's got nerve," his companion whispered.

"Yeah," Antonio admitted honestly enough, "but that ain't smart. They've tipped their mitt. That guy's probably got a rod under his coat an' he's figurin' on droppin' me when I go to the door to get the telegram." He paused thoughtfully. "That shows they ain't expectin' trouble."

"Then why did they bring the two cars?" the other queried hoarsely.

Antonio found no ready answer to the question. He sat for a long moment absolutely still, and the house about him reeked with silence—palpitant, ominous silence. Vaguely there reached his ears the whistle of the man on the front steps. Way off across the hills a sudden flash of light marked the passing of a distant motor car. That car might have been in another world.

For no particular reason, his thoughts fled this death house and wandered with the speed of lightning across the workaday world. As he sat there in that dark room with murder lurking in every shadow beneath him, he thought of the old country. Roma, with its narrow streets and rattling vehicles. Let's see; there was six hours' difference in the time, wasn't there? Or maybe it was only five hours' difference.

There was Paris too. He had been there just a year ago, and laughed at darting taxicabs with their weird, honking horns and squatty vociferous drivers. The crowded Rue Capucine. The boulevard cafés in confusion with the rattle of dishes and the passing of eager theater crowds. Joe Zelli's, in the Montmartre, famed for its all-night revel in The Royal Box.

London and the Strand. Thousands and thousands of people along the Strand, Piccadilly, Shaftesbury Avenue. The little court before the entrance to the Savoy Hotel. Just a year ago, Antonio had stood there watching the people in the grill—Simpson's Restaurant, a few steps down the Strand. Huge roasts of pork and lamb and beef. Gravy oozing over browned potatoes. Simpson's would be busy also.

The same people, probably, that Antonio had seen himself, were there now, and all of them lost in their own affairs and heedless, unknowing of that which soon would take place here on Antonio's terraced lawn.

Such a world. Such a life. Everybody has to live his own life. What is life? Without thought or effort of our own, we get it. Without thought or effort of our own, we lose it.

The electric bell rang again. Antonio knew that he must make a move. What would it be? Strange emotions filled him—a buoyancy of spirit and a high determination the like of which he never before had experienced.

In Panama, through which he had passed on a steamer, people were moving about, and they were black—most of them were black. What about the time down there? He'd forgotten. Was Panama west of New York? Maybe it was daylight there now. He'd forgotten. But what did it matter? In Hong-Kong it was daylight. Thousands of slippered feet clattering over narrow, uneven sidewalks. What did it matter? What did anything matter?

Africa. What was the time in Africa? Lions lived there. Lions and funny little niggers that sang songs in jungles and killed one another to keep some god satisfied. Killed one another. Wasn't that murder? Murder wasn't important. Think of the millions and millions, the hundreds of millions, that lived once and now were dead. What was one more? Or two, or twenty?

"They're comin' up the drive," the man at his side whispered. "You'd better do somethin', chief."

Jerked back as though from another world, Antonio came to action. Carefully he opened the swinging window before him and peered out over the edge. In his right hand he held an automatic pistol. Below him the porch and the steps were alight. But the messenger was invisible under the small roof. At this, Antonio was disappointed. He had intended shooting the messenger, and he was disappointed.

Someone entered the room behind them. "They're gatherin' on the back lawn," he whispered, "out beside the garage."

Antonio straightened and turned away from the window. As he did so, the man who had been with him caught his arm. "Look," he whispered—"look quick, chief!"

Tony followed his direction and saw four or five men coming slowly across the lawn toward the porch. Between them they carried what appeared to be a heavy log. It came to him that they intended battering in the door. He cursed himself for the fool thoughts which had filled his mind, and raced out into the upper hall.

"Lights!" he bellowed. "Lights, Mouse! Give 'em the works, boys!"

At the sound of his voice, a single shot barked outside the house. He recognized it as a pistol shot, and two sounds immediately followed it. The first was the shattering of the porch light by a bullet, and the second was the scraping of the messenger's feet as the man fled. For a fleeting second darkness fell about the house. Then sudden daylight silhouetted every man on the lawn as clearly and as startlingly as a searchlight discloses an airship.

Antonio wheeled back into the front room, threw back a slot in one of the steel shutters and peered through. Below him, hell had broken loose. Machine guns screamed; curses mingled with exultant cries. Bedlam reigned supreme.

Before him on the lawn Karfola's men were stricken into a moment of inactivity. Those carrying the battering ram dropped it at their feet and sought cover which did not exist. Two of them took scarce a step before they were mowed down by the machine-gun bullets. They lay hunched and crumpled in the white light that flooded the grounds. Another clutched at his side with both hands and staggered a zigzag course, blindly.

The firing was so incessant that Antonio was unable to tell where the force of the attack was directed. Outside he heard a shout of command, and it came to him that he might thus locate his archenemy, Red Karfola.

No matter what else might come, Karfola must die. This was Antonio's self-appointed task. He peered intently in the direction of the command and slid his pistol through the slot in the steel shutter that he might miss no opportunity. From the corner of the house appeared suddenly the scuttling figure of a man. For an instant he paused, faced the front door, and hurled what Antonio knew was a bomb.

Even as he threw it, Antonio fired at him, once, twice. The man turned away and ran toward the safety of the outer walls. As he ran, he threw his arms over his head. Poor protection. Convinced that it was Karfola, Antonio steadied himself, aimed and emptied the eight remaining shots from his automatic. He shouted exultantly as the man stumbled and fell. He glared down upon him, forgetful of all else.

Then a blinding sheet of flame swept up the front of the house and searing, lapping heat waves filled the air about Antonio. The sudden flash blinded him and his face stung where tiny blisters already were in the making. The house shook under him. From somewhere a wail of agony sounded in his ears, but the power of the explosion crashed the shutters open before him and enveloped him, and all immediately became dark and quiet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Elgin Foursome—designed for vacation service

Winning ~~ hands down! in active service

THE ELGIN FOURSOME

. . . when you take your vacation take one along

Once a strap watch that could stand the gaff had the general airs and graces of a motor truck. But ELGIN has built a series of small, smart watches to take the hardest sort of masculine service . . . and make it look easy. Did men want them? Well . . . now we can hardly make these ELGINS fast enough. Tell time day and night . . . if you choose a luminous dial. Run 42 hours without re-winding . . . many of them. Maybe you'll buy one of the Foursome for your vacation . . . but you'll be keeping it upon your wrist when you return to town!

ELGIN

An American made Watch

$19 to $650

Invitation . . . Elgin Radio Program, every Friday night, WJZ and National Broadcasting Co. network, 11 to 11:15 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. *Listen in!*

GOOD-LOOKING SHIRTS of high-grade American broadcloth for $1.49, $1.98 and $2.98! Soft-collar models with wristband cuffs, or the neckband style with separate collar and turn-back cuffs. All shirts have 7 buttons of ocean pearl in an excellent quality that never loses its lustre in laundering.

Smart Broadcloth Shirts *generously cut* · $1.98

Hand-tailored Ties *in* 80 *colors and designs* · 98¢

BROADCLOTH SHORTS in smart shades of tan, blue, orchid, green, peach or flesh have adjustable tab at waistband, insuring perfect fit. Sizes 28-40. Knitted shirts to match the shorts are sized 32-44. Only 98¢ for the set!

RAYON SHORTS in all-over check pattern combining white with blue, tan or green. Sizes 28-40. Matching shirts are of cool white rayon with neck and armholes bound in the material of the shorts. Sizes 32-44. Both for $1.49!

Colored Shorts *with matching shirts* · 98¢ *and* $1.49 *a set*

WEEKS and months of hot weather ahead when nothing will feel so cool, look so spruce as clean, crisp all-white broadcloth shirts.

To give you the best that can be made and sold for $1.98 we laid our plans months ago . . .

Estimated how many we'd need for all our 1,400 stores . . . Figured the cost price we must pay to pass these shirts on to you at this low price . . . and wrote our own specifications how each one must be made:

Broadcloth of splendid quality, especially processed against shrinking. Made on generous body lines, scientifically proportioned to give complete comfort. And a well-styled collar, cut on a pattern that men find most becoming.

These prize-winning shirts have set the pace for other values that we're proud of in our men's furnishings for summer wear.

Hundreds of good-looking ties . . . only 98¢ apiece and every one hand-tailored! Cool summer underwear in two new styles that we are showing for the first time.

The broadcloth shorts come in *six colors*, and for each one there's a knitted shirt in a matching shade . . . the whole set only 98¢! On the smart rayon shorts even the waistband is new. Elastic in a special weave that gives with every move you make, yet holds its stretch to the last wearing. And the cost of the rayon shorts and shirt together is only $1.49!

The simple fact is that each fine thing you buy in our stores costs you the minimum price. You can step into a J. C. Penney store and choose your clothing with the friendly aid of one of your own neighbors . . . the manager of the store. A man whose interests, tastes and habits are like your own.

Then, when your selection is made and the bill added up, you pay a low price that only the capable buying power of a great organization can secure for you.

THIS two-fold benefit of helpful personal service, plus the thrifty savings of an expert buying power, sets our stores apart from all others in the country.

In all our 1,400 stores you will enjoy the same J. C. Penney friendly service and savings. These stores are conveniently located in every state throughout the country, and we shall be glad to give you the address of your nearest one if you will write to the J. C. Penney Company, Inc., 330 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y.

J. C. PENNEY CO. *Inc.* DEPT. STORES

TO SAVE YOU MONEY, and serve you well . . 1,400 neighborhood stores

LADIES WITH LIPSTICKS

(Continued from Page 7)

Peggy would arrive, with Pink enthroned on her lap between her arms as she drove the sedan. Louise would open the door for them, ordering the prompt Win Loo back into the kitchen. Pink was afraid of Win Loo and always gave vent to wails of panic and anguish at sight of him. This meant that Louise had to serve any drinks that were served, empty any ash trays that needed emptying, fetch any matches or kindling or bridge scores or food that had to be fetched, for the duration of Pink's stay, which was all afternoon.

Not only that. Pink was gregarious, and did not like the living room when fellow human beings were on the sun porch, or the sun porch when they were in the living room. She was not interested in all the pretty magazines, or in the dimpled golf balls, or—any longer—in the silver bird that surprisingly dropped cigarettes from his beak. One key on the piano pleased her, and she played that. Though all dressed up to call upon Aunt Louise, she got dirty easily, and had a penchant for patting cheeks and frocks, and for climbing into laps. When thrilling tales were told, she waited for the dénouement, and when it was nigh, interrupted and had to be taken upstairs. "Wait!" Peggy would implore the narrator. "Wait for me. Don't dare to tell the rest till I come back."

It was all a great nuisance, and everyone wondered why Peggy, for heaven's sake, couldn't see what an imposition it was upon Louise, and how trying to them all, to have Pink there. Perhaps Peggy did see. Her attitude was humbly conciliatory, and her expression when she regarded her offspring was grim. She was short of patience; Pink's small hand was seized and slapped rather often on Thursday afternoons, though not so often, it was agreed, as it should have been.

Once Peggy had said a strange, hysterical thing. It had burst from her, on one of those Thursdays, in the oddest, most savage way. She had just spanked Pink, and Pink was sobbing, but it was not at Pink that Peggy's outcry was directed. It was at them. There had been two red spots on her cheek bones, and she had jumped up from the divan. "Oh, damn you all!" she had raged at them. "You make me sorry I have a child!"

She had caught her breath noisily and stopped. There had been a silence. Even Pink had fallen silent all of a sudden. Everyone looked at Louise, and Louise looked quizzically at Peggy. Her eyebrows lifted.

"My dear!" Her voice was cool, inquiring. "We make you sorry?" She had laughed a little icy laugh. "I don't know what you mean."

Peggy had not known herself. She had admitted that a minute later. "So silly," she had said. "I can't think —— I guess I must be tight or something:" Drying Pink's eyes, she had smiled at Louise beseechingly, and Louise had forgiven her. They had all forgiven her. As Louise said afterward, those had been pretty stiff cocktails, and Peggy never had learned to drink very well.

She was not like Miriam Mason—Mrs. Jerome L. Mason. Miriam was what the young men called a good two-fisted drinker. She drank like a man, taking it straight, with a little water; tossing it down. And no matter how much she drank she never showed it.

"Where would I be if I did?" she asked. "Jerry would kill me."

Everyone knew that Jerry Mason, though he drank himself in moderation, was unalterably opposed to Miriam's drinking anything.

There had been scenes at parties in the past—once he had wrested a glass out of her hand and flung its contents through an open window, and several times he had simply taken her home. Everyone remembered one evening in particular, when Jerry had been very angry. Usually Miriam was angry, while he remained quietly firm. On this occasion they were both furious, and there had occurred one of those domestic wrangles in public that embarrass and yet hypnotize beholders. Jerry had been white to the lips, and shaking. You couldn't believe he could get so upset over such a little thing.

"All right!" he had shouted finally at Miriam. "Go ahead! Be a chip off the old block if you want to; I don't care!" His voice had broken, and he had wheeled, choking: "I don't care what happens!"

He had been gone the next instant, and they had heard the slam of the door of his car outside, and the roar of the engine and the spatter of gravel behind the tires on Louise's drive.

Miriam, left behind, had not explained, had not even commented, despite the inquisitive, encouraging pause they made for her. No one knew anything about her parents—Miriam was from Toledo—and the implication that her taste for alcohol was inherited was interesting. The crowd would have liked to hear details, but Miriam did not vouchsafe them. She scarcely spoke. She sat there, strained and silent, while the rest of them, after the pause became overlong, made conversation. Someone brought her the drink for which she had fought, but she refused it.

"No," she said. "No, I've got to go home." She stood up, and her eyes found Johnny Bartlett in a corner. "I guess you'll have to drive me, Johnny, if you don't mind."

The next time the crowd was assembled Jerry Mason, with Miriam's dark eyes steady upon his face, essayed a retraction. "Say, listen, everybody," he said. "About the other night. I want to apologize for making an ass of myself and for saying what I said. I mean that 'chip off the old block' crack I made. I didn't realize that it might have sounded to you all as if—as if Miriam's father was a drunkard or something. The funny part of it was, I wasn't referring to drinking at all—I mean, not then. I was talking about Miriam's temper. She got that from her old man—he had a terrible temper; he was noted for it—and that was what I meant. That was all."

Nobody believed him. His speech had too evidently been rehearsed, with Miriam as coach, with some deep pride of Miriam's as instigation. Jerry, though he tried hard, was unconvincing.

As Louise remarked later, "All he did was tell us which it was—her mother or her father."

She added thoughtfully, "Of course it was her father. He's the dead one. He died several years ago, before she came here. I remember Miriam told me. He died very suddenly and tragically—she didn't say what of. Of the D. T.'s, I'll bet a dollar!"

Louise was marvelous at adding two and two together. "And I remember now," she said. "Miriam's mother is rabid on the subject of liquor. That's why, of course. And of course she's made Jerry promise never to let Miriam drink anything, and scared him to death with a lot of talk about heredity. That's what's eating him. I see it now."

It was Johnny Bartlett who suggested that they ought to help Jerry. "Coöperate with him" was Johnny's phrase. Because he spoke so seldom, everyone listened, quite astonished. "I mean it," Johnny continued, diffident but dogged. "This heredity thing is no joke. It isn't funny. We ought not to have so much of the stuff around all the time when Miriam's here. We ought not to force it on her ——"

Louise had heard enough. "Force it on her!" she repeated. "Johnny, don't be such an ass! You talk as if we held her and pried her teeth apart and poured the demon whisky down her throat!"

Louise snorted and there was general laughter.

"Well," said Johnny, "but I mean ——"

"You don't have to force liquor on Miriam," Louise declared flatly. "She grabs it. And if she doesn't see what she wants she asks for it. And if she didn't get it she'd bring her own. So what are you going to do?"

As invariably, Louise's logic prevailed with the crowd. Even those who had been thinking uneasily that there might be something in what Johnny said, now saw quite plainly that Louise was right. It wasn't up to anybody to do anything. There wasn't anything anybody could do. They were relieved; and when Johnny, becoming more astonishing by the minute, still argued, they felt a growing exasperation with him.

"But look here, Louise," he was saying agitatedly, "you—we can't just shed all responsibility like that! It's our fault in a way. Miriam never drank at all till she moved here. Don't you remember that party when she first came—when we had the Bacardi? Remember, she made faces and could hardly gag it down? That was the first stuff she'd ever had, and she had it at our house."

"Oh, Lord!" Louise moaned, partly to the others, partly in prayer to heaven to spare her more of such idiocy. She turned upon Johnny. "And I suppose if she'd moved anywhere else except to Renwood, this wouldn't have happened? I suppose in Cleveland, or Chillicothe, or where have you, she'd never have tasted liquor to this day?"

Louise was withering. Her eyes were hard and bright and contemptuous, staring Johnny's eyes unhappily down. "And what would you suggest that I do about it, please?" she demanded of him. "Enforce prohibition? Turn my house over to the W. C. T. U.? Give Miriam lectures on the evils of drink, illustrated with colored lantern slides of the human liver, before and after an evening at the Bartletts'?"

Everyone laughed appreciatively again, and Alan Stone, whose sense of humor was famous, slapped his knee, making a loud and gleeful applauding sound. Louise paid no attention. She had not quite finished with Johnny, though he was routed, though he was Johnny once more. She had a final bolt to hurl, and she hurled it now.

"Am I," she asked magnificently, "my brother's keeper?"

So it was settled, and Miriam continued, unhindered, to be what was called a good two-fisted drinker. There was only this: She never, from the evening of Jerry's outburst on, drank where he could see her.

"Quick, before he comes!" she would say nervously. "You know how he is."

Sometimes she drank where no one at all could see her, but that was her affair. Louise didn't know it and the crowd didn't know it; the sole person who even suspected it was a bootlegger named Smith, from Renwood Heights, who didn't care. Louise and the crowd knew only that no matter how much Miriam drank, she never showed it. They commanded Johnny Bartlett, that absurd alarmist, to witness and admit that it never did her any harm.

There was Jean Saunders. Jean was the third and the youngest of Louise's favored four. She was the bride. She had been Mrs. Gordon Saunders almost—not quite—a year now, and she lived just down the avenue from Louise, in a new little thatch-roofed bungalow, like an overgrown children's playhouse, that was exactly right for her and Gordon.

Marriage did not necessarily admit you into Louise's set. It made you eligible—maidens were definitely banned—but unless Louise took it into her head to take you up, you were no better off than you had been before. Jean Saunders, *née* Jean Kennedy, had known Louise to speak to for four years. She knew her only to speak

When the "Whole World" is thunderin' toward you!

That's when things happen . . . *when there's no time to think!* The time to think is *now!* An Ætna Combination Automobile Policy can be written with Liability and Property Damage Limits of *any* amount needed to protect you against high damage awards.

Protection *all ways—always.*

Ætna writes practically every form of Insurance and Fidelity and Surety Bonds. Ætna protection reaches from *coast to coast through 30,000 agents.* The Ætna Agent in your community is a man worth knowing. Look him up!

ÆTNA

Ætna Casualty and Surety Company
Ætna Life Insurance Company
Automobile Insurance Company
Standard Fire Insurance Company
Hartford, Connecticut

ÆTNA-IZE

Over 17,000 Lakes
Welcome You to Ontario

Nowhere else in all the world are lakes so blue . . sunshine so bright . . skies so clear and forests so enticing. Ontario . . America's vacation playground. Now easily accessible. Joyous. Different.

Ontario's Famous Hotels the Centre of Gayety

Whatever your vacation pleasures, you'll find them centering in the brilliant social life of Ontario's superb hotels. Let us send you a beautifully illustrated booklet describing Ontario.

ONTARIO PUBLICITY BUREAU
Dept. A, Parliament Buildings,
Queens Park, Toronto, Canada

ONTARIO CANADA

How Would You Like $50?

WHEN that question in one of our advertisements caught the eye of C. S. Dadakis about two years ago, he tells us his immediate answer was: "No such luck!" But after reading the ad he decided to invest two cents in a stamp to get the details of our offer. He filled in and mailed us a coupon like this:

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
858 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How can I earn $50 in my spare time, without capital or previous experience?

Name ..... Age .....
(Please print name and address)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Four days later he received our offer, and the same day pocketed his first cash commission.

Mr. Dadakis' profits have increased steadily every month. In one month as our subscription representative, for example, he received a bonus check for $27.50 in addition to the commissions he deducted from his collections. He has earned as much as $4 *extra* in one day!

Let Us Help You Earn Extra Money

Will you, too, invest 2c to earn $50? Then simply fill in and send us the coupon above. We'll send you without obligation the same generous offer Mr. Dadakis received. Act now—profits are waiting from the very start!

to, for two or three months more; then, suddenly, Louise adopted Jean. She belonged to the crowd. She belonged, before she knew it, to the very core of the crowd, along with Peggy Stone and Miriam Mason and Irene Legendre. Crowning triumph of all, Louise appeared actually to prefer her to Peggy and to Miriam, and even to Irene. Young Mrs. Gordon Saunders almost couldn't believe her good fortune.

It dated—though only Louise knew this—from a certain special evening back in the spring. Louise remembered well. The evening was the evening of Decoration Day, the occasion the dance at Avalon, Renwood's small but enterprising amusement park. Present upon the platform of the dance hall there that evening, By Special Arrangement and For One Night Only, had been Tommy Lamont—Himself—and His Seven Playboys Orchestra, late of the Lakeside Beach Hotel, Chicago.

Tommy Lamont, the nation knew, had once played for the Prince of Wales. He had also once been reported engaged to a motion-picture star. You wouldn't have thought that this great man would twice have put down his fiddle and descended from his platform to dance with a Renwood girl—unless, of course, it be Louise. But he had. He had danced once with Louise and once with Jean Saunders.

This episode had caused Louise to look Jean over carefully, with a view to determining whether to dislike her or to cultivate her. She had seen, as if for the first time, a very pretty girl, shapely and small, with a piquant face—an abbreviated upper lip, a slightly tilted nose. It was an immature face, except for the bright paint on the mouth; short, young, brown hair with golden roots and soft gold fuzz where the part began encircled it. The nose was childishly a little freckled across its bridge, and it wrinkled up and looked delighted when Jean laughed, which she did oftener than grown people. Even when she did not laugh, but merely spoke, several tiny dimples, not much larger than as if the head of a pin had punched them, were likely to appear and disappear beside her mouth.

Louise had decided to cultivate her. There was no use disliking such a baby. "She's cute," Louise had thought, watching her. "She's really awfully cunning." Tommy Lamont, as of course he would be, was right.

Louise believed in compliments outspoken. She said you got enough razzing in this world, goodness only knew. "When I think nice things about people," said Louise, "I come right out with them. Why not?"

She thought a great many nice things about her new pet, little Jean Saunders; or perhaps it is better to say that she thought a few nice things—half a dozen—and came right out with them a great many times. Jean heard over and over that she was cute; she was the cutest thing Louise had ever seen. The way she wrinkled her nose when she smiled was adorable, Jean learned; and the way she pushed herself back to laugh up at men when she danced with them was simply darling. Things she said, and her manner of saying them—these were too cunning for words. When she was especially ingenuous, Louise rewarded her with a quick, impulsive hug or a swift, small kiss on the chin or the cheek.

"Cu-ute!" Louise would drawl, laughing fondly. And to the others: "Isn't she precious? I never saw such a child!"

It was clear to Louise almost from the start that Gordon didn't appreciate Jean, and, as the summer advanced, this was clearer and clearer.

"Isn't it always the way?" Louise sighed. "Men never know when they're lucky. Here you could have anybody"—she was addressing Jean—"anybody you wanted, just by crooking your little finger ——"

"Oh, no, I couldn't," Jean protested earnestly. She had reached that stage.

It was true that Gordon criticized her, picked on her, all the time now. As Louise said, he didn't like this and he didn't like that. Louise knew all about it. She heard all about it. There were repeated quarrels in the little bungalow these days, and Jean reported each one faithfully.

It appeared that Gordon felt that his bride had changed so, lately, that he hardly knew her any more. He said she was "affected." He said she was "always acting." He said she had taken to saying "the dumbest things" all the time, thinking she was being funny. Gordon was very young, very much in love and very hot-headed. He did not mince words. He said, "And you ought to see yourself when you're dancing! Grinning up at the guys like a Cheshire cat with a crick in its neck!"

It was not to be borne. Jean wouldn't stand for it, she declared to Louise, and added darkly that she didn't have to stand for it, with which Louise agreed. There were other pebbles on the beach. There were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

"Better, in fact," said Louise. She said, "Stan Benson, for instance."

Stanley Benson was a newcomer to Renwood. He was a Bostonian, a graduate of Massachusetts Tech, and here temporarily on some sort of an engineering mission. He was said to have been in town and at work for several weeks, but his social début had been made only a few evenings ago. Johnny Bartlett had met him somewhere and brought him home to dinner. Every now and then Johnny did these really brilliant things.

Stanley Benson was tall and dark and bronzed and picturesque, and he had Boston manners and a Boston accent, which was entertaining. He wore black shoes, not brown, with his dark blue suit. He said, "Well, cheerio!" when he drank, and "Sorry!" when he bumped into you; for there was dancing. The crowd came in after dinner, and there was a party till two in the morning. Stan—as he immediately became—was a great success.

He liked little Jean Saunders. He danced oftenest with her, and beamed at all she did and said. Sometimes he shouted laughter, so that they heard him all over the room. Louise remembered.

"He fell for you like a ton of bricks, of course," she said thoughtfully now.

Let it be set down that Louise owed Gordon Saunders nothing—no loyalty. Gordon, for some reason, hated her, and had from the first. In his harangues of Jean he went so far as to blame Louise ("Who—me?" Louise demanded with mirth and amazement when she heard it) for all that he felt was wrong with Jean and all that was wrong with his marriage.

"It's that Louise Bartlett!" he had stormed at Jean, who quoted him duly. "She's got you making a perfect fool of yourself!"

Wherefore Louise had no compunctions in the matter of Jean and Stanley Benson. With a clear conscience she invited them both to her house of afternoons, for Jean's sake. "Just to cheer her up a little," she explained to Peggy and Miriam and Irene, who were urged to do their bit by staying away. In order that Louise herself might not be *de trop*, she invited also another young man—one Harry Quirk. Mr. Quirk had the requisite qualifications—discretion and time on his hands. He had a flair for philandering, and he could play the piano. He did very well, all in all. Louise was sorry he happened to be married to Connie Quirk, who was a friend of hers; but that couldn't be helped, and it was agreed that what Connie didn't know wouldn't hurt her. "I'd hate to hurt her," Louise said. "I just love Connie." And young Mr. Quirk said that he felt the same way.

It worked out beautifully. The daily rendezvous for four, originated to cheer Jean up, cheered all of them. Caution, of course, was imperative; they went to great lengths to keep the meetings secret, to avert suspicion, and this necessity of itself was thrilling. Gay fugitives, they arrived one by one; they danced and drank and sat about indoors, so as not to be seen, and they had a weather eye out for cars on the driveway.

(Continued on Page 169)

Man... *what* a Golf Club!

If you knew
that your drives would be longer and straighter, your iron shots crisper, more accurate.

If you knew
that all club worries — the eternal question whether your clubs were good enough — would be settled.

If you knew
that your average score would actually be reduced by several strokes.

If you knew
that these things would result from replacing your present clubs with a set of new Long Burkes.

... Wouldn't it be the best investment you ever made?

These are the very things the new Long Burkes will do to your game. They have the "feel"... they have the power... they have the looks. The first trial waggle will sell you confidence in their ability to help.

Don't believe *us*. Believe thousands of Class B golfers now in Class A, thanks to the new Long Burkes. Believe thousands of Class A men now working their handicaps down to single figures.

And then believe yourself! Swing these clubs *just once* and then decide. At all shops.

THE BURKE GOLF CO., Dept. A-6, Newark, Ohio

FREE: New booklet, "20 Golf Arguments and the Correct Rulings", actual decisions made in curious and perplexing incidents of play. A postcard request—and it's yours!

A ball can be good and yet cost as low as 50c. The BURKE *50/50 proves it. It has length, line-holding trueness, and toughness. And it cuts your ball cost 50%. Test it! (In both 1.68 and 1.62 sizes.)*

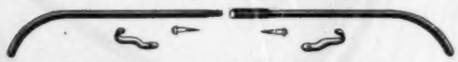
Burke

CLUBS • BAGS • BALLS

CARDINAL SEAT COVERINGS

ON A ROD LIKE A DRAPE

Why They Are Different



NO NAILS... NO PINS... NO TACKS
NO SNAPS... NO SPRINGS
NO ELASTIC BANDS

CARDINAL Seat Coverings are installed on a Steel Rod shaped to the contour of the seat for which the set is designed. This Rod is held securely in place with two Hooks as shown above.

Quickly Installed— Easily Detached

In tailoring, beauty and fit, CARDINAL Coverings are equal to the best custom job, and can be installed by any car owner in thirty minutes. No holes to cut; no hardware to remove; nothing to come loose or injure upholstering or Coverings. CARDINAL Coverings stay on, yet may be quickly and easily detached for cleaning and are quickly and easily replaced.

CARDINAL Coverings are as superior to ordinary seat covers as the modern motor car is to the automobile of twenty-five years ago... Superior in pattern, fabric, fit, appearance, mode of installation and ease of replacement... They offer protection to both apparel and upholstering, combined with the enriching beauty of interior motor car decoration... Though quickly and easily installed, CARDINAL Seat Coverings fit so perfectly and their mode of attachment is so cleverly concealed they appear as much a permanent part of the car interior as the upholstering itself... And they stay on until you take them off.

CARDINAL Coverings for Ford, Chevrolet, Whippet or Plymouth Roadster, Coupe or Cabriolet—

$8.50

—at your dealer's or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

CARDINAL Coverings are made for all car makes and body styles. If your car dealer, accessory or department store can't serve you, order Ford, Chevrolet, Whippet or Plymouth Coverings direct from factory at prices shown. For Coverings for cars other than above, write for attractive color booklet, fabric samples and prices, being sure to give make, year and model, also name of your car dealer or accessory or department store.

CARDINAL Coverings for Ford, Chevrolet, Whippet or Plymouth Sedan or Coach

$14.75

—at your dealer's or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

CARDINAL Seat Coverings are sold by car dealers, accessory and department stores. Also on sale

At All
Sears, Roebuck and Co.
Retail Stores

—or they may be purchased postage prepaid from any of Sears, Roebuck & Company's ten mail order plants.

THE CARDINAL MANUFACTURING CO.
DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Licensed Under Fry U. S. Patents and Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 166)

It was fun. Louise wondered why she hadn't thought of mixed afternoon parties before. Even in Renwood, a little dalliance brightened life remarkably.

As for Jean, she was a different child, Louise noted with pride and pleasure. Stanley appreciated her, if Gordon didn't; he was very keen about her, and this had done wonders for Jean's morale. She no longer forgave Gordon his heckling and his insults; she no longer made up with him in her former wishy-washy way. The quarrels in the little bungalow were one protracted quarrel now. Often Jean and Gordon did not speak for days and days.

They did not speak on their wedding anniversary, which fell in October. Gordon made a gesture toward reconciliation; there was a present for Jean on her dressing table when she awoke that morning, after he had departed for his office. The present was a pair of slave-link bracelets—just little silver ones. Gordon didn't have much money to spend.

Jean's eyes looked strange that afternoon when she reached Louise's. At first Louise suspected that she had been crying about something or other. But that couldn't be, it was immediately evident. Jean was in high spirits. She had brought the bracelets, still in their box, to exhibit to Louise and Stan and Harry.

"Aren't you impressed?" she asked, and laughed.

She picked the bracelets from their jeweler's cotton, one by one, and hung them over Stanley Benson's ears. She stood off, head on one side and hands on her hips, to get the effect. She was still laughing, wrinkling up her nose.

Louise suddenly felt uncomfortable—she couldn't think why. She wished Jean wouldn't laugh so much, so immoderately. She wished she would put those bracelets away. The feeling passed, however, the next instant. Jean took the silver links off Stanley's ears.

"Here, give me my jools!" she commanded melodramatically, beating her chest with one small outspread hand.

Louise smiled. She was amused again.

"Cu-ute!" she said.

Finally, there was Irene. She was the fourth satellite. She was the divorcee. Until she was eighteen or nineteen she had been Irene Brickley, daughter of B. M. Brickley, Drugs, Stationery, Soda, Prescriptions Accurately Filled. Then, until she was twenty-two, she had been Mrs. William H. Legendre. Now she was twenty-three, and she called herself Mrs. Irene Legendre. There was a new Mrs. William H., who lived on Harding Avenue, and who crossed the street so as not to have to encounter her predecessor, the thief of alimony from her pocket.

Things had happened fast in Irene's life; there was no doubt about it. Louise predicted that they always would. "You're one of those people," Louise said. "You look it." Certainly Irene was very lovely, with her tawny hair, and her dark skin set with eyes like two of some immense unknown blue jewel. An exquisite girl, and—now that she was a divorcee, with a divorcee's little apartment all her own—a disconcerting one. Mothers of very young sons in Renwood worried about her somewhat, and there were wives who felt vaguely menaced whenever they saw her. This had not been true before, but now it was. Renwood had its theories. A divorcee, any divorcee—even one you had known always—would bear watching. When, in addition, she was young and beautiful and lived alone—look out.

Renwood believed in its heart that no good woman lived alone. Why, it asked—just exactly why did Irene have that apartment? She could have gone back to live with her widower father, old Ben Brickley, in the Linden Avenue house where she was born. Indeed, she ought to have done so, by all right. Old Ben Brickley was not so old as his sympathizers made him sound, but that he was a solitary and pathetic figure, none could deny. Irene should be keeping house for him, instead of that lazy hunky. She should be company for him at meals and in the evenings. And what, on the contrary, was she doing? Running around at all hours of the day and night with Louise Bartlett and living all by herself in the Garden Apartments!

To the question, "Why?" Renwood had a counter-question. "Well," it queried owlishly, "why do you suppose?"

People who habitually bought their medicines and wash cloths, their hot-water bottles and their camera films, at Spargo's Cut-Rate Pharmacy on the corner of State and High streets, appeared every now and then these days at Ben Brickley's counter instead. It was worth the extra nickel or nine cents on a box of bath soap to be able to report to friends that Ben was looking poorly. This, as a matter of fact, was Mr. Brickley's perennial look; he was a thin anæmic little man, nearsighted from years of deciphering doctors' handwritings. But no one had noticed him much since drama last touched him, in 1913, when Anna Brickley, his wife, had been killed by an interurban trolley. It was really shocking to behold the change in him, suddenly, as they beheld it now. Irene was bringing his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. If you didn't believe it, go in and buy some cough drops or camphor or a sponge, and see for yourself.

Mr. Brickley was a simple man. He thought that business was picking up a little at last, and he rejoiced. Customers who had long since deserted him for the interloper, Spargo, he greeted happily now. He had always felt that some day, when Spargo's novelty wore off, they would come back to him. And here they were.

In short, no one could say that old Ben didn't seem cheerful enough. They could and did say that he put a brave face on the matter. He even pretended to beam when Irene was mentioned, and he thanked you for inquiring.

"Yes," he said, "yes, Irene's well. She's fine. She was in here to see me just a little while ago. Helped herself to some perfume, and some of those heart-shaped powder puffs, and had herself a strawberry ice-cream soda ——"

Put back on the track with another question, he still smiled. "Well, yes. Yes. I do miss her, sure enough. But I'm used to it, I guess, by this time. Irene hasn't been home much for six-seven years now, you know. First she was away to school, and then she was married. . . . I'm used to it. No, I don't get lonesome. It's not as if she'd moved out of town, you know. She's only a couple of blocks. Why, I guess if she was to call real loud out of one of her back windows, and my window was open, I could hear her, she's that near."

The Garden Apartments were attractively but not very truthfully named. There was no garden. There were, however, window boxes full of geraniums under all the front windows. These looked very gay in season, and the tenants were justly proud and careful of them. Of mornings, ladies who had not yet done their hair could be seen in the windows, leaning forth with water pitchers, gardening.

From the outside, Irene Legendre's apartment, on the second floor, could be identified with half an eye. It was the one where the geraniums had been allowed to wither. You didn't catch Irene leaning out with a water pitcher of mornings; she wouldn't soil her lily-white hands, said the neighbors acidly. And even without the telltale window box, you knew which were her windows. They were the ones with the pongee curtains. Pongee, mind you! Dress material.

Her apartment was said to be wild inside, and as a matter of fact it was, a little. Not Irene herself but Louise had done the decorating, according to Louise's idea of what a divorcee's apartment should be. A divorcee's living room, you perceived, should have orange silk draperies and cushions, with a few royal-purple cushions among the orange. It should contain two couches, several stunted little tables, a pudgy chair or two, a purple carpet, and, stretched before the regrettable gas logs, a tiger-skin rug. It should be full of an interesting dimness, so curtained and so lighted that neither by day nor by night could you see very well. Other furnishings should be three books in modern book ends, a graphophone, and a radio for getting Rudy Vallée.

In addition to the living room, Irene had a bedroom full of a bed that had neither headboard, nor footboard, nor feet—a mattress lying on a box spring lying on the floor. Above it on the wall there was a curious modern batik that Louise seemed to understand, but that no one else did. The bed had a striped cover, tan and yellow and black, and there was a yellow-painted bedside table, one foot high, with cigarettes and a vacuum jug and a glass and a telephone on it. The only other things in the room were a modern dressing table and a backless cushioned seat to match it. Irene had wanted a chiffonobe, asking what she should do for drawer space, but Louise had said she could use the linen closet down the hall.

The bathroom was red and white, which was certainly different enough for you, and the dining room was fixed up like a bar. Mr. Henry Petersen—Hen—who delivered for the Renwood Ice Company, was authority for the statement that in Irene Legendre's ice box there was hardly ever anything to speak of, you might say, except bottles of charged water and bottles of ginger ale. Asked if he had ever seen any intoxicating liquor there, Hen shook his head.

"But take it from me," he said slyly, "there's drinkin' goes on. Ice don't melt away that fast just sittin' in the box."

For her four rooms and bath Irene paid forty dollars a month. Compared with city rentals, this was cheap as dirt, Louise said; adding that, of course, it ought to be, because look what you got. Irene, however, did not feel that it was cheap. Sometimes she felt that it was monstrously extravagant for a girl whose monthly alimony was a hundred only, and who could have lived at home and saved the forty as well as not.

Moreover, there was the part-time colored girl she had to have, who cost six dollars a week and stole occasional silk stockings. There was the price of entertainment, which was very high; and there were her breakfasts and her lunches downtown. Dinners were not an item; she took the evening meal at her father's when no one invited her anywhere. Still, her grocery bills were large, what with coffee and things for breakfast, and crackers and cheese and sandwich makings and highball ingredients for the crowd.

The crowd came often to Irene's. That was part of the idea of the divorcee's little apartment—it was a second diverting place for them to forgather after dark, and when they weren't at Louise's they were there. Sometimes they remembered to bring their own refreshments, but oftener they forgot; and it was really quite expensive. They never brought cartons of cigarettes, for instance, though they smoked carloads. They never brought food and they never brought ginger ale. They said, "Have you got so and so's new record? Oh, you must get it"—and you had to get it. They were always breaking glasses and ash trays and lamps for you to replace.

You couldn't say anything. They were your friends—the only friends you seemed to have nowadays—and you couldn't risk offending them, lest they leave you alone in the world. This was a nightmare that Irene had, time and time again. They might drop her. She would die of loneliness if they did. She knew. They were all couples, and sometimes they all went off for a week-end somewhere, not taking Irene, because an odd girl would only be in the way. If they were to drop her, life would be nothing but week-ends like those. It would be nothing. She would have no one at all.

So she welcomed them, night after night, and forgave them all their carelessness. "They just don't think," she thought. "And they like to come, and I'm glad they do." But there was no denying that it made

FREE OFFER TO DOG LOVERS!
A BRAND NEW DOG BOOK

JUST OFF THE PRESS! A new 54-page book, "Hints on the Care and Feeding of Dogs." A valuable treatise on canines.

Written by authorities and published expressly for you by SPRATT'S . . . world-famous makers of SPRATT'S DOG FOODS . . . the foods recommended and preferred by professional dog men, veterinarians and breeders of champions the world over! This book contains valuable feeding chart telling how to correctly feed every dog of every age and breed. Samples of SPRATT'S DOG FOODS sent gratis with book. Keep your dog fit and well. Send today for this free offer! Dept. S. 4, SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., Newark, N. J. and San Francisco, Cal.

SPRATT'S DOG BISCUITS

SPECIAL OFFER FOR CANARY OWNERS!

A 35c tin of Song Restorer and a copy of "Canaries, Their Varieties and Management" priced at 25c will be sent post free to any address in U. S. A. in return for 35c in stamps and name of nearest dealer. SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., Dept. S. 4, Newark, N. J. and San Francisco, Cal.

SPRATT'S SONG RESTORER

PLAY THE Silver King 85¢

THE KING O' THEM ALL

BOOTT Lowell MILLS Mass.
SCRIM CURTAINS
Popular Styles
Variety of Colors
Excellent Quality
Good Workmanship
Reasonable Price

Oberammergau Passion Play
June 28 . . . Cruise 52 Days . . . $725 up
Spain, Italy, Across Europe, Norway, Scotland, Holland, Paris, etc.
Mediterranean Cruise, Jan. 31—$600 up
Frank C. Clark, Times Building, N. Y.

Cash for You

Ralph Young has now built up a subscription business in his thriving Ohio home town that pays him a comfortable income for his full time.

1. What You Should Earn—
Easily up to $1.50, or more, an hour.

2. When You Can Earn It—
In your spare time.

3. Where You Can Earn It—
Right in your own locality.

4. How to Earn It—
As our subscription representative.

Don Banks, for more than ten years, has enjoyed a liberal income as our representative in his New York home city.

Now is Your Chance

THE men pictured here are but two of the thousands of successful workers scattered all over the country. No matter what your age, or whether you need $50.00 or $500.00, we'll be glad to explain how you too may start earning extra money now. There's no obligation in asking us to do it.

The Coupon Brings All the Interesting Details

—CLIP HERE—

The Curtis Publishing Company
859 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Please tell me all about your cash offer.

Name .....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street .....

City .....

State ..... *Age* .....

SPRING POLISH YOUR AUTO, with

AUTOSHYNE
KOLORKING
and preserve that
SHOWROOM COMPLEXION
Makes old cars bright and shiny for Spring. Restores original color tone. Protects factory finish of new cars. Easily applied with damp cloth. Long lasting. Adds to trade-in value. 10 colors to match any car. At accessory stores, garages, or send 50¢ for full size can AUTOSHYNE and free sample AUTOKLEEN. Mention color.
THE AMERICAN POLISH COMPANY
220 N. Desplaines St., Chicago, U. S. A.
Makers of Eagle Brand Polishes for over a generation.

it hard. She couldn't afford the clothes she wanted nowadays; she couldn't pay back Louise for the batik and the tiger skin. Here it was a whole year, and she hadn't paid back a cent of all that. She could tell from little things Louise said that Louise was beginning to wonder why not, but when she confessed that it took all her alimony, and loans from her father besides, just to live and run her apartment, Louise retorted, "But that's idiotic! How can it? You don't even eat there!" And Irene was silenced. You couldn't explain.

Nor could you say, "Well, I told you I ought not to take the apartment"—though Irene might truthfully have voiced the reminder. It had been Louise's idea to begin with, hailed by the crowd as an inspiration, that Irene should live her own life, freely and romantically, in a little flat where they could go. Irene herself had been the last to agree, the slowest by at least an hour to concede the advantages of the arrangement. She was very stupid about it, everybody thought. She had put forth the most inane interrogatory objections, such as: "What would I do with an apartment?" and: "Why should I spend all that money, when I've got a place to live?" and: "We-ell, yes. I see what you mean. But what about poppa?"

She had come around finally, however—inevitably. The idea of a divorcee's apartment, like the idea of being a divorcee in the first place, had had the overwhelming weight of glamour on its side. Against this, Irene's sense of filial duty and a feeling that she might be scared at night—these were quite powerless; even as a secret, silly notion that she didn't really want to divorce Bill Legendre, faithful or unfaithful, had been powerless. She had got the divorce with Louise as star witness and the crowd as spectators. She had taken the apartment with Louise as sponsor and the crowd as guests.

It seemed a mistake now, in more than one way. There was the expense, and there were other drawbacks, some that she had anticipated, some that she had not. She had thought that she might be scared at night, and she was. She was terrified, often. Several times she had telephoned her father in the wee small hours, her teeth chattering, begging him to dress and come over. "And hurry!" He always came. He was sweet about it—never grouchy or impatient, never saying what he might have said. "There, now," he would soothe her, as if she were small again. "There, now. It isn't anything, you know. It's just the wind."

He kept her bed in her old room at home made up for her. "Tell you what you do," he would suggest, when she was calmer. "You get some clothes on, and a warm coat. I'm going to take you home and put you to bed in your own little bed."

Sometimes she stayed a day or two at home; once, with a bad sore throat, she stayed a week.

But she always went back to the apartment. Wanting to give it up, she could not give it up—not now. Nobody came to see her at her father's. The crowd wouldn't bore themselves—there was nothing to do there. The rest of the town eschewed her nowadays, wherever she was.

She wished she did not mind about the town. She wished she didn't. She would have given anything for a little of Louise's vast disdain for Renwood, Louise's imperviousness to the slights and the slanderings of Renwood's nice people. She strove in this, as in other ways, to emulate Louise, smiling serenely, scoffing, "A lot I care!" But she could not deceive herself—herself wouldn't listen. She had been born and brought up here, and she had been liked and approved of. Now they whispered about her and eyed her askance on the street.

Lately, a harrowing thing had happened. She had fallen in love with a Renwood young man by the name of Richard Hendricks—one of the crowd, though more of an honorary member than a regular, for he was young—just Irene's age, just out of Yale. He had fallen in love with her. The harrowing thing, or the beginning of it, was the row he had had with his parents—he was the only son—when he told them he wanted to marry Irene Legendre.

"They say they'll cut me off if I do," he reported moodily.

The Hendrickses owned a foundry and were rich.

Irene, very white, with enormous eyes, asked why. "Is it because I'm divorced? Is that it, Dick?"

He shook his head. "No. They don't say so much about that. Mother says she never blamed you; she knew how Legendre acted. She saw him once, in Cleveland, with the girl. It isn't that." He turned away, hands shoved deep in his pockets, and stared at the withered geraniums outside the window. "It's the way you live."

"But I——" began Irene. "There's nothing wrong with the way I live! I mean, it's all right, Dick! You know that. Why didn't you tell them?"

"I did," he said. "I told them fifty times. But that isn't the point, it seems. The point is, you—they think you've got yourself a bad reputation, living alone. You know," said Dick dourly. "You know how this town is."

Irene said, "I'll move home. I'll move over to poppa's this very day. I won't live alone any more." Her eyes sought to catch Dick's averted eyes. Her tremulous voice pleaded: "Do you—do you think that'll do some good? Or don't you?"

"It might," he answered, but so doubtfully that she knew the real answer. "I'm afraid it's kind of late for that," he said.

"But what'll we do?"

They discussed it a long time. Irene said tentatively, "We could elope"—but Dick didn't hear her. When she said it again later, clearing her throat a little first, she saw him scowl. He didn't think it a very good plan.

"On what?" he argued. "I haven't got a nickel. And as soon as you marry again, your alimony stops, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Irene.

"Well! And remember," Dick added, "I wouldn't even have a job. Dad wouldn't only cut me off, you know; he'd fire me like that!"

"That" was a snap of his fingers. It was an expert snap, facile and loud. Irene thought, irrelevantly, of Dick in a recent dice game. She had a hysterical impulse to say, "You could shoot crap."

She let him go. He went declaring that he would try again to make the family listen to reason, but apparently he failed in this, for he did not return. Instead, Irene had a long and repetitious letter from him, handwritten on office paper. There was a steel engraving of the Hendricks Foundry on every page. There were nine pages. Dick had decided, he said, that it would be better to let things ride for a while, and see what developed. He kept on saying that. He said, "The folks are stubborn as hell, and in view of the situation at home——"

Irene read the letter once through, and started to read it again, but she stopped part way. It was too long. She couldn't bother. She tore the pages across, then across again, with listless fingers. She was tired. She had never been so tired as this before.

She wanted to burn the pieces, so that no one could patch them together, but she had no place to burn them, no ash tray big enough. She put them all into the envelope and walked two blocks to her father's house, where there was a coal range in the kitchen. She burned them there.

She walked back again to her apartment. At the telephone on the bedside table, under the queer batik, she gave Louise's number. She needed Louise—Louise making fun of Renwood; Louise being snooty about Dick Hendricks, saying, "He's no ball of fire, after all. He's just a small-town boy, under one coat of Yale that's so thin it's cracking off already." Irene had been distressed when Louise had said that the other day. But now she needed it; she wanted to hear it again and believe it this time. "He doesn't mean anything," Louise had said. "It would be a crime for you to marry him. Why throw yourself away? My dear, with your looks you could do fifty times better!" She needed to hear that, among other things.

But Louise was busy. She couldn't come down this afternoon, and she couldn't ask Irene to come up. "You understand, 'Rene," she said guardedly, lest the operator be listening.

Irene understood. As usual, Jean and Harry Quirk and Stanley Benson would be there.

"I'm terribly sorry," Louise added. "Was it something special?"

"Sort of."

"But it'll keep, won't it? I'll see you this evening."

Of course it would keep, Irene told herself, when she had rung off. It would keep perfectly well. She would talk to Louise this evening; she could spend the night at Louise's and they could talk till dawn. It was silly to mind being put off temporarily. What difference did it make? Just a few hours.

But she minded, nevertheless. A brief, intense resentment flared in her, so that for a moment she almost didn't like Louise; she was almost very angry, thinking, "She might've given up one afternoon! Or part of one. It wasn't much to ask, when she's always saying she'd do anything for me."

This mood did not last. It was gone in another moment, and Irene was ashamed of herself. Louise simply hadn't realized how great her need was, that was all. If she had she would have come; nothing, no one, could have kept her from coming. Louise was like that. To the few she loved—Irene and Peggy and Jean and Miriam—she was the best and truest friend in the world. It was treason to have doubted it an instant.

"After all she's done——" Irene thought penitently.

She thought, "She's done the grandest things, for all of us——"

THE AMBASSADOR FROM THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 17)

be right. I saw the Dictator dancing with the British Ambassadress, and I don't suppose that's ever happened before."

"It must have been a rare spectacle," said Isabel. "How could they possibly get hold of each other? Do you still think the Ambassador is such a calamity? He seems a rather jolly old bird to me. He calls me 'baby' sometimes."

"Yes," said Trevor grimly. "He never calls anybody by a civilized name. He calls your grandmother 'old lady' too. I heard him. He said, 'Is it your bedtime already, old lady? Sure you don't want to dance just once with me?'"

Trevor's imitation of the Ambassador was very good, but it had a slightly unpleasant ring in Isabel's ears.

"Oh, Trevor," she said, enjoying her own righteousness, "don't be nasty about him. After all, he can't help having the kind of voice he has. Sometimes I think we're all inclined to be snobs—which is the most vulgar thing in the world, *grand'mère* says."

"A noble sentiment," said Trevor. "It's true that I'm ashamed of myself sometimes when I think of it. Before I went into the service the Ambassador wouldn't have seemed so awful to me. But how can I help it now? It's my job. I've got to know all the things he doesn't know, and seat his guests right, and watch him like a hawk,

(Continued on Page 173)

When the heat of summer seems unbearable

MAKE YOUR MENUS LITTLE GEMS OF COOLNESS BY SERVING CHILLED AND FROZEN MAL-O-WHIP DESSERTS

How WOULD YOU FEEL about a Coffee Charlotte for dessert tonight? A sparkling, tasty thing made handily out of an egg, a little milk, a little gelatin, a little coffee and half a cup of Mal-O-Whip? *There's* a dessert!

And if you haven't cooked with Mal-O-Whip, there's a *surprise* . . . the kind of surprise you're always hoping for but don't so often get. For Mal-O-Whip is a new marshmallow whip so easy to use, so delightful to taste that it puts a whole new face on summer cooking. Mal-O-Whip does not need to be prepared in any way. Simply measure it from the tin and stir it into the recipe. To enrich a plain dessert, there is nothing like it; while the innumerable other uses . . . as a sauce or frosting, as a sandwich filling, in vegetables and soups . . . make it indispensable to the pantry.

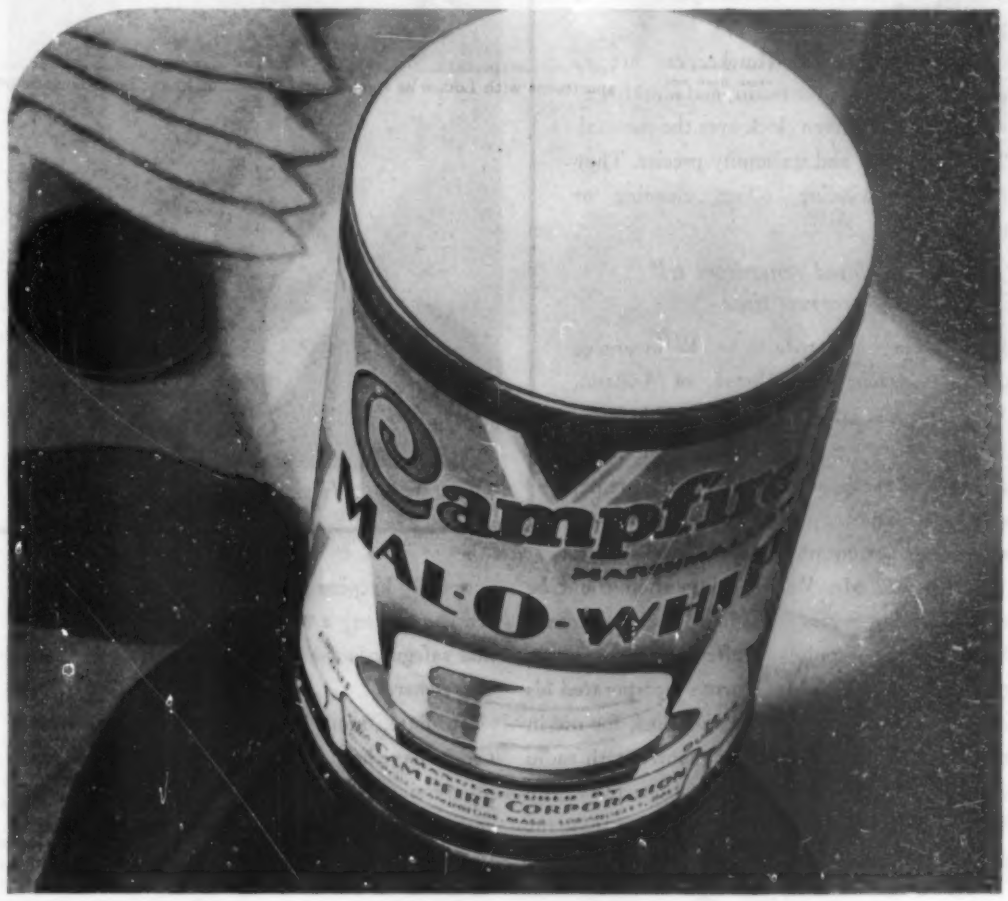
Mal-O-Whip is made from fresh, sweet egg-whites. It will not shrink in the tin or ferment. Its fragrant odor tells you at once how delicious it is. It is prepared by the Campfire Corporation with the same infinite care that has made Campfire Marshmallows the finest food-confection to be had. You may have Mal-O-Whip in two sizes, the four-ounce and the twelve-ounce, from the dealer who sells you Campfire Marshmallows.

And if you would like a copy of our new recipe folder, "Mal-O-Whip Summer Desserts," fill in the coupon. The book is free.

MAL-O-WHIP COFFEE CHARLOTTE

1 cup milk
1 egg, beaten—1-2 package gelatin
1-2 cup Mal-O-Whip
1-2 cup boiling coffee

Blend the above ingredients in double boiler over fire, add one-half cup boiling coffee, remove from fire and allow to cool. Then add 1-2 cup of Mal-O-Whip, beat for a minute or two with rotary beater. Put in refrigerator and serve ice-cold, with or without whipped cream, or with a garnish of Mal-O-Whip.



Mal-O-Whip, the newest Campfire product, is a delicious marshmallow whip made of fresh, sweet egg-whites. In 12-ounce or 4-ounce tins, from your regular grocer.

The 5-ounce "handy" package of Campfire Marshmallows is just the size for children . . . to eat as a confection or as their supper dessert . . . a healthful treat for the Fourth of July. It contains 18 luscious, plump, full-sized marshmallows.

● ● THE CAMPFIRE CORPORATION ● ●

CHICAGO • CAMBRIDGE, MASS. • LOS ANGELES • MONTREAL

THE CAMPFIRE CORPORATION, Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear Marcia Camp:
I should like a copy of the new Mal-O-Whip recipe folder on summer desserts.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

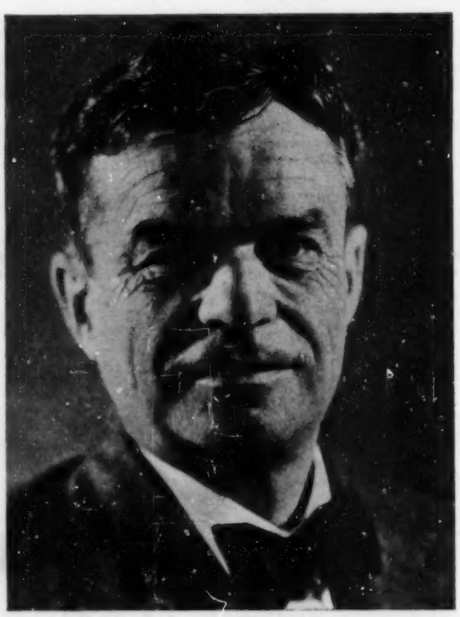
WHAT IS Electric Time AND WHAT MAKES IT POSSIBLE?

TODAY'S world is electric. Many conveniences come from the electric outlet—light like the sun's—power for vacuum cleaners, waffle irons and radios—and, now, in Telechron★ Electric Timekeepers, energy that measures minutes!

Telechron Electric Timekeepers are as great an advance over traditional methods as was the spring-driven clock over the sun-dial. They are silent and uncannily precise. They require no winding, oiling, cleaning or regulating.

Regulated generators tell correct time

Electric time is a tribute to the inventive genius of Henry E. Warren, of Ashland, Massachusetts. Many years ago, he designed a clock that contained, instead of the usual springs and escapements, a tiny self-starting, synchronous motor driven by the impulses of alternating current on tap at the light socket.



Mr. Henry E. Warren

But before Mr. Warren's invention could be made useful in homes and offices, it was necessary to control the impulses of alternating current at their source. And so Mr. Warren incorporated his invention in a Telechron Master Clock for use in the power house. Checked frequently with radio signals from the U. S. Naval Observatory, the Telechron Master Clock indicates whether the giant generators are running at an even timekeeping speed. By keeping generator speeds constant, the power company assures regular current impulses and safeguards the accuracy of Telechron Clocks everywhere.

To date, more than 400 Telechron Master Clocks have been installed by the largest and most progressive power companies in America. Together, these companies supply current regulated by Telechron Master Clocks to more than 16,000,000 of the nation's 20,000,000 residential meters. 80% of those homes having electricity may enjoy the accuracy and convenience of electric time through Telechron Timekeepers! And that percentage is steadily increasing.

Take advantage of this time service!

The electric time supplied by Telechron Clocks is trustworthy and economical. The current it uses in a month costs less than a single street-car fare. It makes your home more comfortable and your daily affairs more efficient. There are many attractive Telechron models, at prices ranging from $9.75 to $55—tambours, uprights, and wall clocks, with cases of rare woods and rich metals. See them at the nearest dealer's. You can find him easily by consulting the Classified Telephone Directory under the heading "Telechron." And be sure he shows you *Telechron Clocks*.

Look for "Telechron" on the dial. It marks the true—the original electric time—the clock that connects your home with the Telechron Master Clock in the power house!

Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Mass. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Co., Toronto.

The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, produces grandfather's clocks and other distinguished examples of fine cabinetwork equipped with Telechron motors. Their prices range from $40 to $1200.

★ *Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the U. S. Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Company*

Telechron

(Continued from Page 170)

and keep telling him things from morning to night."

"You won't have so many of these details to bother about when you're promoted," she said soothingly. "Then somebody else will have to take care of the Excellencies."

"You can never get away from an ambassador," said Trevor. "This one meddles in everything. I've got to worry about his manners and his clothes and his language, but Collingwood and Ferguson have other worries. He's constantly interfering in things he doesn't understand. Now he's taken it into his head to negotiate the commercial treaty, and the staff is frantic. He doesn't even do it through the Foreign Office—goes straight to the Dictator and talks to him about it."

"Well, he couldn't do much worse than the staff has, could he?" Isabel asked. "It seems to me you've been negotiating that commercial treaty forever, and it's not finished yet."

"If they'd give us a little time to work, with no Ambassador to worry us," said Trevor, "we could do it."

"You've all allowed him to worry you much too much," Isabel ruled. "I saw Mrs. Collingwood almost in tears the other night because the Ambassador made some little slip in grammar. Who cares? *Grand'mère* says he's really a very nice man, and the trouble with all of you is that you've been ruined by a place called Princeton, or Harvard, or whatever its foolish name is."

"They are two quite different places," said Trevor stiffly, "and I was never at either of them. I came from a still different place called Yale."

"Very well," she said, "but isn't it true?"

He ignored this. "I suppose what's really the matter with us is that we know pretty well we're never going to be ambassadors," he said. "We've got to take care of these terrible politicians all our lives, and as soon as we get one about half trained, they send us another one. There's no sense to this service."

"But I thought all that had been changed," she said.

"Oh, changed!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Let's not talk about that. Tell me how Madame is getting on with His Excellency."

"Very well, I think," said Isabel, "although I must say I can't observe any alteration in him. She enjoys it. She says she's been an adoptive mother to the whole American Embassy for half a century and she's never had such fun out of it before. He comes to talk to her two or three times a week. I think she tells him just what he ought to do under all circumstances."

"And then he does exactly the opposite," said Trevor. "Have you heard what happened at the Queen's birthday party the other day? It's the worst thing he's done yet. He had an engagement—what he calls a date—at some restaurant up in the mountains, for dinner. The reception went on and on—you know how those things do—and it was getting a little late for Mr. Dodd's drive to the hills. So he went over to the Queen and said, 'Your Majesty, I got a date for dinner tonight that I don't want to miss. I wonder if you could excuse me?'"

"That's strange," she said, "because I distinctly remember hearing *grand'mère* tell him only the other day that this court had the severest rules of all about speaking to royalty; that the one thing he must never do was to ask to leave the royal presence."

"H'm," said Trevor.

"Well, what happened?"

"It seems that the Queen looked astonished at first," said Trevor, "and then she laughed. Of course, since the reception was at the palace, the only way of dismissing Mr. Dodd was for the reception to end at once. The King and Queen left the state rooms and the party was over—about an hour too soon—just so that Mr. Dodd could keep his date."

"I can't help thinking there's something strange about it," said Isabel. She inhaled the scent of a rosebush. "Nice of the Queen," she said absently. "Sportsmanlike. I should have told Mr. Dodd, in his own way, to keep his shirt on."

Trevor was holding her hand, but she did not seem at first to notice this.

"*Grand'mère* says he has three friends besides herself," said Isabel. "They are the King, the Queen and the Dictator. Everybody else makes fun of him. Doesn't that seem rather strange to you?"

"No," said Trevor. "The Dictator likes him because they're the same type. They can slap each other on the back all day and exchange funny stories through an interpreter. And kings and queens have always liked to have a court jester."

"Darling," said Isabel softly, "I am not sure that you will ever be an ambassador."

When they returned to the ballroom Mr. Dodd was not to be seen. Nearly every other personage of importance in the capital was there, however, dancing to the music of a very black band full of saxophones and banjos. There was a sense of gayety, of laughter, in the air. Whether it was the orchestra or the champagne, Trevor McIlvaine decided, something had certainly aroused and maintained the good spirits of a world more used to boredom than to pleasure. He wondered, suddenly, if it might not be the Ambassador himself who had accomplished this miracle—Lucius R. Dodd himself, the round and rosy chief, whose efforts to see that everybody had "a good time" were the despair of the embassy's staff. Was it possible that Mr. Dodd's *bizarrerie* concealed or assisted some mysterious capability—some undiscernible, unsuspected faculty for getting things done?

There was no doubt that the dominant figure of the feast, absent or present, was Mr. Lucius R. Dodd. His most outrageous remarks were repeated almost as if they were witticisms. In particular, the story of how he had forced the Queen to dismiss the whole court the other day at the birthday party was now being told covertly even here, even in the precincts of the outraged and horrified embassy. Trevor had twice overheard fragments of conversation which could only have been about that disgraceful incident. As he glanced through the doorway into another of the rooms, he could see Mr. Dodd in colloquy with the British Ambassadress—who, in spite of her lamentable figure, her constant lumbago and her bitter dislike of existence away from England, looked almost happy. Mr. Dodd was probably telling her stories about politics in Michigan, Trevor reflected, and enriching her ears with a few of his choicest idioms. Curiously, the idea was not so shocking as it might have been a few days ago. There was some puzzle about it to which he did not yet possess the key.

"Trevor!" said Mrs. Collingwood, seizing his arm. "Trevor! What shall we do?" Her colorless face hinted at tragedies from which he alone could save her.

"About what?" said Trevor.

"About him," said Mrs. Collingwood in an expressive whisper. "Now he's got Lady Parmadale alone in there, and heaven only knows what he's saying to her. If we could only get somebody—somebody of equal rank, of course—to go in and break it up! He'll disgrace us all."

Trevor was suddenly a little weary of Mrs. Collingwood's tragic moods.

"I should do nothing at all, if I were you," he said. "Everybody here looks perfectly happy to me—except yourself."

Her vague eyes studied him a moment. "Oh, dear!" was what she actually said, but her eyes accused him of the rôle of Brutus. When she spoke again, it was in surrender. "I'm the only person who really cares what happens to this unfortunate embassy," she said, "but that's all right. Let's dance."

III

IT WAS not more than once in a season that Madame gave a large dinner party, but when she did, it was on the epic scale. This particular dinner involved some fifty guests, of whom Trevor McIlvaine was by far the lowest in rank. The seating was official, from the middle of the table to the

MORE EXPENSIVE *to manufacture* MORE ECONOMICAL *to use* - - -

NO question of cost of material or manufacture has ever been considered in maintaining the high standard of quality for which **WOLF'S HEAD OIL** is famous. The wisdom of this policy is confirmed by the ever widening circle of satisfied users who know the unusual lubricating value and ultimate economy of this splendid motor oil—**100% Super-Refined Pennsylvania.** Ask your dealer for it.

WOLVERINE LUBRICANTS CO., Inc., N. Y. City

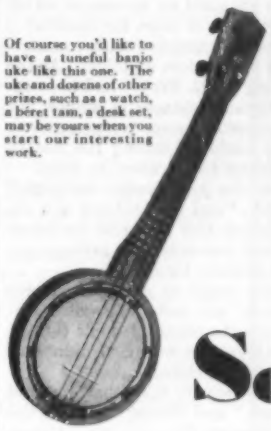
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WOLF'S HEAD OIL

WOLVERINE · LUBRICANTS · COMPANY · INC. N.Y.

PENN'A. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N. — PERMIT NO. 10

A REVELATION IN LUBRICATION



Of course you'd like to have a tuneful banjo uke like this one. The uke and dozens of other prizes, such as a watch, a béret tam, a desk set, may be yours when you start our interesting work.

Schoolgirls!

Earn Your Own Money *and* Prizes!

FERN SHOEMAKER is as busy as the busiest of you. She belongs to an Art Club and follows several hobbies. Yet, in her few precious moments of spare time she has recently earned $40.00 for her college fund, *through our easy earning plan.*

And these are but a few of the many delightful prizes she has won:

A handy camera . . . A string of shining pearls . . . A white-gold wrist watch.

Hundreds of schoolgirls are earning their own money in the same happy way. Some of them enjoy buying pretty clothes or furnishings for their rooms, or financing their own vacation trips. They are proud to wear the Club honor pin.

Would you, too, like to start filling your own purse and winning lovely prizes? Then send us the coupon for the details.

JG C

The Curtis Publishing Company
860 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I want to earn my own money and wear the honor pin. Please send me all the details of your plan.

Name.....*Age*.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

TO MOTOR RIGHT USE
ENGINITE
PREVENTS OVER-HEATING

RUSTY water flooding from your radiator cap means much *more* trouble than a rust stained hood. It means radiator tubes and engine jacket crusted with rust and scale—hence a badly behaved engine that has trouble keeping cool. Clean your engine cooling system out with ENGINITE (non-inflammable). One fourth can will do the trick. Then protect the cooling surfaces and prevent all further fouling and corrosion and save fuel by adding another ¼ can once every 1,000 miles. $1.00 pays for four-treatments of this pioneer WONDER FLUID in a passenger car and assures 4,000 miles of motoring content. Equally good for bus, or truck. Sold at garages, service stations and accessory shops the world over. Or send $1.00 direct for a four-treatment can.

Attractive Dealers' Proposition

Industrial Refining Co., Inc.
119 West 41st Street, New York City

PICNICS
MOTOR TRIPS
AT SUMMER COTTAGE
VACATION FROM YOUR KITCHEN

Complete Hot Meals Served Anywhere from Low-Cost, Large-Capacity, Portable Electric Cooker. Over 500,000 Sold!

Start meal at home, turn off current; meal cooks while you ride! Food appetizingly hot! Healthful! Tasty! No watching, no worry over fire, fuel, or hot kitchen. Works from light socket. Avoid summer cooking worries. Chromium-plated. No-burn-out elements.

PLAY or SHOP WHILE YOUR MEAL COOKS

Attend parties, swim, go to shows, free from kitchen worries. Want a cool, pleasant, clean kitchen? Have complete electric cooking at amazing low cost. See "Everhot" at electric store today, or write for cook book.
The Swartzbaugh Mfg. Co., Toledo, Ohio

Everhot Cooker
AT ELECTRIC SHOPS

A WRENCH WITH DOZENS OF USES
Goes in the Pocket of Your Car

Don't disturb guests by rummaging under seats. Keep "Multisocket" in front door pocket. 8 different openings in swivel heads. Tightens rim bolts, trunk racks, tire holders, fenders, bumpers, cylinder heads, etc. See your dealer, or send this ad with $2 (8)—stamps or money order. Refunded in 10 days if unsatisfactory.

J. H. WILLIAMS & CO.
271 Vulcan St. Buffalo, N. Y.
Dealers write for details.

8 WRENCHES IN ONE $2

WILLIAMS "MULTISOCKET"

ONE BRUSHING
Keeps Hair In Order All Day
No Gummy Feeling—No Unnatural Shine
GLO-CO
Unscented LIQUID Hair Dressing

ends, and he was put at the extreme left end of the board. Even that place, he knew, he owed more to his half-recognized position as Isabel's half fiancé than to any merit of his own. Some of the *petits gens du bout de la table* were not even supplied with women to talk to, since women are notoriously averse to such extremes of postcedence. Trevor had, therefore, sat in considerable boredom through an interminable meal, catching occasional glances from Isabel as she reigned splendidly near the ambassadorial middle of the table. Not even Isabel could have distracted his attention, however, when, at the end of dinner, in the midst of a convenient and very theatrical hush, the Dictator had made his extraordinary statement.

"Since Madame is the godmother of the American Embassy," he had said, "it is appropriate that we should be able to announce in her house the completion of our new treaty with the United States."

There had been rumors, of course, but for his part Trevor had never believed it possible. The whole thing had been monstrously irregular from the beginning—direct private conversations between the Dictator and the Ambassador, a minimum of secretarial work, not much consultation of the staff. And now, as a climax, this extremely unorthodox announcement in a private house. The whole affair ran counter to every rule McIlvaine had ever learned. The worst of it was that he could not, from his remote position at the end of the table, hear any of the conversation which followed the Dictator's statement.

When the women left the room, he moved up beside Collingwood, but even here he was far from sight or sound of the great.

"It's true," Collingwood had said, "and he got everything we wanted. It happened just before dinner and was announced to the press immediately. How he did it—especially those last two points—I cannot imagine."

Their two minds framed the same picture: Lucius R. Dodd in his heavily braided morning coat, with a cigar in the corner of his mouth, his round and rosy figure one animated solecism. How had he done it? How had he obtained an agreement which had defied the rest of them for months?

The rooms were emptied with considerable speed a little before midnight. As the lowest-ranking guest, Trevor had been exiled to barbarian distances at dinner, but his insignificance had some compensations. At least, he could be among the last to leave. He found Isabel when he could.

"Now that the Ambassador has gone," he said grimly, "and the Dictator and the cabinet ministers and the other ambassadors and all the heavenly host, perhaps you can spare a moment for me?"

"You really ought to get yourself promoted, darling," she said. "You sit frightfully far down the table. I don't think I could ever enjoy that much. I didn't see you playing bridge either."

"There was nobody here that I would dare win from," said Trevor. "It was the most bang-up party I've ever seen. Almost suffocated me. I went out and smoked in the garden with a lad from the Foreign Office who seemed to be my only equal in unimportance."

"I wish you could have seen Mrs. Collingwood's face," said Isabel, "when the Dictator made that astonishing statement about the treaty. She looked as if she had just swallowed something very unpleasant."

"She had," said Trevor. "After all, her husband had been working on the thing for six months and never got any forrader."

"Isabel! Children!" said the old Countess, coming back from the door. "I wonder if you have seen anything of my glasses? I had them only a short while ago."

"I'll look in a minute, *grand'mère*," said Isabel, dropping into a chair. "But what an evening! And what a triumph for your Ambassador too."

"You're more tired than I am," said Madame placidly, "and yet you are fifty years younger. It is true that you talk a great deal, which is always very fatiguing."

The old lady had found her glasses in her chair and began, with their aid, to look over a bridge score.

"What I can't understand," said Trevor, "is how on earth the Ambassador obtained that agreement on the treaty. It's more than a triumph; it's a miracle."

"He got it," said the Countess, going on with her bridge score, "by being a swell guy."

"*Grand'mère!*" said Isabel.

"What?" said Trevor.

"He got the treaty," said the Countess more loudly, for the benefit of their faulty hearing, "just as he gets everything else—by being a swell guy."

"Am I to sit here," Isabel asked, "and listen to such language from my own grandmother?"

"There is nothing wrong with that language, my dear," said Madame calmly. "I learned it this morning from the Queen. . . . Two hundred, six hundred, nine hundred and fifty." Her glasses slipped and fell to the floor. "There, they're gone again," she said.

"Let me understand you, dearest, if possible," said Isabel. "Are you telling me that the Queen taught you to say 'a swell guy'?"

"Yes," said the Countess. . . . "It really is extraordinary the way those glasses will slip off my nose and fall on the floor. I think I shall go to bed."

"But did the Queen ——" Trevor stammered. He did not want to be guilty of laughing at Madame, but there was something touchingly funny about her as she sat there, blue-eyed, tired, blazing with old-fashioned jewelry, in defense of Mr. Lucius R. Dodd.

"Yes, *grand'mère*," said Isabel. "How did the Queen happen to give you such a lesson in diction? Is it—er—one of her pet phrases nowadays?"

"I do not know, my child," said Madame. "I don't see Her Majesty as often as I did when we were all younger. She came quite unexpectedly this morning, as she sometimes does, to sew with our group for the Red Cross; you would have seen her if you were ever in the house. We were talking of Mr. Dodd."

"No doubt," said Isabel. "That's all anybody ever talks about, it seems to me."

"The Queen," Madame pursued, "said that, in her opinion, Mr. Dodd was a swell guy. One of the ladies—it was your Aunt Catharine—asked Her Majesty the meaning of the phrase, and when it was explained to us we all quite agreed. Mr. Dodd had taught her the expression himself, except that he applied it to the King."

"I see," said Isabel. "So we shall all have to learn Mr. Dodd's vocabulary now."

"Why," Trevor asked hesitantly—"why is the Queen so fond of Mr. Dodd? It seems—well, a little strange, to me."

"No doubt it does," said Madame, with a touch of impatience. "I have already explained that it is because he is a swell guy. He is kind, natural, friendly, tactful, and there is no sham of any sort about him. You must know, better than I, what 'swell guy' means. According to the Queen, it has a wealth of implied meanings. A swell guy also gives—what was it? Dear me, I have forgotten the words! He gives—gives the other fellow a break," she finished triumphantly.

"Oh!" said Isabel. "Oh!"

"The Queen told us of a little incident which quite won her heart," Madame went on. "It took place at the royal birthday party. Her Majesty's new shoes were too tight and she was suffering the tortures of the damned. It seems that Mr. Dodd is a great expert on shoes ——"

"He manufactures them," said Trevor dryly.

"At any rate, he was the only person who perceived what the Queen was going through," said Madame, "and he did something which establishes his right to the title of 'swell guy,' even if one didn't feel the quality in him in other ways. He went over to Her Majesty and made a ridiculous

(Continued on Page 178)

Boys!

You can earn almost anything from a marble to a bicycle, as a Curtis boy salesman!

How to Win
FINE PRIZES

THE summer games are on. Every live boy wants prizes, games, sports equipment. Here's how you can earn them—and spending money too! Just arrange with us to build up a delivery route for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in your own neighborhood.

We'll help you earn the official Scout knife and flashlight, roller skates and baseman's mitt pictured here. We'll give you real business training, too. Talk this over with Dad and Mother. Get their consent, then carefully fill out and mail the coupon. You'll be surprised how easily you earn money and prizes!

The Curtis Publishing Company
857 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Prize Man: You bet I want to earn prizes and cash. Start me as soon as you can.

Name.....*Age*.....

Street.....

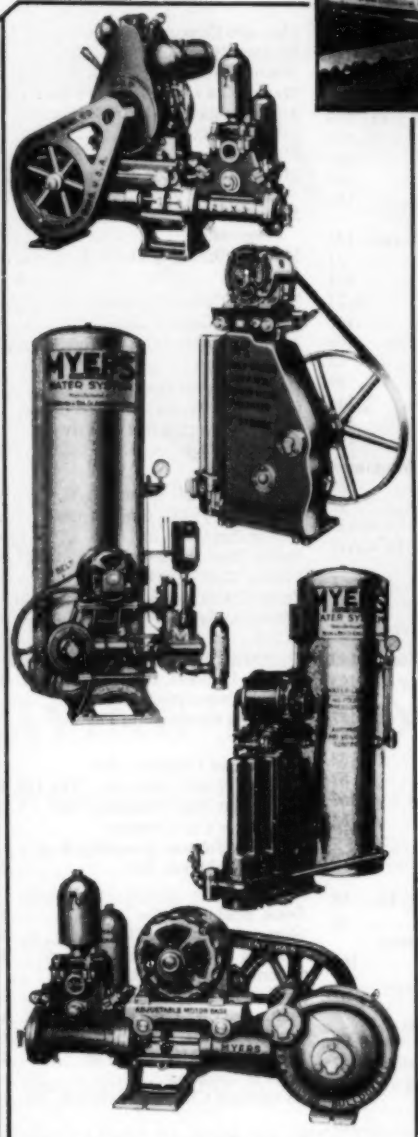
City.....*State*.....

(Have one of your parents sign the following statement.)

I shall be glad to have my son take advantage of your business training.

.....
(Parent)

MYERS



The MYERS line includes:—Hand and Windmill Pumps of every variety, Pump Jacks and Accessories. Power Pumps for domestic, industrial and farm use—operated by Gasoline Engines and Electric Motors. Complete Water Systems for hand, windmill, engine or electric power, with capacities from 150 to 10,000 gallons per hour. Hand and Power Spray Pumps and accessories for garden, field and orchard use. Complete Power Spray Rigs of highest type.

Name of nearest MYERS dealer sent on request.

World's Headquarters for Pumps and Water Systems

EVERY thirty seconds of every working day, the MYERS factory turns out *a finished pump!* It may be the familiar farm yard hand pump—a force pump for installation in a mine or on the deck of a ship—or a complete automatic water system with motor and tank, to bring the modern convenience of running water to some suburban or country home. It may be a power spray pump for a commercial orchard—or a booster pump for an industrial plant.

But regardless of size, style, capacity or use—whether it is for a deep or a shallow well, it is a MYERS PUMP—a product of that long experience, supreme skill and fine care which has made MYERS the *world's headquarters for pumps for every purpose.*

MYERS offers you *the most complete line* of high grade pumps and water systems produced by any manufacturer. MYERS engineers are at your service. Write for interesting booklet.

THE F. E. MYERS & BRO. CO.
43 Orange Street **Ashland, Ohio**
Pumps, Water Systems, Hay Tools, Door Hangers

"Pump Builders *Since 1870"*

THE F. E. MYERS & BRO. CO.
43 Orange St., Ashland, Ohio.

Kindly furnish information regarding

Pumps for.....

Water Systems for.....

Name.....

Address.....

PUMPS FOR EVERY PURPOSE

ABOVE PAR!

MADE by Burgess . . . a fact significant to those who demand the utmost value for their money. Their positive reliability and absolute uniformity have been proved under every conceivable condition of service, climate and atmospheric change. In every phase of service by which these products can be measured, you will find them the best to be had. Take no chances when you want radio, ignition or flashlight batteries, and flashlights . . . insist upon Burgess.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

General Sales Office: CHICAGO

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

IN CANADA:
NIAGARA FALLS AND WINNIPEG

BURGESS

Index of Advertisers

June 28, 1930

	PAGE
Ætna Life Insurance Company and Affiliated Companies	165
American Austin Car Co., Inc.	78, 79
American Polish Company, The	170
American Safety Razor Corp.	124
American Thermos Bottle Co., The	123
Auburn Automobile Company	45
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	69
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad	107
Bauer & Black	156
Black & Decker Mfg. Co., The	152
Boott Mills	169
Boston Five Cents Savings Bank, The	112
Bristol-Myers Co.	72, 125
Buick Motor Company	74
Bulova Watch Company	102, 103
Burgess Battery Company	176
Burke Golf Co., The	167
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.	143
B. V. D. Company, Inc., The	158
California Crushed Fruit Corporation	122
Campbell Soup Company	31
Campfire Corporation, The	171
Canada Dry Ginger Ale	70, 71
Canadian National Exhibition	142
Cardinal Manufacturing Co., The	168
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	68
Champion Spark Plug Co.	49
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	146
Clark, Frank C.	169
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.	180
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	48
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	36
Continental Oil Company	97
Copeland Products, Inc.	134, 135
Cudahy Packing Co., The	IV Cover
Dill Company, J. G.	66, 67
Dodge Brothers Corporation	35
Duke Power Company	178
Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc.	150
Elgin National Watch Company	163
Finnell System, Inc.	157
Fire Association Fleet, The	144
Fisher Body Corp.	38
Fisk Tire Company, Inc., The	85, 87
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	162
Forhan Company, Inc.	54, 55
General Electric Company	59, 76
General Foods Corporation: Maxwell House Products Co., Inc.	98
General Motors Radio Corp.	43
Gerber Products Division, Fremont Canning Co.	161
Glo-Co Company	174
Goodall Worsted Co.	94, 95
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	90, 91
Graham-Paige Motors Corporation	47
Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation	73
Graybar Electric Co.	179
Grigsby-Grunow Company	105
Heinz Co., H. J.	141
Hewes & Potter, Inc.	145
Hires Company, The Charles E.	151
Holland Furnace Company	120
Hoover Company, The	96
Indemnity Insurance Company of North America	58
Industrial Dallas, Inc.	159
Industrial Refining Co., Inc.	174
Jantzen Knitting Mills	154
Johns-Manville Corp.	53
Johnston Company, Robert A.	III Cover
Kari-Keen Manufacturing Company	128
Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	117
Klein & Sons, Mathias	104
Lehn & Fink, Inc.	137
Lever Brothers Co.	106
Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co.	118, 119
Lippincott Company, The	126, 127
Lorillard Company, P.	56
Lorraine Corporation	129
Masonite Corporation	88
Maxwell House Coffee	98
Mennen Co., The	75
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	99
Miller Rubber Products Company (Incorporated)	61
Mollé Company, The	80
Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.	177
Moto Meter Gauge & Equipment Corporation	140
Myers & Bro. Co., The F. E.	175
National Carbon Company, Inc.	51
New York Central Lines	155
Norwich Pharmacal Co., The	149
Oakland Motor Car Co.	57
Olds Motor Works	40
Ontario Government Publicity Bureau	166
Packard Electric Company, The	153
Paramount Publix Corporation	85
Parker Pen Company, The	II Cover
Parker Rust-Proof Company	130
Penney Company, Inc., J. C.	164
Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n	147
Pennsylvania Railroad	139
Philco	64
Plymouth Motor Corporation	50
Pratt & Lambert, Inc.	108
Probak Corporation	69
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
RCA Victor Company, Inc.	81
Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., The	110, 111
Remington Arms Company, Inc.	121
Reo Motor Car Company	83
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J.	93
Robbins & Myers, Inc.	114
Sears, Roebuck & Co.	115
Shirtcraft Company, The	136
Simonds Saw and Steel Company	162
Simoniz Company, The	82
Sinclair Refining Company, Inc.	113
Smith-Lee Co., Inc., The	133
Spratt's Patent, Ltd.	169
Swartzbaugh Mfg. Co., The	174
Swift & Company	33
Switzerland Cheese Association, Inc.	148
Technicolor, Inc.	100
Toledo Scale Company	138
United States Rubber Company	132
Vacuum Oil Company	62, 63
Wanamaker, John	169
Warren Telechron Co.	172
Western Clock Co.	1
Wheeling Steel Corporation	131
Williams & Co., J. H.	174
Wolverine Lubricants Co., Inc.	173
Young, Inc., W. F.	160

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

PLAYING BLIND MAN'S BUFF WITH VITAL FIGURES

is at best a stupid pastime—it's decidedly less fun when vacation schedules are robbing you of your experienced workers. Then's the time that still more frequent errors and delays confirm the feeling that you are working in the dark.

There's one sure way to remove the blindfold so that each day you can see clearly where your business stands. Monroe machines and Monroe short-cut methods intelligently applied to your own system will give your clerks time to produce those extra figures you need.

And you won't have to worry about vacations. Because Monroe operation is so simple, specially trained operators are not necessary—any substitute can carry on without confusion or delay.

To learn for yourself how the combined knowledge and experience of the Monroe organization, gained through constant contact with every type and size of business, will help to solve your problems—vacation or otherwise—telephone your local Monroe representative or mail the coupon.

SERIES 3
MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR
with full automatic division

MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR
The Machine for Every Desk

Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.
Orange, New Jersey.
We would like further information about the Monroe Adding-Calculator.

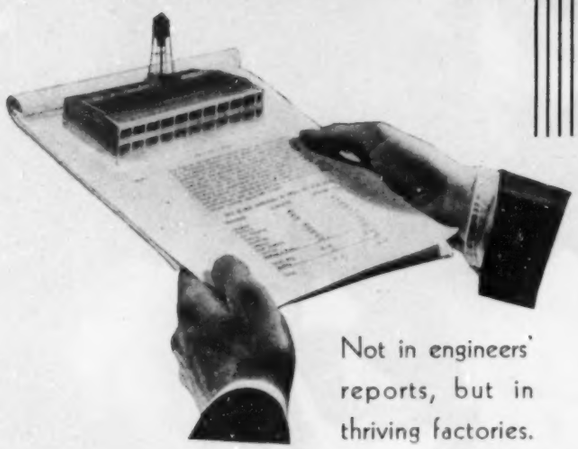
Name _____

Firm _____

Address _____

PIEDMONT CAROLINAS

offers PRE-TESTED SUCCESS



Not in engineers' reports, but in thriving factories.

MANUFACTURERS who contemplate moving to Piedmont Carolinas do not need to wonder about conditions they will find here. The trail blazing has been done, and it has been done well.

If you ask, "Will I have to train help? How long? Can I get the raw materials I need? What will land and buildings cost? How soon can I get capacity output? What production economies can I obtain?"

YOU WILL FIND the answers—not in engineers' reports and surveys—but in living, thriving, producing factories right in your line. You will find plants representing practically every classification of industry—from abattoirs to wool weaving.

Many of them in some lines are still small—unable as yet to satisfy the local demands of their immediate neighborhood markets. But they are pilots that show what can be done. And they are growing.

The first full-fashioned hosiery mill, the first bleaching and finishing plant, the first textile mill, the first furniture factory can now scarcely be remembered, but they pointed the way to a host of followers that have built up tremendous industries of amazing size and wealth.

ADVANTAGEOUS LOCATIONS are plotted for different industries. Raw material sources are known. Labor supply is recorded. The opportunities in many lines are practically untouched. They have a promising development ahead of them, needing only men of experience and capital to unlock their riches.

FACTS YOU WANT are presented in the book shown here, "PIEDMONT CAROLINAS, WHERE WEALTH AWAITS YOU." Complete. Authoritative. Your request, on business letter-head, will receive prompt and courteous attention, confidential handling if you request. Address, please, Industrial Dept., Room 504, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.

DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO. AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

PIEDMONT INDUSTRY CAROLINAS

(Continued from Page 174)

speech to her about how he had an engagement for dinner, and wished to be excused, or something of that sort, at which everybody laughed. Of course, the Queen could not refuse a request of the Ambassador from the United States, so she left the state rooms and the court was dismissed. By doing this—for which you all, no doubt, made great fun of him—Mr. Dodd saved her fully an hour more of agony; for she could never have failed in her duty merely because her feet hurt. As soon as she got back to the royal apartments she took her shoes off, and the relief was such that she decided then and there that Mr. Dodd was the swellest guy of her acquaintance."

Trevor felt, for a variety of reasons, a little ashamed of himself.

"We've probably been a little stupid about Mr. Dodd," he said slowly.

"You've all been very silly," said Madame. "But I really must go to bed now. There are a great many things in life which matter more, my dear, than braid on a morning coat. . . . I wish somebody would find my glasses for me. I'm really quite helpless without them, but at that I seem to see some things better than most of you young people."

Trevor found her glasses on the floor and presented them to her on bended knee. The suggestion of asperity in her tone completed her charm; he could afford to kneel, he thought with decision, to anybody so old and so wise.

"Thank you, Trevor," she said, taking the glasses from him. "You're a nice boy, really, by nature. I think it might be good for you to watch Mr. Dodd a little, in a—slightly different spirit, with not so much attention to irrelevant detail. If you want to marry my granddaughter—which I know perfectly you do, no matter what the two of you may say; if you want to become an ambassador yourself, and leave a trace of your passing—you'd really better think over some of the innumerable ways in which Mr. Dodd is a swell guy."

Through the recovered glasses her kindly eyes looked into his, and developed in the journey a spark of kindly laughter. Isabel was as intent upon the tableau as if it held for her some issue of importance. Trevor smiled back at the old lady.

"O. K., Madame," he said.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

June 28, 1930

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

PAGE

The Oyster Has a Mouth—*Mary Roberts Rinehart* *Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett* 3
Ladies With Lipsticks—*Katharine Brush* . . *Illustrated by Henry Raleigh* 6
Thumbs Down—*Frederick Irving Anderson* *Illustrated by James H. Crank* 10
Dixie Lad—*Colonel Givens* . . . . . *Illustrated by Lu Kimmel* 12
The Ambassador From the United States—*Vincent Sheean* *Illustrated by John La Gatta* 16
The Limestone Tree—The Stainless Heart—*Joseph Hergesheimer* *Illustrated by F. R. Gruger* 18
Bout Face—*Octavus Roy Cohen* . . . . . *Illustrated by J. J. Gould* 26
The Sands Run Swiftly—*Clarence Budington Kelland* *Illustrated by Arthur William Brown* 34

ARTICLES

Carrying On for Luther Burbank—*Elizabeth Waters Burbank* *Photographs* 8
Last Leaves—*Corra Harris* . . . *Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett* 14
The First Hundred Years of Prohibition—*David Lawrence* . . *Photographs* 20
Justice and Horse Sense—*Richard Washburn Child* *Decoration by Wyncie King* 29
Why Return Home After Twenty Years Abroad?—*By an Expatriate Who Did* 32
Where the Actor Ends—*Leslie Howard* . . . . . *Photograph* 39
The Drift of the Elk—*Horace M. Albright and Theodore G. Joslin* *Photographs* 41

SERIALS

Gunman (Second part of six)—*Charles Francis Coe* *Illustrated by H. J. Mowat* 22
Mirthful Haven (Fifth part of seven)—*Booth Tarkington* *Illustrated by Orison MacPherson* 24

MISCELLANY

Editorials 28
Post Scripts 30

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

GraybaR

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

here's REAL NEWS

... a simplified clothes washer that does *everything*—for *only*

$94.50

Price slightly higher west of the Rockies.

IT WASHES

IT DRIES

IT RINSES

Yes, indeed. It washes, it rinses, it dries.

And it has no wringer!!

Furthermore, everything happens *in one tank*—in this unusual washer. One handy switch controls all operations. Washing and drying go on at the same time. All of which is typical of the simple and sane washing for which this remarkable new Graybar was built.

Never before, *such a bargain*

Never before, in the whole course of washing machine development, has there been a clothes washer quite like this.

Just think: For less than a hundred dollars you get a washer that does *everything*, that has *no* wringer, that has just one single *control*, that needs *no* tubs, that allows you to wash *right in the kitchen*, if you like!

And a washer that has a real pedigree behind it! Back of this simplified Graybar are sixty years of electrical experience—the experience that developed the Graybar vacuum cleaner and Handy Cleanerette, ironer, sewing machine and many other electrical housekeeping appliances.

To dealers: The opportunity to sell the marvelous new Graybar washer may be open in your territory. Write for details.

From this washer, the dirtiest of dirty clothes emerge all spotless and clean. Yet the washer is gentle with dainty silks.

It's sturdy, too. It's dependable.

And there are lots of little things about it that count ...

Some BIG *little items*

No oiling; the gears are packed in grease. No confusion of operation; just one simple control. No stooping; the control is waist-high. No trouble to clean; one-piece seamless porcelain tank. Good to look at; soft neutral, gray finish.

The proof?

That's easy. Just see the nearby Graybar dealer. If you haven't his address, we'll send it to you—along with the story of the washer.

There's a coupon below. Send it in—now!

Tune in on the Graybar Hour every Tuesday, 10 to 10:30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time. . . . . Columbia network.

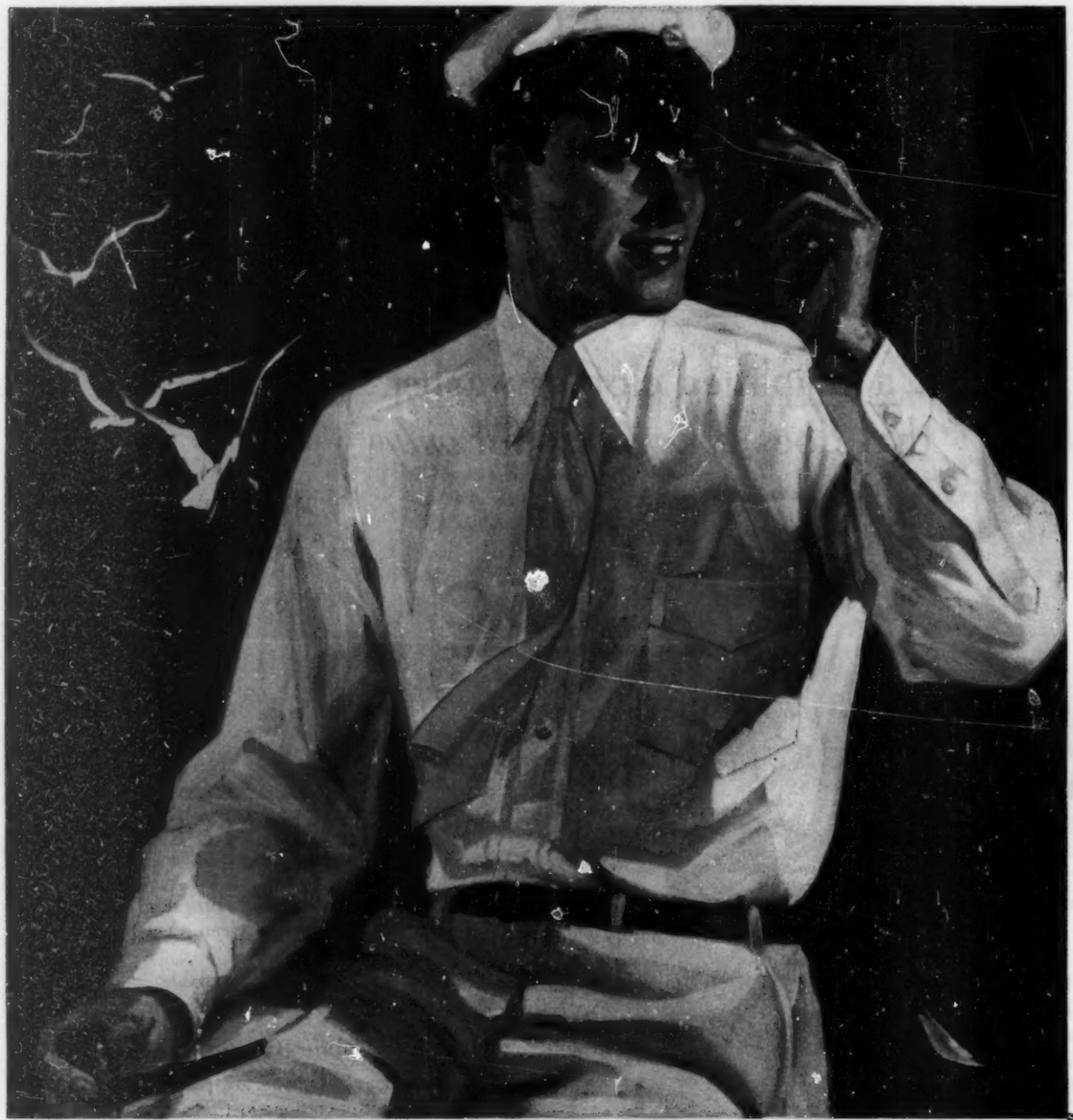
GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO. S.E.P.-J3
GRAYBAR BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Send me the story of the new Simplified Graybar washer. Tell me the name of the nearest dealer.

Name_____

Address_____

On land or sea...all summer long... Arrow's TRUMP

is GUARANTEED *to* FIT... *and* FIT... *and* FIT... FOR GOOD!



If you like to "change off" to Trump in the neckband styles, as most business men do, you'll like DUNCAN, *the most popular of Arrow starched collars. Moderate points, and a comfortable height. 25 cents, one dozen for $2.75.*

ARROW COLLARS

NEITHER salt spray nor penetrating soapsuds will change the perfect fit of Arrow's famous broadcloth shirt "Trump." For every Trump is treated (by Arrow's new "*Sanforized*" process) against shrinkage so that its Arrow Collar, its sleeve-length, and its body length are flatly and fully *guaranteed* to fit and keep on fitting throughout the life of the garment. Henceforth you buy your correct size—no guesswork about it. Any good men's outfitter has Trump in lustrous white at $1.95—or in smart pastel colors (guaranteed fast) at $2.15.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y. . ARROW COLLARS, HANDKERCHIEFS, SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR

ARROW *Trump* SHIRTS

etiquette for the guest

GRATIFYING . . . the invitation to country or seashore with amusing people . . . a courtesy the perfect guest acknowledges gracefully . . . with Johnston's Town and Country package. A brisk array of sweets of lightsome nature . . . some chocolate . . . more not . . . all entirely delicious. A dollar the pound in one and two-pound sizes. Other Johnston assortments, two dollars to seventy cents the pound. There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

© 1930

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Safeguard your family . . .
keep Healthful Cleanliness in
the refrigerator by cleaning it
regularly with Old Dutch

Old Dutch Cleanser

assures Healthful Cleanliness

Your family's health will permit no compromise on cleanliness . . . particularly when food is to be considered. Things must be *clean*, merely to *look clean* is not sufficient. For that very reason, every household needs Old Dutch.

Old Dutch is unique . . . there's nothing else like it. Put its flaky, flat-shaped particles to work, and you can be sure the dirt will go . . . all of it. Unseen impurities, so menacing to health, are removed with those you see . . . all with the same smooth, clean sweep. In their wake comes wholesome, hygienic, Healthful Cleanliness.

A good rule is to clean the refrigerator every week with Old Dutch . . . oftener in Summer when food spoils easily. Food contamination causes many ills. Old Dutch has innumerable uses . . . for porcelain, tile, enamel, woodwork, windows, on any surface where water may be used for cleaning. Old Dutch is modern . . . a perfect cleanser. It's absolutely safe . . . doesn't scratch, contains no harsh grit, acid or caustic. Housewives value this Old Dutch feature as it protects the lustrous beauty of modern household equipment. Makes cleaning easy on the hands, too.

With all its distinctive advantages, Old Dutch is economical to use—a little does a lot of cleaning . . . and you'll thrill over the ease and speed with which you complete your task. Keep a can of Old Dutch handy in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry—it's all you need for all your cleaning . . . and rest secure in the knowledge that your home is a healthful home.

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser, on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

© 1930 The C. P. Co.